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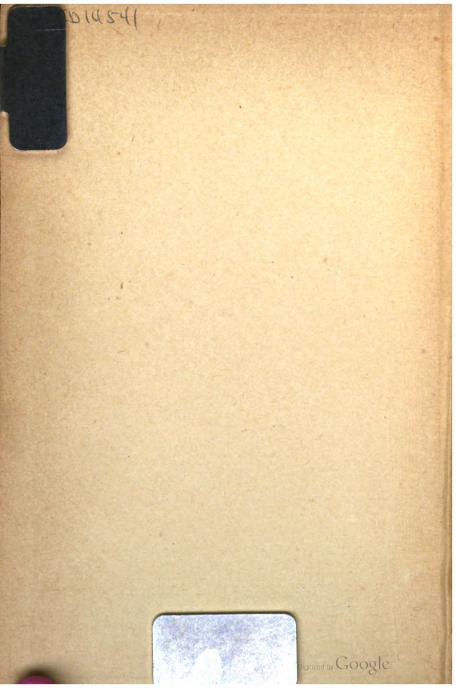
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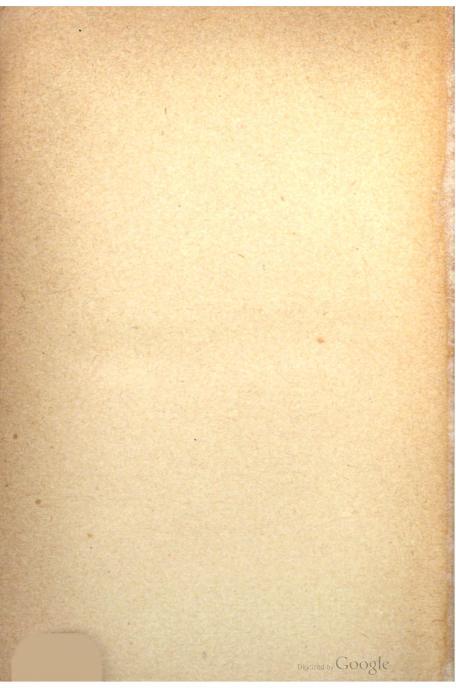
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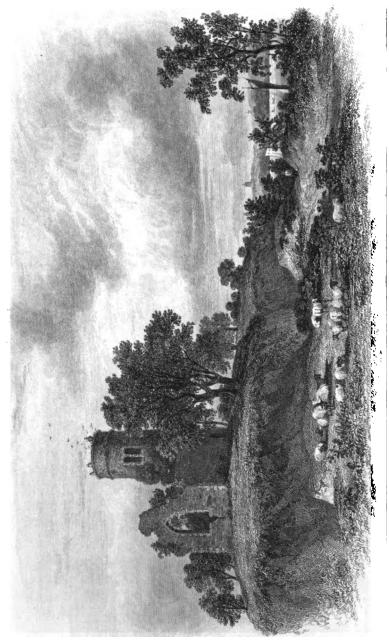
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SCOTT'S WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

WITH WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE

FAIR MAID OF PERTH:

OR,

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE-SECOND SERIES.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

BOSTON:
THE BOSTON PUBLISHING CO.,
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1886.

PARVARD COLLEGE



PREFACE TO THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

IN continuing the lucubrations of Chrystal Croftangry, it occurred that, although the press had of late years teemed with works of various descrip tions concerning the Scottish Gael, no attempt had hitherto been made to ·ketch their manners, as these might be supposed to have existed at the period when the Statute-book, as well as the page of the chronicler, begins to present constant evidence of the difficulties to which the crown was exposed. while the haughty house of Douglas all but overbalanced its authority on the Southern border, and the North was at the same time torn in pieces by the yet untamed savageness of the Highland races, and the daring loftiness to which some of the remoter chieftains still carried their pretensions. well-authenticated fact of two powerful clans having deputed each thirty champions to fight out a quarrel of old standing, in presence of King Robert III., his brother the Duke of Albany, and the whole court of Scotland, at Perth, in the year of grace 1396, seemed to mark with equal distinctness the rancor of these mountain-feuds, and the degraded condition of the general government of the country; and it was fixed upon accordingly as the point on which the main incidents of a romantic narrative might be made to hinge. The characters of Robert III., his ambitious brother, and his dissolute son, seemed to offer some opportunities of interesting contrast; -and the tragic fate of the heir of the throne, with its immediate consequences, might serve to complete the picture of cruelty and lawlessness.

Two features of the story of this barrier battle on the Inch of Perth—the Bight of one of the appointed champions, and the reckless heroism of a townsman, that voluntarily offered for a small piece of coin to supply his place to the mortal encounter—suggested the imaginary persons, on whom much of the novel is expended. The fugitive Celt might have been easily dealt with, had a ludicrous style of coloring been adopted; but it appeared to the Author that there would be more of novelty, as well as of serious interest, if he could succeed in gaining for him something of that sympathy which is incompatible with the total absence of respect. Miss Baillie had drawn a coward by nature capable of acting as a hero under the strong impulse of filial affection. It seemed not impossible to conceive the case of one constitutionally weak of nerve, being supported by feelings of honor and of jealousy up to a certain point, and then suddenly giving way, under circumstances to which the bravest heart could hardly refuse compassion.

The controversy, as to who really were the clans that figured in the barbarous conflict of the Inch, has been revived since the publication of the Fair Maid of Perth, and treated in particular at great length by Mr. Robert Mackay of Thurso, in his very curious History of the House and Clan of Mackay,† Without pretending to say that he has settled any part of the question in the affirmative, this gentleman certainly seems to have quite suc eeeded in proving that his own worthy sept had no part in the transaction. The Mackays were in that age seated, as they have since continued to be, in the extreme north of the island; and their chief at the time was a personage of such importance, that his name and proper designation could not have been omitted in the early narratives of the occurrence. He on one occasion brought four thousand of his clan to the aid of the royal banner against the Lord of the Isles. This historian is of opinion that the Clan Quhele of Wyntoun were the Camerons, who appear to have about that period been often designated as Macewans, and to have gained much more recently the name of Cameron, i.e. Wrynose, from a blemish in the physiognomy of some heroic chief of the line of Lochiel. This view of the case is also adopted by Douglas in his Baronage, where he frequently mentions the bitter feuds between Clan Chattan and Clan Kay, and identifies the latter sept, in reference to the events of 1396, with the Camerons. It is perhaps impossible to clear up thoroughly this controversy, little interesting in itself, at least to readers on this side of Inverness. The names, as we have them in Wyntoun, are Clanwhewyl and Clachinya, the latter probably not correctly transcribed. In the Scoti-Chronicon they are Clanquhele and Clankay. Hector Boece writes Clanchattan and Clankay, in which he is followed by Leslie; while Buchanan disdains to disfigure his page with their Gaelic designations at all, and merely describes them as two powerful races in the wild and lawless region beyond the Grampians. Out of this jumble what

^{• [}Mr. Lockhart informs us that the Author, in portraying the character of Conachar, had in mind the unhappy fate of his own brother.—See chapters XIX. and LXXV. of Scott's Memoirs.]

† Edinburgh, 4to. 1839.

Sassenach can pretend dare lucem? The name of Clanwheill appears so late as 1594, in an act of James VI. Is it not possible that it may be, after all, a mere corruption of Clan Lochiel?

The reader may not be displeased to have Wyntoun's original rhymes:

" A thousand and thre hunder yere, Nynty and sex to mak all clere-Of thre-score wyld Scottis men, Thretty agane thretty then, In felny bolnit of auld fede,* As thare fore-elders ware slane to dede: Tha thre-score ware Clannys twa, Clahynnhi Qwhewyl and Clachinyha: Of thir twa Kynnys ware tha men, Thretty agane thretty then: And thave that had thair Chiftanys twa, Schat Ferquharis' son wes ane of tha, Suá few wyth lif than past away."

The tother Cristy Johnesone. A selcouth thing be tha was done. At Sanct Johnstone besyde the Previs, All thai enterit in barreris Wyth bow and ax, knyf and swerd, To deil amang thaim thair last werd. Thare thai laid on that time sa fast, Quha had the ware thare at the last I will nocht say; but quha best had, He was but dout bathe muth and mad. Pifty or ma ware slane that day,

The Prior of Lochleven makes no mention either of the evasion of one of the Gaelic champions, or of the gallantry of the Perth artisan, in offering to take a share in the conflict. Both incidents, however, were introduced, no doubt from tradition, by the continuator of Fordun, whose narrative is in these words :-

"Anno Dom. millesimo trecentesimo nonagesimo sexto, magna pare borealis Scotiæ, trans Alpes, inquietata fuit per duos pestiferos Cateranos, et eorum sequaces, viz. Scheabeg et suos consanguinarios, qui Clankay; et Cristi-Jonson, ac suos, qui Clanquhele dicebantur; qui nullo pacto vel tractatu pacificari poterant, nullaque arte regis vel gubernatoris poterant edomari, quoadusque nobilis et industriosus D. David de Lindesay de Crawford, et dominus Thomas comes Moravia, diligentiam et vires apposuerunt, ac inter partes sic tractaverunt, ut coram domino rege certo die convenirent apud Perth, et alterutra pars eligeret de progenie sua triginta personas adversus triginta de parte contraria, gladiis tantum, arcubus, et sagittis, absque deploidibus, vel armaturis aliis, præter bipennes; et sic congredientes finem liti ponerent, et terra pace potiretur. Utrique igitur parti summe placuit contractus, et die Lunæ proximo ante festum Sancti Michaelis, apud North-insulam de Perth, coram Rege et Gubernatore, et innumerabili multitudine comparentes, conflictum accerrimum inierunt: ubi de sexaginta interfecti sunt omnes, excepto uno ex parte Clankay, et undecim exceptis ex

^{*} i.e. Boiled with the cruelty of an old feud.

[†] Scha is supposed to be Toshack, i.e. Macintosh; the father of the chief of this sept st the time was named Ferchard. In Bowar he is Scheabeg. i.e. Toshach the Little.

t i.e. Fate, doom. § The mear—the worse.

[#] Mulk and mad, i.e. exhausted both in body and mind-

parte altera. Hoc etiam ibi accidit, qudd omnes in præcinctu belli constituti, unus eorum locum diffugii considerans, inter omnes in amnem elabitur, et aquam de Thaya natando transgreditur; à millenis insequitur, sed nusquam apprehenditur. Stant igitur partes attonitæ, tanquam non ad comflictum progressuri, ob defectum evasi noluit enim pars integrum habens numerum sociorum consentire, ut unus de suis demeretur, nec potuit pars altera quocumque pretio alterum ad supplendum vicem fugientis inducere. Stupent igitur omnes hærentes, de damno fugitivi conquerentes. Et cùm totum illud opus cessare putaretur, ecce in medio prorupit unus stipulosus vernaculus, statura modicus, sed efferus, dicens; Ecce ego! quis me conducet intrare cum operariis istis ad hunc ludum theatralem? Pro dimidia enim marca ludum experiar, ultra hoc petens, ut si vivus de palæstra evasero, victum à quocumque vestrum recipiam dum vixero quia, sicut dicitur 'Majorem caritatem nemo habet, quam ut ansmam suam pro ponat quis pro amicis.' Quals mercede donabor, qui animam meam pro inimicis reipublicæ et regni pono? Quod petiit, à rege et diversis magnatibus conceditur. Cum hoc arcus ejus extenditur, et primò sagittam in partem contrariam transmittit, et unum interficit. Confestim hinc inde sagittæ volitant, bipennes librant, gladios vibrant, alterutro certant, et veluti, carnifices boves in macello, sic sic inconsternate ad invicem se trucidant. Sed nec inter tantos repertus est vel unus, qui, tanquam vecors aut timidus, sive post tergum alterius declinans, seipsum à tanta cæde prætendit excusare. Iste tamen tyro superveniens finaliter illæsus exivit; et dehinc multo tempore Boreas quievit; nec ibidem fuit, ut supra, Cateranorum excursus."*

The scene is heightened with many florid additions by Boece and Leslie, and the contending savages in Buchanan utter speeches after the most approved pattern of Livy.

The devotion of the young Chief of Clan Quhele's foster-father and foster brethren, in the novel, is a trait of clannish fidelity, of which Highland story furnishes many examples. In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops, a foster-father and seven brave sons are known to have thus sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector Maclean of Duart—the old man, whenever one of his boys fell, thrusting forward another to fill his place at the right hand of the beloved chief, with the very words adopted in the novel—"Another for Hector!"

Nay, the feeling could outlive generations. The late much-lamented General Stewart of Garth, in his account of the battle of Killiekrankie, informs us that Lochiel was attended on the field by the son of his foster-brother. "This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Suddenly the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow He had hardly breath, before he expired, to tell Lochiel, that

• Note A. Translation of Fordun.

meing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mathay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. This," observes the gallant David Stewart, "is a species of duty not often practised, perhaps, by our aid-de-camps of the present day."—Sketches of the Highlanders, vol. i. p. 65.

I have only to add, that the Second Series of a Chronicles of the Canongate," with the Chapter Introductory which now follows, appeared in May, 1828, and had a favorable reception.

ABBOTSFORD, Aug. 15, 1831.

*[Mr. Senior, in criticising The Fair Math., while he picks many holes in the plot, estimates the characters very highly. Of the glee-maiden he says, "Louise is a delightful sketch—nothing can be more exquisite than the manner in which her story is partly told, and partly huted, or than the contrast between her natural and her professional character;" and after discussing at some length Rothsay, Henbane, Ramorny, etc., he declares Conachar's character to be "perfectly tragic, neither too bad for sympathy, nor so good as to render his calamity revolting; its great merit being in the boldness with which we are called upon to sympathize with a deficiency which is generally the subject of tempitizated scorn."]

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

SECOND SERIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

The ashes here of murder'd Kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep;
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learn'd to weep.

CAPTAIN MARJORIBANES.

EVERY quarter of Edinburgh has its own peculiar boast, so that the city together combines within its precincts (if you take the word of the inhabitants on the subject), as much of historical interest as of natural beauty. Our claims in behalf of the Canongate are not the slightest. The Castle may excel us in extent of prospect and sublimity of site, the Calton had always the superiority of its unrivalled panorama, and has of late added that of its towers, and triumphal arches, and the pillars of its Parthenon. The High Street, we acknowledge, had the distinguished honor of being defended by fortifications, of which we can show no vestiges. We will not descend to notice the claims of more upstart districts, called Old New Town and New New Town, not to mention the favorite Moray Place, which is the newest New Town of all. We will not match ourselves except with our equals, and with our equals in age only, for in dignity we admit of none. We boast being the Court end of the town, possessing the Palace and the sepulchral remains of Monarchs, and that we have the power to excite, in a degree unknown to the less honored quarters of the city, the dark and solemn recollections of ancient grandeur, which occupied the precincts of our venerable Abbey from the time of St. David, till her deserted halls were once more

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This "newest New Town," in case Mr. Croftangry's lucubrations should outlive its possession of any right to that designation, was begun, I think, in 1814, on the park and gardens [of Drumsheugh] attached to a quondam pretty suburban residence of the Earls of Moray—from whose different titles, and so forth, the names of the places and streets streeted were, of course, taken.—Aug. 1831.

made glad, and her long silent echoes awakened, by the visit of our present gracious Sovereign." *

My long habitation in the neighborhood, and the quiet respectability of my habits, have given me a sort of intimacy with good Mrs. Policy, the housekeeper in that most interesting part of the old building, called Queen Mary's Apartments. But a circumstance which lately happened has conferred upon me greater privileges; so that, indeed, I might, I believe, venture on the exploit of Chatelet, who was executed for being found secreted at midnight in the very bedchamber of Scotland's Mistress.

It chanced that the good lady I have mentioned, was, in the discharge of her function, showing the apartments to a cockney from London;—not one of your quiet, dull, commonplace visitors, who gape, yawn, and listen with an acquiescent umph, to the information doled out by the provincial cicerone. No such thing—this was the brisk, alert agent of a great house in the city, who missed no opportunity of doing business, as he termed it, that is, of putting off the goods of his employers, and improving his own account of commission. He had fidgeted through the suite of apartments, without finding the least opportunity to touch upon that which he considered as the principal end of his existence. Even the story of Rissio's assassination presented no ideas to this emissary of commerce, until the househeeper appealed, in support of her narrative, to the dusky stains of blood upon the floor.

"These are the stains," she said; "nothing will remove them from the place—there they have been for two hundred and fifty years, and there they will remain while the floor is left standing—neither water nor anything else will ever remove them from that spot."

Now, our cockney, amongst other articles, sold Scouring Drops, as they are called, and a stain of two hundres and fifty years' standing was interesting to him, not because it had been caused by the blood of a Queen's favorite, slain in her apartment, but because it offered so admirable an opportunity to prove the efficacy of his unequal Detergent Elixir. Down on his knees went our friend, but neither in horror nor devotion.

"Two hundred and fifty years, ma'am, and nothing take it away? Why, if it had been five hundred, I have something in my pocket will fetch it out in five minutes. D'ye see this clixir, ma'am? I will show you the stain vanish in a moment."

Accordingly, wetting end of his handkerchief with the all-deterging

The visit of George IV. to Scotland, in August, 1822, will not soon be forgotten. It satisfied many who had shared Dr. Johnson's doubts on the subject, that the old feelings of loyalty, in spite of all the derision of modern wits, continued firmly rooted, and might be appealed to with confidence, even under circumstances apparently the most unfavorable. Who that had observed the state of public feeling with respect to this most amiable prince's domestic position at a period but a few months earlier, would have believed that he should ever witness such scenes of enthusiastic and rapturous devotion to his person, as filled up the whole panorama of his fifteen days at Edinburgh?—Aug., 1831.

specific, he began to rub away on the planks, without heeding the remonstrances of Mrs. Policy. She, good soul, stood at first in astonishment, like the Abbess of St. Bridget's, when a profane visitant drank up the phial of brandy which had long passed muster among the relics of the cloister for the tears of the blessed saint. The venerable guardian of St. Bridget probably expected the interference of her patroness—She of Holy Rood might, perhaps, hope that David Rissie's spectre would arise to prevent the profanation. But Mrs. Policy stood not long in the silence of horror. She uplifted her voice, and screamed as loud as Queen Mary herself, when the dreadful deed was in the act of perpetration—

" Harrow now out! and walawa!" she cried.

I happened to be taking my morning walk in the adjoining gallery, pondering in my mind why the Kings of Scotland, who hung around me, should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door, when lo! the walls once more re-echoed with such shrieks, as formerly were as often heard in the Scottish palaces as were sounds of revelry and music. Somewhat surprised at such an alarm in a place so solitary, I hastened to the spot, and found the well-meaning traveller scrubbing the floor like a housemaid, while Mrs. Policy, dragging him by the skirts of the coat, in vain endeavored to divert him from his sacrilegious purpose. It cost me some trouble to explain to the sealous purifier of silk-stockings, embroidered waistcoats, broadcloth, and deal planks, that there were such things in the world as stains which ought to remain indelible, on account of the associations with which they are connected. Our good friend viewed everything of the kind only as the means of displaying the virtue of his vaunted commodity. He comprehended, however, that he would not be permitted to proceed to exemplify its powers on the present occasion, as two or three inhabitants appeared, who, like me, threatened to maintain the housekeeper's side of the question. He therefore took his leave, muttering that he had always heard the Scots were a nasty people, but had no idea they carried it so far as to choose to have the floors of their palaces blood-boltered, like Banquo's ghost, when to remove them would have cost but a hundred drops of the Infallible Detergent Elixir, prepared and sold by Messrs. Scrub and Rub, in five shilling and ten shilling bottles, each bottle being marked with the initials of the inventor, to counterfeit which would be to incur the pains of forgery.

Freed from the odious presence of this lover of cleanliness, my good friend Mrs. Policy was profuse in her expressions of thanks; and yet her gratitude, instead of exhausting itself in these declarations, according to the way of the world, continues as lively at this moment as if she had never thanked me at all. It is owing to her recollection of this piece of good service, that I have the permission of wandering, like the ghost of some do

parted gentleman-usher, through these deserted halls, sometimes, as the old Irish ditty expresses it,

Thinking upon things that are long enough ago;

and sometimes wishing I could, with the good-luck of most editors of romantic narrative, light upon some hidden crypt or massive antique cabinet, which should yield to my researches an almost illegible manuscript, containing the authentic particulars of some of the strange deeds of those wild days of the unhappy Mary.

My dear Mrs. Baliol used to sympathize with me when I regretted that all godsends of this nature had ceased to occur, and that an author might chatter his teeth to pieces by the sea-side, without a wave ever wafting to him a cashet containing such a history as that of Automathes; that he might break his shins in stumbling through a hundred vaults, without finding anything but rats and mice, and become the tenant of a dozen sets of shabby tenements, without finding that they contained any manuscript but the weekly bill for board and lodging. A dairymaid of these degenerate days might as well wash and deck her dairy in hopes of finding the fairy tester in her shoe.

"It is a sad, and too true a tale, cousin," said Mrs. Baliol. "I am sure we have all occasion to regret the want of these ready supplements to a failing invention. But you, most of all, have right to complain that the fairies have not favored your researches—you, who have shown the world that the age of chivalry still exists—you, the Knight of Croftangry, who braved the fury of the 'London' prentice bold,' in behalf of the fair Dame Policy, and the memorial of Rizzio's slaughter! Is it not a pity, consin, considering the feat of chivalry was otherwise so much according to rule—is it not, I say, a great pity that the lady had not been a little younger, and the legend a little older?"

"Why, as to the age at which a fair dame loses the benefit of chivalry, and is no longer entitled to crave boon of brave knight, that I leave to the statutes of the Order of Errantry; but for the blood of Rissio, I take up the gauntlet, and maintain against all and sundry, that I hold the stains to be of no modern date, but to have been actually the consequence and the record of that terrible assassination."

"As I cannot accept the challenge to the field, fair cousin, I am contented to require proof."

"The unaltered tradition of the Palace, and the correspondence of the existing state of things with that tradition."

" Explain, if you please."

"I will—The universal tradition bears, that when Rizzio was dragged out of the chamber of the Queen, the heat and fury of the assassins, who struggled which should deal him most wounds, despatched him at the door of the anteroom. At the door of the apartment, therefore, the greater quantity of the ill-fated minion's blood was spilled, and there the marks of it are still shown. It is reported further by historians, that Mary continued her entreaties for his life, mingling her prayers with screams and exclamations, until she knew that he was assuredly slain, on which she wiped her eyes, and said, 'I will now study revenge.'

"All this is granted.—But the blood? would it not wash out, or waste out, think you, in so many years?"

"I am coming to that presently. The constant tradition of the Palace says, that Mary discharged any measures to be taken to remove the marks of slaughter, which she had resolved should remain as a memorial to quicken and confirm her purposed vengeance. But it is added, that, satisfied with the knowledge that it existed, and not desirous to have the ghastly evidence always under her eye, she caused a traverse, as it is called (that is a temporary screen of boards), to be drawn along the under part of the anteroom, a few feet from the door, so as to separate the place stained with the blood from the rest of the apartment, and involve it in considerable obscurity. Now this temporary partition still exists, and by running across and interrupting the plan of the roof and cornices, plainly intimates that it has been intended to serve some temporary purpose, since it disfigures the proportions of the room, interferes with the ornaments of the ceiling, and could only have been put there for some such purpose, as hiding an object too disagreeable to be looked upon. As to the objection that the blood-stains would have disappeared in course of time, I apprehend that if measures to efface them were not taken immediately after the affair happened—if the blood, in other words, were allowed to sink into the wood, the stain wouls become almost indelible. Now, not to mention that our Scottish palaces were not particularly well washed in those days, and that there were no Patent Drops to assist the labors of the mop, I think it very probable that these dark relics might subsist for a long course of time, even if Mary had not desired or directed that they should be preserved, but screened by the traverse from public sight. I know several instances of similar blood-stains remaining for a great many years, and I doubt whether, after a certain time, any thing can remove them, save the carpenter's plane. If any Seneschal, by way of increasing the interest of the apartments, had, by means of paint, or tany other mode of imitation, endeavored to palm upon posterity suppositi tious stigmata, I conceive the impostor would have chosen the Queen's cabinet and the bedroom for the scene of his trick, placing his bloody tracery where it could be distinctly seen by visitors, instead of hiding it behind the traverse in this manner. The existence of the said traverse, or temporary partition, is also extremely difficult to be accounted for, if the common and ordinary tradition be rejected. In short, all the rest of this striking locality is so true to the historical fact, that I think it may well bear out the se ditional circumstance of the blood on the floor."

"I profess to you," answered Mrs. Baliol, "that I am very willing a be converted to your faith. We talk of a credulous vulgar, without always recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which, in historical matters, as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine, and endeavors to assume the credit of an espirit fort, by denying whatever hap pens to be a little beyond the very limited comprehension of the skeptic.—And so, that point being settled, and you possessing, as we understand, the Open Sesame into these secret apartments, how, if we may ask, do you intend to avail yourself of your privilege?—Do you propose to pass the night in the royal bedchamber?"

"For what purpose, my dear lady !—if to improve the rheumatism, this east wind may serve the purpose."

"Improve the rheumatism—Heaven forbid! that would be worse than adding colors to the violet. No, I mean to recommend a night on the couch of the Rose of Scotland, merely to improve the imagination. Who knows what dreams might be produced by a night spent in a mansion of so many memories! For aught I know, the iron door of the postern stair might open at the dead hour of midnight, and, as at the time of the constiracy, forth might sally the phantom assassins, with stealthy step and ghastly look, to renew the semblance of the deed. There comes the fierce fanatic Ruthven-party hatred enabling him to bear the armor which would otherwise weigh down a form extenuated by wasting disease. See how his writhen features show under the hollow helmet, like those of a corpse tenanted by a demon, whose vindictive purpose looks out at the flashing eyes, while the visage has the stillness of death .- Yonder appears the tall form of the boy Darnley, as goodly in person as vacillating in resolution; yonder he advances with hesitating step, and yet more hesitating purpose, his childish fear having already overcome his childish passion. He is in the plight of a mischievous lad who has fired a mine, and who now, expecting the explosion in remorse and terror, would give his life to quench the train which his own hand lighted .- Yonder-yonder-But I forget the rest of the worthy cut-throats. Help me, if you can."

"Summon up," said I, "the Postulate, George Douglas, the roost active of the gang. Let him arise at your call—the claimant of wealth which he does not possess—the partaker of the illustrious blood of Douglas, but which in his veins is sullied with illegitimacy. Paint him the ruthless, the daring, the ambitious—so near greatness, yet debarred from it—so near to wealth, yet excluded from possessing it—a political Tantalus, ready to do or dare mything to terminate his necessities and assert his imperfect claims."

"Admirable, my dear Croftangry! But what is a Postulate?"

"Pooh, my dear madam, you disturb the current of my ideas—the Posculate was, in Scottish phrase, the candidate for some benefice which he had not yet attained—George Douglas, who stabbed Riszio, was the Postulate for the temporal possessions of the rich Abbey of Arbroath." "I stand informed—Come, proceed; who comes next?" continued Mrs. Baliol.

"Who comes next? Yon tall, thin-made, savage-looking man, with the petronel in his hand, must be Andrew Ker of Faldonside,* a brother's son, I believe, of the celebrated Sir David Ker of Cessford; his look and bearing those of a Border freebooter; his disposition so savage, that, during the fray in the cabinet, he presented his loaded piece at the bosom of the young and beautiful Queen, that Queen also being within a few weeks of becoming a mother."

"Brave, beau cousin !—Well, having raised your bevy of phantoms, I hope you do not intend to send them back to their cold beds to warm them? You will put them to some action, and since you do threaten the Canongate with your desperate quill, you surely mean to novelize, or to dramatize if you will, this most singular of all tragedies?"

"Worse—that is less interesting—periods of history have been, indeed, shown up, for furnishing amusement to the peaceable ages which have succeeded; but, dear lady, the events are too well known in Mary's days, to be used as vehicles of romantic fiction. What can a better writer than myself add to the elegant and forcible narrative of Robertson? So adicu to my vision—I awake, like John Bunyan, 'and behold it is a dream.'—Well, enough that I awake without a sciatica, which would have probably rewarded my slumbers had I profaned Queen Mary's bed, by using it as a mechanical resource to awaken a torpid imagination."

"This will never do, cousin," answered Mrs. Baliol; "you must get over all these scruples if you would thrive in the character of a romantic historian, which you have determined to embrace. What is the classic Robertson to you? The light which he carried was that of a lamp to illuminate the dark events of antiquity; yours is a magic lantern to raise up wonders which never existed. No reader of sense wonders at your historical inaccuracies, any more than he does to see Punch in the show-box seated on the same throne with King Solomon in his glory, or to hear him hollowing out to the patriarch, amid the deluge, 'Mighty hasy weather, Master Noah."

"Do not mistake me, my dear madam," said I; "I am quite conscious of my own immunities as a tale-teller. But even the mendacious Mr. Fagg, in Sheridan's Rivals, assures us, that though he never scruples to tell a lie at his master's command, yet it hurts his conscience to be found out. Now, this is the reason why I avoid in prudence all well-known paths of history, where every one can read the finger-posts carefully set up to advise them of the right turning; and the very boys and girls, who learn the history of Britair by way of question and answer, hoot at a poor author if he abandons the highway."

• [Of this "stout and zealous promoter of the Reformation," see the editor's Preface, p. lxviii., to Knox's Works, vol. vi. 1864. He married, in 1874, Margaret Stewart widow of John Knox the Reformer.]

"Do not be discouraged, however, cousin Chrystal. There are plenty of wildernesses in Scottish history, through which, unless I am greatly misinformed, no certain paths have been laid down from actual survey, but which are only described by imperfect tradition, which fills up with wonders and with legends the periods in which no real events are recognized to have taken place. Even thus, as Mat Prior says—

Geographers on pathless downs, Place elephants instead of towns.'n

"If such be your advice, my dear lady," said I, "the course of my story shall take its rise, upon this occasion, at a remote period of history, and in a province removed from my natural sphere of the Canongate."

It was under the influence of those feelings that I undertook the following Historical Romance, which, often suspended and flung aside, is now arrived at a size too important to be altogether thrown away, although there may be little prudence in sending it to the press.

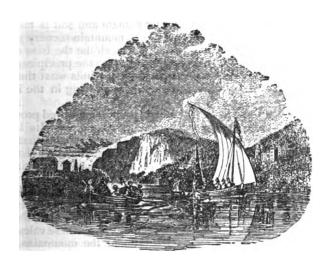
I have not placed in the mouth of the characters the Lowland Scotch dialect now spoken, because unquestionably the Scottish of that day resembled very closely the Anglo-Saxon, with a sprinkling of French or Norman to enrich it. Those who wish to investigate the subject, may consult the Chronicles of Winton, and the History of Bruce, by Archdeacon Barbour. But supposing my own skill in the ancient Scottish were sufficient to invest the dialogue with its peculiarities, a translation must have been necessary for the benefit of the general reader. The Scottish dialect may be therefore considered as laid aside, unless where the use of peculiar words may add emphasis or vivacity to the composition.

April, 1828.



THE FAIR MAID AND HER VALENTINE.

"He looks very stern," she said; "if he should be angry—and then when he awakes."



Behold the Tiber! "the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

Anonymous.

Among all the provinces in Scotland, if an intelligent stranger were asked to describe the most varied and the most beautiful, it is probable he would name the county of Perth. A native, also, of any other district of Caledonia, though his partialities might lead him to prefer his native county in the first instance, would certainly class that of Perth in the second, and thus give its inhabitants a fair right to plead, that-prejudice apart-Perthshire forms the fairest portion of the northern kingdom. It is long since Lady Wortley Montague, with that excellent taste which characterizes her writings, expressed her opinion, that the most interesting district of every country, and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is that where the mountains sink down upon the champaign, or more level land. The most picturesque, if not the highest hills, are also to be found in the county of Perth. The rivers find their way out of the mountainous region by the wildest leaps, and through the most romantic passes connecting the Highlands with the Lowlands.

Such is the Author's opinion, founded, perhaps, on feelings of national pride, of the relative claims of the classical river and the Scottish one. Should he ever again be a blotter of paper, he hopes to be able to speak on this subject the surer language of personal conviction.—Aug., 1831.

Above, the vegetation of a happier climate and soil is mingled with magnificent characteristics of mountain-scenery; and woods, groves, and thickets in profusion, clothe the base of the hills, ascend up the ravines, and mingle with the precipices. It is in such favored regions that the traveller finds what the poet Gray, or some one else, has termed, Beauty lying in the lap of Terror.

From the same advantage of situation, this favored province presents a variety of the most pleasing character. Its lakes, woods, and mountains, may vie in beauty with any that the Highland tour exhibits; while Perthshire contains, amidst this romantic scenery, and in some places in connection with it, many fertile and habitable tracts, which may vie with the richness of merry England herself. The country has also been the scene of many remarkable exploits and events, some of historical importance, others interesting to the poet and romancer, though recorded in popular tradition alone. It was in these vales that the Saxons of the plain, and the Gael of the mountains, had many a desperate and bloody encounter, in which it was frequently impossible to decide the palm of victory between the mailed chivalry of the Low Country, and the plaided clans whom they opposed.

Perth, so eminent for the beauty of its situation, is a place of great antiquity; and old tradition assigns to the town the importance of a Roman foundation. That victorious nation, it is said, pretended to recognize the Tiber in the much more magnificent and navigable Tay, and to acknowledge the large level space, well known by the name of the North Inch, as having a near resemblance to the Campus Martius. The city was often the residence of our monarchs, who, although they had no palace at Perth, found the Cistercian Convent amply sufficient for the reception of their Court. It was here that James the First, one of the wisest and best of the Scottish kings, fell a victim to the jealousy of the vengeful aristocracy. Here, also, occurred the mysterious conspiracy of Gowrie, the scene of which has only of late been effaced by the destruction of the ancient palace in which the tragedy was acted. The Antiquarian Society of Perth,* with just zeal for the objects of their pursuit, have published an accurate plan of this memorable mansion, with some remarks upon its connection with the narrative of the plot, which display equal acuteness and candor.

One of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford, is, or rather we may say was, the

^{• [}The first volume, printed at Perth, 1827, is all that ever appeared.]

prospect from a spot called the Wicks of Baiglie, being a species of niche at which the traveller arrived, after a long stage from Kinross, through a waste and uninteresting country, and from which, as forming a pass over the summit of a ridgy eminence which he had gradually surmounted, he beheld, stretching beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows or Inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncrieff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape. alteration of the road, greatly, it must be owned, to the improvement of general intercourse, avoids this magnificent point of view, and the landscape is introduced more gradually and partially to the eye, though the approach must be still considered as extremely beautiful. There is yet, we believe, a footpath left open, by which the station at the Wicks of Baiglie may be approached; and the traveller, by quitting his horse or equipage, and walking a few hundred yards, may still compare the real landscape with the sketch which we have attempted to But it is not in our power to communicate, or in his to receive, the exquisite charm which surprise gives to pleasure, when so splendid a view arises when least expected or hoped for, and which Chrystal Croftangry experienced when he beheld, for the first time, the matchless scene.

Childish wonder, indeed, was an ingredient in my delight, for I was not above fifteen years old; and as this had been the first excursion which I was permitted to make on a pony of my own, I also experienced the glow of independence, mingled with that degree of anxiety which the most conceited boy feels when he is first abandoned to his own undirected counsels. recollect pulling up the reins without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift like those in a theatre before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real. Since that hour, and the period is now more than fifty years past, the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind, and retained its place as a memorable thing when much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection. It is therefore natural, that, whilst deliberating on what might be brought forward for the amusement of the public, I should pitch upon some narra-

*Note B. View from the Wicks of Baiglie.

tive connected with the splendid scenery which made so much impression on my youthful imagination, and which may perhaps have that effect in setting off the imperfections of the composition, which ladies suppose a fine set of china to possess in

heightening the flavor of indifferent tea.*

The period at which I propose to commence, is, however, considerably earlier than either of the remarkable historical transactions to which I have already alluded, as the events which I am about to recount occurred during the last years of the fourteenth century, when the Scottish sceptre was swayed by the gentle, but feeble hand of John, who, on being called to the throne, assumed the title of Robert the Third.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A country lip may have the velvet touch:
Though she's no lady, she may please as much.
DRYDEN.

PERTH, boasting, as we have already mentioned, so large a portion of the beauties of inanimate nature, has at no time been without its own share of those charms which are at once more interesting and more transient. To be called the Fair Maid of Perth, would at any period have been a high distinction, and have inferred no mean superiority in beauty, where there were many to claim that much-envied attribute. But, in the feudal times, to which we now call the reader's attention. female beauty was a quality of much higher importance than it has been since the ideas of chivalry have been in a great measure extinguished. The love of the ancient cavaliers was a licensed species of idolatry, which the love of Heaven alone was theoretically supposed to approach in intensity, and which in practice it seldom equalled. God and the ladies were familiarly appealed to in the same breath; and devotion to the fair sex was as peremptorily enjoined upon the aspirant to the honor of chivalry, as that which was due to Heaven.

Chrystal Croftangry expresses here the feelings of the Author, as nearly as he could recall them, after such a lapse of years. I am, however, informed, by various letters from Perthshire, that I have made some little mistakes about names. Sure enough the general effect of the valley of the Tay, and the ancient town of Perth, rearing its gray head among the rich pastures, and beside the gleaming waters of that noblest of Scottish streams, must remain so as to justify warmer language than Mr. Croftangry had at his command.—Aug, 1831.

such a period in society the power of beauty was almost unlimited. It could level the highest rank with that which was

immeasurably inferior.

It was but in the reign preceding that of Robert III., that beauty alone had elevated a person of inferior rank and indifterent morals to share the Scottish throne; * and many women, less artful or less fortunate, had risen to greatness from a state of concubinage, for which the manners of the times made allowance and apology. Such views might have dazzled a girl of higher birth than Catharine or Katie Glover, who was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful young woman of the city or its vicinity, and whose renown, as the Fair Maid of Perth, had drawn on her much notice from the young gallants of the royal Court, when it chanced to be residing in or near Perth; insomuch that more than one nobleman of the highest rank, and most distinguished for deeds of chivalry, were more attentive to exhibit feats of horsemanship as they passed the door of old Simon Glover, in what was called Couvrefew, or Curfew Street, than to distinguish themselves in the tournaments, where the noblest dames of Scotland were spectators of their address.

But the Glover's daughter—for, as was common with the citizens and artizans of that early period, her father, Simon, derived his surname from the trade which he practised—showed no inclination to listen to any gallantry which came from those of a station highly exalted above that which she herself occupied; and though probably in no degree insensible to her personal charms, seemed desirous to confine her conquests to those who were within her own sphere of life. beauty being of that kind which we connect more with the mind than with the person, was, notwithstanding her natural kindness and gentleness of disposition, rather allied to reserve than to gayety, even when in company with her equals; and the earnestness with which she attended upon the exercises of devotion, induced many to think that Catharine Glover nourished the private wish to retire from the world, and bury herself in the recesses of the cloister. But to such a sacrifice, should it be meditated, it was not to be expected her father, reputed a wealthy man, and having this only child, would yield a willing consent.

In her resolution of avoiding the addresses of the gallant courtiers, the reigning Beauty of Perth was confirmed by the sentiments of her parent. "Let them go," he said; "let them

Note C. Royal marriages.

go, Catharine, those gallants, with their capering horses, their ingling spurs, their plumed bonnets, and their trim mustaches; they are not of our class, nor will we aim at pairing with them. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day, when every bird chooses her mate; but you will not see the linnet pair with the sparrowhawk, nor the robin-redbreast with the kite. My father was an honest burgher of Perth, and could use his needle as well as I can. Did there come war to the gates of our fair burgh, down went needles, thread, and shamoy leather, and out came the good headpiece and target from the dark nook, and the long lance from above the chimney. Show me a day that either he or I was absent when the Provost made his musters! -Thus we have led our lives, my girl; working to win our bread, and fighting to defend it. I will have no son-in-law that thinks himself better than me; and for these lords and knights. I trust thou wilt always remember thou art too low to be their lawful love, and too high to be their unlawful loon. And now lay by thy work, lass, for it is holytide eve, and it becomes us to go to the evening service, and pray that Heaven may send thee a good Valentine to-morrow."

So the Fair Maid of Perth laid aside the splendid hawkingglove which she was embroidering for the Lady Drummond, and putting on her holiday kirtle, prepared to attend her father to the Blackfriars Monastery, which was adjacent to Couvrefew Street, in which they lived. On their passage, Simon Glover, an ancient and esteemed burgess of Perth, somewhat stricken in years, and increased in substance, received from young and old the homage due to his velvet jerkin and his gold chain, while the well-known beauty of Catharine, though concealed beneath her screen,—which resembled the mantilla still worn in Flanders,—called both obeisances and doffings of the bonnet

from young and old.

As the pair moved on arm in arm, they were followed by a tall handsome young man, dressed in a yeoman's habit of the plainest kind, but which showed to advantage his fine limbs, as the handsome countenance that looked out from a quantity of curled tresses, surmounted by a small scarlet bonnet, became that species of head-dress. He had no other weapon than a staff in his hand, it not being thought fit that persons of his degree (for he was an apprentice to the old Glover) should appear on the street armed with a sword or dagger, a privilege which the jackmen, or military retainers of the nobility, esteemed exclusively their own. He attended his master at holytide, partly in the character of a domestic, or guardian, should

there be cause for his interference; but it was not difficult to discern, by the earnest attention which he paid to Catharine Glover, that it was to her rather than to her father, that he desired to dedicate his good offices. Generally speaking, there was no opportunity for his zeal displaying itself; for a common feeling of respect induced passengers to give way to the father

and daughter.

But when the steel caps, barrets, and plumes, of squires, archers, and men-at-arms, began to be seen among the throng, the wearers of these warlike distinctions were more rude in their demeanor than the quiet citizens. More than once, when from chance, or perhaps from an assumption of superior importance, such an individual took the wall of Simon in passing, the Glover's youthful attendant bristled up with a look of defiance, and the air of one who sought to distinguish his zeal in his mistress's service by its ardor. As frequently did Conachar, for such was the lad's name, receive a check from his master. who gave him to understand that he did not wish his interfer. ence before he required it. "Foolish boy!" he said, "hast thou not lived long enough in my shop to know that a blow will breed a brawl—that a dirk will cut the skin as fast as a needle pierces leather—that I love peace, though I never feared war, and care not which side of the causeway my daughter and I walk upon, so we may keep our road in peace and quietness?" Conachar excused himself as zealous for his master's honor, yet was scarce able to pacify the old citizen.— "What have we to do with honor?" said Simon Glover. thou wouldst remain in my service, thou must think of honesty, and leave honor to the swaggering fools who wear steel at their heels, and iron on their shoulders. If you wish to wear and use such garniture, you are welcome; but it shall not be in my house, or in my company."

Conachar seemed rather to kindle at this rebuke than to submit to it. But a sign from Catharine—if that slight raising of her taper fingers was indeed a sign—had more effect than the angry reproof of his master; and the youth laid aside the military air which seemed natural to him, and relapsed into the

humble follower of a quiet burgher.

Meantime the party were overtaken by a tall young man wrapped in a cloak, which obscured or muffled a part of his face—a practice often used by the gallants of the time, when they did not wish to be known, or were abroad in quest of adventures. He seemed, in short, one who might say to the world around him, "I desire, for the present, not to be known,

or addressed in my own character; but, as I am answerable to myself alone for my actions, I wear my incognito but for form's sake, and care little whether you see through it or not."—He came on the right side of Catharine, who had hold of her father's arm, and slackened his pace as if joining the party.

"Good even to you, goodman."

"The same to your worship, and thanks.—May I pray you to pass on?—Our pace is too slow for that of your lordship—our company too mean for that of your father's son."

"My father's son can best judge of that, old man. I have business to talk of with you and with my fair St. Catharine here, the loveliest and most obdurate saint in the calendar."

"With deep reverence, my lord," said the old man, "I would remind you, that this is good St. Valentine's Eve, which is no time for business, and that I can have your worshipful commands by a serving-man as early as it pleases you to send

them."

"There is no time like the present," said the persevering youth, whose rank seemed to be of a kind which set him above ceremony. "I wish to know whether the buff doublet be finished which I commissioned some time since;—and from you, pretty Catharine" (here he sank his voice to a whisper), "I desire to be informed whether your fair fingers have been employed upon it, agreeably to your promise? But I need not ask you, for my poor heart has felt the pangs of each puncture that pierced the garment which was to cover it. Traitress, how wilt thou answer for thus tormenting the heart that loves thee so dearly?"

"Let me entreat you, my lord," said Catharine, "to forego this wild talk—it becomes not you to speak thus, or me to listen. We are of poor rank, but honest manners; and the presence of the father ought to protect the child from such

expressions, even from your lordship."

This she spoke so low, that neither her father nor Conachar

could understand what she said.

"Well, tyrant," answered the persevering gallant, "I will plague you no longer now, providing you will let me see you from your window to-morrow when the sun first peeps over the eastern hill, and give me right to be your Valentine for the year."

"Not so, my lord; my father but now told me that hawks, far less eagles, pair not with the humble linnet. Seek some court lady, to whom your favors will be honor; to me—your highness must permit me to speak the plain truth—they can be nothing but disgrace."

As they spoke thus, the party arrived at the gate of the church. "Your lordship will, I trust, permit us here to take leave of you?" said her father. "I am well aware how little you will alter your pleasure for the pain and uneasiness you may give to such as us; but, from the throng of attendants at the gate, your lordship may see that there are others in the church to whom even your gracious lordship must pay respect."

"Yes—respect; and who pays any respect to me?" said the haughty young lord. "A miserable artizan and his daughter, too much honored by my slightest notice, have the insolence to tell me that my notice dishonors them. Well, my princess of white doeskin and blue silk, I will teach you to rue this."

As he murmured thus, the Glover and his daughter entered the Dominican Church, and their attendant, Conachar, in attempting to follow them closely, jostled, it may be not unwillingly, the young nobleman. The gallant, starting from his unpleasing reverie, and perhaps considering this as an intentional insult, seized on the young man by the breast, struck him. and threw him from him. His irritated opponent recovered himself with difficulty, and grasped towards his own side, as if seeking a sword or dagger in the place where it was usually worn; but finding none, he made a gesture of disappointed rage, and entered the church. During the few seconds he remained, the young nobleman stood with his arms folded on his breast, with a haughty smile, as if defying him to do his worst. When Conachar had entered the church his opponent, adjusting his cloak yet closer about his face, made a private signal by holding up one of his gloves. He was instantly joined by two men, who, disguised like himself, had waited his motions at a little distance. They spoke together earnestly, after which the young nobleman retired in one direction, his friends or followers going off in another.

Simon Glover, before he entered the church, cast a look towards the group, but had taken his place among the congregation before they separated themselves. He knelt down with the air of a man who has something burdensome on his mind; but when the service was ended, he seemed free from anxiety, as one who had referred himself and his troubles to the disposal of Heaven. The ceremony of High Mass was performed with considerable solemnity, a number of noblemen and ladies of rank being present. Preparations had indeed been made for the reception of the good old King himself, but some of those infirmities to which he was subject had prevented

Robert III. from attending the service, as was his wont. When the congregation were dismissed, the Glover and his beautiful daughter lingered for some time, for the purpose of making their several shrifts in the confessionals, where the priests had taken their places for discharging that part of their duty. Thus it happened that the night had fallen dark, and the way was solitary, when they returned along the now deserted streets to their own dwelling. Most persons had betaken themselves to home and to bed. They who still lingered in the street were night-walkers or revellers, the idle and swaggering retainers of the haughty nobles, who were much wont to insult the peaceful passengers, relying on the impunity which their master's court favor was too apt to secure them.

It was, perhaps, in apprehension of mischief from some charracter of this kind, that Conachar, stepping up to the Glover,

said, "Master, walk faster-we are dogg'd."

"Dogg'd, say'st thou? By whom, and by how many?"
"By one man muffled in his cloak, who follows us like our shadow."

"Then will I never mend my pace along the Couvrefew Street for the best one man that ever trod it."

" But he has arms," said Conachar.

"And so have we, and hands and legs and feet. Why sure, Conachar, you are not afraid of one man?"

" Afraid!" answered Conachar, indignant at the insinuation;

" you shall soon know if I am afraid."

"Now you are as far on the other side of the mark, thou foolish boy—thy temper has no middle course; there is no occasion to make a brawl, though we do not run. Walk thou before with Catharine, and I will take thy place. We cannot be ex-

posed to danger so near home as we are."

The Glover fell behind accordingly, and certainly observed a person keep so close to them, as, the time and place considered, justified some suspicion. When they crossed the street, he also crossed it, and when they advanced or slackened their pace, the stranger's was in proportion accelerated or diminished. The matter would have been of very little consequence had Simon Glover been alone; but the beauty of his daughter might render her the object of some profligate scheme, in a country where the laws afforded such slight protection to those who had not the means to defend themselves. Conachar and his fair charge having arrived on the threshold of their own apartment, which was opened to them by an old female servant, the burgher's uneasiness was ended. Determined, however, to

ascertain, if possible, whether there had been any cause for it, he called out to the man whose motions had occasioned the alarm, and who stood still, though he seemed to keep out of reach of the light—"Come, step forward, my friend, and do not play at bopeep; knowest thou not, that they who walk like phantoms in the dark, are apt to encounter the conjuration of a quarterstaff? Step forward, I say, and show us thy shapes, man."

"Why, so I can, Master Glover," said one of the deepest voices that ever answered question. "I can show my shapes well enough, only I wish they could bear the light something

better."

"Body of me," exclaimed Simon, "I should know that voice !—And is it thou, in thy bodily person, Harry Gow? Nay, beshrew me if thou passest this door with dry lips. What, man, curfew has not rung yet, and if it had, it were no reason why it should part father and son. Come in, man; Dorothy shall get us something to eat, and we will jingle a can ere thou leave us. Come in, I say; my daughter Kate will be right glad to see thee."

By this time he had pulled the person whom he welcomed so cordially into a sort of kitchen, which served also upon ordinary occasions the office of parlor. Its ornaments were trenchers of pewter, mixed with a silver cup or two, which, in the highest degree of cleanliness, occupied a range of shelves like those of a beauffet, popularly called the Bink. A good fire, with the assistance of a blazing lamp, spread light and cheerfulness through the apartment, and a savory smell of some victuals which Dorothy was preparing, did not at all offend the unrefined noses of those whose appetite they were destined to satisfy.

Their unknown attendant now stood in full light among them, and though his appearance was neither dignified nor handsome, his face and figure were not only deserving of attention, but seemed in some manner to command it. He was rather below the middle stature, but the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of his arms, and the muscular appearance of the whole man, argued amost unusual share of strength, and a frame kept in vigor by constant exercise. His legs were somewhat bent, but not in a manner which could be said to approach to deformity; on the contrary, which seemed to correspond to the strength of his frame, though it injured in some degree its symmetry. His dress was of buff-hide; and he wore in a belt around his waist a heavy broadsword, and a dirk or poniard, as if to defend his purse, which (burgher-fashion) was attached to the same cincture. The head was well proportioned,

round, close cropped, and curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express a bashful timidity, mingled with good-humor, and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friends. Abstracted from the bashful expression, which was that of the moment, the forehead of Henry Gow, or Smith, (for he was indifferently so called)* was high and noble, but the lower part of the face was less happily formed. The mouth was large, and well furnished with a set of firm and beautiful teeth, the appearance of which corresponded with the air of personal health and muscular strength, which the whole frame indicated. A short thick beard, and mustaches which had lately been arranged with some care, completed the picture. His age could not exceed eight-and-twenty.

The family appeared all well pleased with the unexpected appearance of an old friend. Simon Glover shook his hand again and again, Dorothy made her compliments, and Catharine herself offered freely her hand, which Henry held in his massive grasp as if he designed to carry it to his lips, but, after a moment's hesitation, desisted, from fear lest the freedom might be ill taken. Not that there was any resistance on the part of the little hand which lay passive in his grasp; but there was a smile mingled with the blush on her cheek, which seemed to increase the confusion of the gallant. Her father, on his part, called out frankly, as he saw his friend's hesitation,—

"Her lips, man, her lips! and that's a proffer I would not make to every one who crosses my threshold. But, by good St. Valentine (whose holiday will dawn to-morrow), I am so glad to see thee in the bonny city of Perth again, that it would

be hard to tell the thing I could refuse thee."

The Smith—for, as has been said, such was the craft of this sturdy artisan—was encouraged modestly to salute the Fair Maid, who yielded the courtesy with a smile of affection that might have become a sister, saying, at the same time, "Let me hope that I welcome back to Perth a repentant and amended man."

He held her hand as if about to answer, then suddenly, as one who lost courage at the moment, relinquished his grasp; and drawing back as if afraid of what he had done, his dark countenance glowing with bashfulness, mixed with delight, he sat down by the fire on the opposite side from that which Catharine occupied.

"Come, Dorothy, speed thee with the food, old woman;

and Conachar—where is Conachar?"

[.] Gow is Gaelic for Smith.

"He is gone to bed, sir, with a headache," said Catharine,

in a hesitating voice.

"Go, call him, Dorothy," said the old Glover; "I will not be used thus by him; his Highland blood, forsooth, is too gentle to lay a trencher or spread a napkin, and he expects to enter our ancient and honorable craft without duly waiting and tending upon his master and teacher in all matters of lawful obedience. Go, call him, I say; I will not be thus neglected."

Dorothy was presently heard screaming up stairs, or more probably up a ladder, to the cocklost, to which the recusant apprentice had made an untimely retreat; a muttered answer was returned, and soon after Conachar appeared in the eating apartment. There was a gloom of deep sullenness on his haughty, though handsome features, and as he proceeded to spread the board, and arrange the trenchers, with salt, spices, and other condiments,—to discharge, in short, the duties of a modern domestic, which the custom of the time imposed upon all apprentices—he was obviously disgusted and indignant with the mean office imposed upon him. The Fair Maid of Perth looked with some anxiety at him, as if apprehensive that his evident sullenness might increase her father's displeasure; but it was not till her eyes had sought out his for a second time, that Conachar condescended to veil his dissatisfaction, and throw a greater appearance of willingness and submission into the services which he was performing.

And here we must acquaint our reader, that though the private interchange of looks betwixt Catharine Glover and the young mountaineer indicated some interest on the part of the former in the conduct of the latter, it would have puzzled the strictest observer to discover whether that feeling exceeded in degree what might have been felt by a young person towards a friend and inmate of the same age, with whom she had lived on

habits of intimacy.

"Thou hast had a long journey, son Henry," said Glover, who had always used that affectionate style of speech, though noways akin to the young artisan; "ay, and hast seen many a river besides Tay, and many a fair bigging besides St. Johnston."

"But none that I like half so well, and none that are half so much worth my liking," answered the Smith; "I promise you, father, that when I crossed the Wicks of Baiglie, and saw the bonny city lie stretched fairly before me, like a Fairy Queen in romance, whom the Knight finds asleep among a wilderness of flowers, I felt even as a bird, when it folds its wearied wings to stoop down on its own nest."

"Aha so thou canst play the Maker " yet?" said the Glover. "What, shall we have our ballets, and our roundels against? our lusty carols for Christmas, and our mirthful

springs to trip it round the Maypole?"

"Such toys there may be forthcoming, father," said Henry Smith, "though the blast of the bellows, and the clatter of the anvil, make but coarse company to lays of minstrelsy; but I can afford them no better, since I must mend my fortune, though I mar my verses."

"Right again-my own son just," answered the Glover;

" and I trust thou hast made a saving voyage of it?"

"Nay, I made a thriving one, father—I sold the steel habergeon that you wot of for four hundred marks to the English Warden of the East Marches, Sir Magnus Redman.† He scarce scrupled a penny after I gave him leave to try a sword-dint upon it. The beggarly Highland thief who bespoke it, boggled at half the sum, though it had cost me a year's labor."

"What dost thou start at, Conachar?" said Simon, addressing himself, by way of parenthesis, to the mountain disciple; "wilt thou never learn to mind thy own business without listening to what is passing round thee? What is it to thee that an Englishman thinks that cheap, which a Scottishman may hold dear?"

dear?"

Conachar turned round to speak; but, after a moment's consideration, looked down, and endeavored to recover his composure, which had been deranged by the contemptuous manner in which the Smith had spoken of his Highland cus tomer. Henry went on without paying any attention to him.

"I sold at high prices some swords and whingers when a was at Edinburgh. They expect war there; and if it please God to sent it, my merchandise will be worth its price. St. Dunstan make us thankful, for he was of our craft. In short, this fellow" (laying his hand on his purse), "who, thou knowest, father, was somewhat lank and low in condition when I set out four months since, is now as round and full as a six-weeks' porker."

"And that other leathern-sheathed iron-hilted fellow who hangs beside him," said the Glover, "has he been idle all this while?—Come, jolly Smith, confess the truth—how many

brawls hast thou had since crossing the Tay?"

"Nay, now you do me wrong, father, to ask me such a

Old Scottish for Post, and indeed the literal translation of the originalGreek Hourriss.
† Sir Magnus Redman, some time Governor of Borwick, fell in one of the battles on the Border, which followed on the treason of the Earl of March, aluded to hereafter.

question" (glancing a look at Catharine) "in such a presence," answered the armorer; "I make swords, indeed, but I leave it to other people to use them. No, no—seldom have I a naked sword in my fist, save when I am turning them on the anvil or grindstone; and they slandered me to your daughter Catharine, that led her to suspect the quietest burgess in Perth of being a brawler. I wish the best of them would dare say such a word at the Hill of Kinnoul, and never a man on the green but he and I."

"Ay, ay," said the Glover, laughing, "we should then have a fine sample of your patient sufferance.—Out upon you, Henry, that you will speak so like a knave to one who knows thee so well! You look at Kate, too, as if she did not know that a man in this country must make his hand keep his head, unless he will sleep in slender security.—Come, come; beshrew me, if thou hast not spoiled as many suits of armor as thou hast made."

"Why, he would be a bad armorer, father Simon, that could not, with his own blow, make proof of his own workmanship. If I did not sometimes cleave a helmet, or strike a sword's point through a harness, I should not know what strength of fabric to give them; and might jingle together such pasteboard work as yonder Edinburgh smiths think not shame to put out of their hands."

"Aha—now would I lay a gold crown thou hast had a quarrel with some Edinburg Burn-the-wind upon that very ground?"

"A quarrel!—no, father," replied the Perth armorer, "but a measuring of swords with such a one upon St. Leonard's Crags, for the honor of my bonny city, I confess. Surely you do not think I would quarrel with a brother craftsman?"

"Ah, to a surety, no. But how did your brother craftsman came off?"

"Why, as one with a sheet of paper on his bosom might come off from the stroke of a lance—or rather, indeed, he came not off at all; for, when I left him, he was lying in the Hermit's Lodge, daily expecting death, for which Father Gervis said he was in heavenly preparation."

"Well—any more measuring of weapons?" said the Glover.

"Why, truly, I fought an Englishman at Berwick besides,

^{*} Burn-the-wind, an old cant term for blacksmith, appears in Burns"Then Burnswin came on like death,
At every chaup," etc.

on the old question of the Supremacy, as they call it—I am sure you would not have me slack at that debate, and I had the luck to hurt him on the left knee."

"Well done for St. Andrew!-to it again.-Whom next had you to deal with?" said Simon, laughing at the exploits

of his pacific friend.

"I fought a Scotchman in the Torwood," answered Henry Smith, "upon a doubt which was the better swordsman, which, you are aware, could not be known or decided without a trial. The poor fellow lost two fingers."

"Pretty well for the most peaceful lad in Perth, who never touches a sword but in the way of his profession.—Well, any-

thing more to tell us?"

"Little—for the drubbing of a Highlandman is a thing not

worth mentioning."

"For what didst thou drub him, O man of peace?" in-

quired the Glover.

"For nothing that I can remember," replied the Smith, "except his presenting himself on the south side of Stirling

Bridge."

"Well, here is to thee, and thou art welcome to me, after all these exploits.—Conachar, bestir thee. Let the cans clink, lad, and thou shalt have a cup of the nut-brown for thyself, my boy."

Conachar poured out the good liquor for his master and for Catharine, with due observance. But that done he set the

flagon on the table, and sat down.

"How now, sirrah!—be these your manners? Fill to my

guest, the Worshipful Master Henry Smith."

"Master Smith may fill for himself, if he wishes for liquor," answered the youthful Celt. "The son of my father has demeaned himself enough already for one evening."

"That's well crowed for a cockerel," said Henry; "but thou art so far right, my lad, that the man deserves to die of

thirst who will not drink without a cupbearer."

But his entertainer took not the contumacy of the young apprentice with so much patience.—" Now, by my honest word, and by the best glove I ever made," said Simon, "thou shalt help him with liquor from that cup and flagon, if thee and I are to abide under one roof."

Conachar arose sullenly upon hearing this threat, and approaching the Smith, who had just taken the tankard in his hand, and was raising it to his head, he contrived to stumble against him and jostle him so awkwardly, that the foaming ale

gushed over his face, person, and dress. Good-natured as the Smith, in spite of his warlike propensities, really was in the utmost degree, his patience failed under such a provocation. He seized the young man's throat, being the part which came readiest to his grasp, as Conachar arose from the pretended stumble, and pressing it severely as he cast the lad from him, exclaimed, "Had this been in another place, young gallowsbird, I had stowed the lugs out of thy head, as I have done to some of thy clan before thee."

Conachar recovered his feet with the activity of a tiger, and exclaiming, "Never shall you live to make that boast again!" drew a short sharp knife from his bosom, and springing on Henry Smith, attempted to plunge it into his body over the collar-bone, which must have been a mortal wound. But the object of this violence was so ready to defend himself by striking up the assailant's hand, that the blow only glanced on the bone, and scarce drew blood. To wrench the dagger from the boy's hand, and to secure him with a grasp like that of his own iron vice, was for the powerful Smith the work of a single moment. Conachar felt himself at once in the absolute power of the formidable antagonist whom he had provoked; he became deadly pale, as he had been the moment before glowing red, and stood mute with shame and fear, until relieving him from his powerful hold, the Smith quietly said, "It is well for thee that thou canst not make me angry—thou art but a boy, and I, a grown man, ought not to have provoked thee. But let this be a warning."

Conachar stood an instant as if about to reply, and ther left the room, ere Simon had collected himself enough to speak. Dorothy was running hither and thither for salves and healing herbs. Catharine had swooned at the sight of trick-

ling blood.

"Let me depart, father Simon," said Henry Smith mourn fully; "I might have guessed I should have my old luck, and spread strife and bloodshed where I would wish most to bring peace and happiness. Care not for me—look to poor Catharine; the fright of such an affray hath killed her, and all through my fault."

"Thy fault, my son!—It was the fault of you Highland cateran,* whom it is my curse to be cumbered with; but he shall go back to his glens to-morrow, or taste the tolbooth of

Cateran, or robber, the usual designation of the Celtic borderers on the lands of the Sessenach. The beautiful Lake of the Trosachs is supposed to have taken its name from the habits of its frequenters.

the burgh. An assault upon the life of his master's guest in his master's house!—It breaks all bonds between us. But let

me see to thy wound."

"Catharine!" repeated the armorer; "look to Catharine."
"Dorothy will see to her," said Simon; "surprise and fear kill not—skenes and dirks do. And she is not more the daughter of my blood than thou, my dear Henry, art the son of my affections. Let me see the wound. The skene-occle " is

an ugly weapon in a Highland hand."

"I mind it no more than the scratch of a wild-cat," said the armorer; "and now that the color is coming to Catharine's cheek again, you shall see me a sound man in a moment." He turned to a corner in which hung a small mirror, and hastily took from his purse some dry lint to apply to the slight wound he had received. As he unloosed the leathern jacket from his neck and shoulders, the manly and muscular form which they displayed was not more remarkable than the fairness of his skin, where it had not, as in hands and face, been exposed to the effects of rough weather, and of his laborious trade. He hastily applied some lint to stop the bleeding; and a little water having removed all other marks of the fray, he buttoned his doublet anew, and turned again to the table where Catharine, still pale and trembling, was, however, recovered from her fainting fit.

"Would you but grant me your forgiveness, for having offended you in the very first hour of my return? The lad was toolish to provoke me, and yet I was more foolish to be provoked by such as he. Your father blames me not, Catharine,

and cannot you forgive me?"

"I have no power to forgive," answered Catharine, "what I have no title to resent. If my father chooses to have his house made the scene of night brawls, I must witness them—I cannot help myself. Perhaps it was wrong in me to faint and interrupt, it may be, the farther progress of a fair fray. My apology is, that I cannot bear the sight of blood."

"And is this the manner," said her father, "in which you receive my friend after his long absence? My friend, did I say? nay, my son. He escapes being murdered by a fellow whom I will to-morrow clear this house of, and you treat him as if he had done wrong in dashing from him the snake which

was about to sting him?"

"It is not my part, father," returned the Maid of Perth, to decide who had the right or wrong in the present brawl;

^{*} Show-occie, s. e., knife of the armpit-the Highlander's stilette.

mor did I see what happened distinctly enough to say which was assailant or which defender. But sure our friend, Master Henry, will not deny that he lives in a perfect atmosphere of strife, blood, and quarrels. He hears of no swordsman but he envies his reputation, and must needs put his valor to the proof. He sees no brawl but he must strike into the midst of it. Has he friends, he fights with them for love and honor; has he enemies, he fights with them for hatred and revenge. And those men who are neither his friends nor foes, he fights with them because they are on this or that side of a river. His days are days of battle, and doubtless he acts them over again in his dreams."

"Daughter," said Simon, "your tongue wags too freely. Quarrels and fights are men's business, not women's, and it is

not maidenly to think or speak of them."

"But if they are so rudely enacted in our presence," said Catharine, "it is a little hard to expect us to think or speak of anything else. I will grant you, my father, that this valiant burgess of Perth is one of the best-hearted men that draws breath within its walls—that he would walk a hundred yards out of the way rather than step upon a worm—that he would be as loath, in wantonness, to kill a spider, as if he were a kinsman to King Robert, of happy memory *--- that in his last quarrel before his departure he fought with four butchers, to prevent their killing a poor mastiff that had misbehaved in the bull-ring, and narrowly escaped the fate of the cur that he was protecting. I will grant you also, that the poor never pass the house of the wealthy armorer but they are relieved with food But what avails all this, when his sword makes as many starving orphans and mourning widows as his purse relieves?"

"Nay, but, Catharine, hear me but a word before going on with a string of reproaches against my friend, that sound something like sense, while they are, in truth, inconsistent with all we hear and see around us. What," continued the Glover, "do our King and our court, our knights and ladies, our abbots, monks, and priests themselves, so earnestly crowd to see? Is it not to behold the display of chivalry, to witness the gallant actions of brave knights in the tilt and tourney-ground, to look upon deeds of honor and glory achieved by arms and bloodshed? What is it these proud nights do, that differs from what our good Henry Gow works out in his sphere? Who ever heard of his abusing his skill and strength to do evil or for

ward oppression, and who knows not how often it has been employed as that of a champion in the good cause of the burgh? And shouldst not thou, of all women, deem thyself honored and glorious, that so true a heart and so strong an arm has termed himself thy bachelor? In what do the proudest dames take their loftiest pride, save in the chivalry of their knight; and has the boldest in Scotland done more gallant deeds than my brave son Henry, though but of low degree? Is he not known to Highland and Lowland as the best armorer that ever made sword, and the truest soldier that ever drew one?"

"My dearest father," answered Catharine, "your words contradict themselves, if you will permit your child to say so. Let us thank God and the good saints that we are in a peaceful rank of life, below the notice of those whose high birth, and yet higher pride, lead them to glory in their bloody works of cruelty, which haughty and lordly men term deeds of chivalry. Your wisdom will allow that it would be absurd in us to prank ourselves in their dainty plumes and splendid garments; why, then, should we imitate their full-blown vices? Why should we assume their hard-hearted pride and relentless cruelty, to which murder is not only a sport, but a subject of vain-glorious triumph? Let those whose rank claims as its right such bloody homage, take pride and pleasure in it; we, who have no share in the sacrifice, may the better pity the sufferings of the victim. Let us thank our lowliness, since it secures us from temptation. -But forgive me, father, if I have stepped over the limits of my duty in contradicting the views which you entertain, with so many others, on these subjects."

"Nay, thou hast even too much talk for me, girl," said her father, somewhat angrily. "I am but a poor workman, whose best knowledge is to distinguish the left hand glove from the right. But if thou wouldst have my forgiveness, say something of comfort to my poor Henry. There he sits, confounded and dismayed with all the peachment thou hast heaped together; and he to whom a trumpet sound was like the invitation to a feast, is struck down at the sound of a child's whistle."

The armorer, indeed, while he heard the lips that were dearest to him paint his character in such unfavorable colors, had laid his head down on the table, upon his folded arms, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, or almost despair. "I would to Heaven, my dearest father," answered Catharine, "that it were in my power to speak comfort to Henry, without betraying the sacred cause of the truths I have just told you. And I may,—nay, I must have such a commission," she con-

tinued with something that the earnestness with which she spoke, and the extreme beauty of her features, caused for the moment to resemble inspiration. "The truth of Heaven," she said, in a solemn tone, "was never committed to a tongue, however feeble, but it gave a right to that tongue to announce mercy, while it declared judgment.—Arise, Henry—rise up, noble-minded, good, and generous, though widely mistaken man—Thy faults are those of this cruel and remorseless age—thy virtues all thine own."

While she thus spoke, she laid her hand upon the Smith's arm, and extricating it from under his head by a force which, however gentle, he could not resist, she compelled him to raise towards her his manly face, and the eyes into which her expostulations, mingled with other feelings, had summoned tears. "Weep not," she said, "or rather weep on—but weep as those who have hope. Abjure the sins of pride and anger, which most easily beset thee—fling from thee the accursed weapons, to the fatal and murderous use of which thou art so easily

"You speak to me in vain, Catharine," added the armorer; "I may, indeed, turn monk and retire from the world, but while I live in it I must practice my trade; and while I form armor and weapons for others, I cannot myself withstand the temptation of using them. You would not reproach me as you do, if you knew how inseparably the means by which I gain my bread are connected with that warlike spirit which you impute to me as a fault, though it is the consequence of inevitable necessity. While I strengthen the shield or corslet to withstand wounds, must I not have constantly in remembrance the manner and strength with which they may be dealt; and when I forge the sword, and temper it for war, is it practicable for me to avoid the recollection of its use?"

"Then throw from you, my dear Henry," said the enthusiastic girl, clasping with both her slender hands the nervous strength and weight of one of the muscular armorer's, which they raised with difficulty, permitted by its owner, yet scarcely receiving assistance from his volition—" cast from you, I say, the art which is a snare to you. Abjure the fabrication of weapons which can only be useful to abridge human life, already too short for repentance, or to encourage with a feeling of safety those whom fear might otherwise prevent from risking themselves in peril. The art of forming arms, whether offensive or defensive, is alike sinful in one to whose violent and ever vehement disposition the very working upon them proves a sin

and a snare. Resign utterly the manufacture of weapons of every description, and deserve the forgiveness of Heaven, by renouncing all that can lead to the sin which most easily besets you."

"And what," murmured the armorer, "am I to do for my livelihood, when I have given over the art of forging arms, for which Henry of Perth is known from the Tay to the Thames?"

"Your art itself," said Catharine, "has innocent and laudable resources. If you renounce the forging of swords and bucklers, there remains to you the task of forming the harmless spade, and the honorable as well as useful ploughshare—of those implements which contribute to the support of life, or to its comforts. Thou canst frame locks and bars to defend the property of the weak against the stouthrief and oppression of the strong. Men will still resort to thee, and repay thy honest industry—"

But here Catharine was interrupted. Her father had heard her declaim against war and tournaments with a feeling, that though her doctrines were new to him, they might not, nevertheless, be entirely erroneous. He felt, indeed, a wish that his proposed son-in-law should not commit himself voluntarily to the hazards which the daring character and great personal strength of Henry the Smith had hitherto led him to incur too readily; and so far he would rather have desired that Catharine's arguments should have produced some effect upon the mind of her lover, whom he knew to be as ductile, when influenced by his affections, as he was fierce and intractable when assailed by hostile remonstrances or threats. But her argument interfered with his views, when he heard her enlarge upon the necessity of his designed son-in-law resigning a trade which brought in more ready income than any at that time practised in Scotland, and more profit to Henry of Perth, in particular, than to any armorer in the nation. He had some indistinct idea, that it would not be amiss to convert, if possible, Henry the Smith from his too frequent use of arms, even though he felt some pride in being connected with one who wielded with such superior excellence those weapons, which in that warlike age it was the boast of all men to manage with spirit. But when he heard his daughter recommend, as the readiest road to this pacific state of mind, that her lover should renounce the gainful trade in which he was held unrivalled, and which, from the constant private differences and public wars of the time, was sure to afford him a large income, he could withhold his wrath no longer. The daughter had scarce recommended to her lover

the fabrication of the implements of husbandry, than, feeling the certainty of being right, of which, in the earlier part of their debate he had been somewhat doubtful, the father broke in with—

"Locks and bars, plough-graith and harrow-teeth!-and why not grates and fire-prongs, and Culross girdles,* and an ass to carry the merchandise through the country—and thou for another ass to lead it by the halter? Why, Catharine, girl, has sense altogether forsaken thee, or dost thou think that in these hard and iron days, men will give ready silver for anything save that which can defend their own life, or enable them to take that of their enemy. We want swords to protect ourselves every moment now, thou silly wench, and not ploughs to dress the ground for the grain we may never see rise. As for the matter of our daily bread, those who are strong seize it, and live; those who are weak yield it, and die of hunger. Happy is the man who, like my worthy son, has means of obtaining his living otherwise than by the point of the sword which he makes. Preach peace to him as much as thou wilt— I will never be he will say thee nay; but as forbidding the first armorer in Scotland forego the forging of swords, curtal-axes, and harness, it is enough to drive patience itself mad-Out from my sight !—and next morning I prithee remember, that shouldst thou have the luck to see Henry the Smith, which is more than thy usage of him has deserved, you see a man who has not his match in Scotland at the use of broadsword and battle-axe, and who can work for five hundred marks a-year. without breaking a holiday.

The daughter, on hearing her father speak thus peremptorily made a low obeisance, and without further good-night, withdrew to the chamber which was her usual sleeping appartment.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Whence cometh Smith, be he knight, lord, er squire, But from the smith that forged in the fire?

VERSTEGAN.

THE armorer's heart swelled big with various and contending sensations, so that it seemed as if it would burst the leathern

The girdle is the thin plate of iron used for the manufacture of the staple luxury of Sectiond, the eaten cake. The town of Cuirces was long colebrated for its girdles.

doublet under which it was shrouded. He arose—turned away his head and extended his hand towards the Glover, while he averted his face, as if desirous that his emotion should not be

read upon his countenance.

"Nay, hang me if I bid you farewell, man," said Simon, striking the flat of his hand against that which the armorer expanded towards him. "I will shake no hands with you for an hour to come at least. Tarry but a moment, man, and I will explain all this; and surely a few drops of blood from a scratch, and a few silly words from a foolish wench's lips, are not to part father and son, when they have been so long without meeting? Stay, then, man, if ever you would wish for a father's blessing and Saint Valentine's, whose blessed eve this chances to be."

The Glover was soon heard loudly summoning Dorothy, and, after some clanking of keys and trampling up and down stairs, Dorothy appeared bearing three large rummer cups of green glass, which were then esteemed a great and precious curiosity, and the Glover followed with a huge bottle, equal at least to three quarts of these degenerate days.—"Here is a cup of wine, Henry, older by half than I am myself; my father had it in a gift from stout old Crabbe the Flemish engineer, who defended Perth so stoutly in the minority of David the Second. We glovers could always do something in war, though our connection with it was less than yours who work in steel and iron. And my father had pleased old Crabbe—some other day I will tell you how, and also how long these bottles were concealed underground, to save them from the reviving Southron. So I will empty a cup to the soul's health of my honored father—May his sins be forgiven him! Dorothy, thou shalt drink this pledge, and then be gone to thy cockloft. know thine ears are itching, girl, but I have that to say which no one must hear save Henry Smith, the son of mine adoption."

Dorothy did not venture to remonstrate, but taking off her glass, or rather her goblet, with good courage retired to her sleeping appartment, according to her master's commands. The

two friends were left alone.

"It grieves me, friend Henry," said Simon, filling at the same time his own glass and his guest's, "it grieves me, from the soul, that my daughter retains this silly humor; but also, methinks, thou might'st mend it. Why wouldst thou come hither clattering with thy sword and dagger, when the girl is so silly that she cannot bear the sight of these? Dost thou not remember that thou hadst a sort of quarrel with her even be-

fore thy last departure from Perth, because thou wouldst not go like other honest quiet burghers, but must be ever armed, like those of the rascally jackmen* that wait on the nobility: Sure it is time enough for decent burgesses to arm at the tolling of the common bell, which calls us out bodin in effeir of war."

"Why, my good father, that was not my fault; but I had no sooner quitted my nag than I ran hither to tell you of my return, thinking, if it were your will to permit me, that I would get your advice about being Mistress Catharine's Valentine for the year; and then I heard from Mrs. Dorothy that you were gone to hear mass at the Black Friars. So I thought I would follow thither; partly to hear the same mass with you, and partly—Our Lady and Saint Valentine forgive me!—to look upon one who thinks little enough of me—And, as you entered the church, methought I saw two or three dangerouslooking men holding counsel together, and gazing at you and at her, and in especial Sir John Ramorny, whom I knew well enough, for all his disguise, and the velvet patch over his eye. and his cloak so like a serving-man's :—so methought, father Simon, that as you were old, and yonder slip of a Highlander something too young to do battle, I would even walk quietly after you, not doubting, with the tools I had about me, to bring any one to reason that might disturb you in your way home. You know that yourself discovered me, and drew me into the house, whether I would or no; otherwise, I promise you, I would not have seen your daughter till I had donn'd the new jerkin which was made at Berwick after the latest cut; nor would I have appeared before her with these weapons, which she dislikes so much. Although, to say truth, so many are at deadly feud with me for one unhappy chance or another, that it is as needful for me as for any man in Scotland to go by night with weapons about me."

"The silly wench never thinks of that," said Simon Glover.

"She never has sense to consider, that in our dear native land of Scotland every man deems it his privilege and duty to avenge his own wrong. But, Harry, my boy, thou art to blame for taking her talk so much to heart. I have seen thee bold enough with other wenches—wherefore so still and tongue-tied with her."

[•] Men wearing jacks, or armor.
† That is, not in dread of war, but in the guise which effeirs, or necongs to war; in arms, namely offensive and defensive. "Bodin in feir of war," a frequent term in old leastlab history and muniments, means, arrayed in warlike guise.

"Because she is something different from other maidens, father Glover—because she is not only more beautiful, but wiser, higher, holier, and seems to me as if she were made of better clay than we that approach her. I can hold my head high enough with the rest of the lasses round the Maypole; but somehow, when I approach Catharine, I feel myself an earthly, coarse, ferocious creature, scarce worthy to look on her, much less to contradict the precepts which she expounds to me."

"You are an imprudent merchant, Harry Smith," replied Simon; "and rate too high the goods you wish to purchase. Catharine is a good girl, and my daughter; but if you make her a conceited ape by your bashfulness and your flattery,

neither you or I will see our wishes accomplished."

"I often tear it, my good father," said the Smith; "for I

feel how little I am deserving of Catharine."

"Feel a thread's end!" said the Glover; "feel for me, friend Smith, for Catharine and me. Think how the poor thing is beset from morning to night, and by what sort of persons, even though windows be down and doors shut. We were accosted to-day by one too powerful to be named,—ay, and he showed his displeasure openly, because I would not permit him to gallant my daughter in the church itself, when the priest was saying mass. There are others scarce less reasonable. I sometimes wish that Catharine were in some degree less fair, that she might not catch that dangerous sort of admiration; or somewhat less holy, that she might sit down like an honest woman, contented with stout Henry Smith, who could protect his wife against every sprig of chivalry in the Court of Scotland."

"And if I did not," said Henry, thrusting out a hand and arm which might have belonged to a giant for bone and muscle. "I would I may never bring hammer upon anvil again! Ay, an it were come but that length, my fair Catharine should see that there is no harm in a man having the trick of defence. But I believe she thinks the whole world is one great minsterchurch, and that all who live in it should behave as if they were at an eternal mass."

"Nay, in truth," said the father, "she has strange influence over those who approach her—the Highland lad, Conachar, with whom I have been troubled for these two or three years, although you may see he has the natural spirit of his people, obeys the least sign which Catharine makes him, and, indeed, will hardly be ruled by any one else in the house. She takes

much pains with him to bring him from his rude Highland habits."

Here Harry Smith became uneasy in his chair, lifted the flagon, set it down, and at length exclaimed, "The devil take the young Highland whelp and his whole kindred! What has Catharine to do to instruct such a fellow as he? He will be just like the wolf-cub that I was fool enough to train to the offices of a dog, and every one thought him reclaimed, till, in an ill hour, I went to walk on the hill of Moncreiff, when he broke loose on the laird's flock, and made a havoc that I might well have rued, had the laird not wanted a harness at the time. And I marvel that you, being a sensible man, father Glover, will keep this Highland young fellow—a likely one, I promise you—so nigh to Catharine, as if there were no other than your daughter to serve him for a schoolmistress."

"Fie, my son, fie,—now you are jealous," said Simon, "of a poor young fellow who, to tell you the truth, resides here, because he may not so well live on the other side of the hill."

"Ay, ay, father Simon," retorted the Smith, who had all the narrow-minded feelings of the burghers of his time; "an it were not for fear of offence, I would say that you have even too much packing and peeling with yonder loons out of burgh."

"I must get my deer-hides, buck-skins, kid-skins, and so forth, somewhere, my good Harry,—and Highlandmen give

good bargains."

"They can afford them," replied Henry, dryly; "for they

sell nothing but stolen gear."

"Well, well,—be that as it may, it is not my business where they get the bestial, so I get the hides. But, as I was saying, there are certain considerations why I am willing to oblige the father of this young man, by keeping him here. And he is but half a Highlander neither, and wants a thought of the dour spirit of a Glune-amie; after all, I have seldom seen him so fierce as he showed himself but now."

"You could not, unless he had killed his man," replied the

Smith, in the same dry tone.

"Nevertheless, if you wish it, Harry, I'll set all other respects aside, and send the land-louper to seek other quarters

to-morrow morning."

"Nay, father," said the Smith, "you cannot suppose that Harry Gow cares the value of a smithy-dander † for such a cub as yonder cat-a-mountain? I care little, I promise you, though

Note E. Glune-amie.

all his clan were coming down the Shoegate* with slogan crying, and pipes playing; I would find fifty blades and bucklers would send them back faster than they came. But, to speak truth—though it is a fool's speech, too—I care not to see the fellow so much with Catharine. Remember, father Glover, your trade keeps your eyes and hands close employed, and must have your heedful care, even if this lazy lurdane wrought at it, which you know yourself he seldom does."

"And that is true," said Simon; "he cuts all his gloves out for the right hand, and never could finish a pair in his life."
"No doubt his notions of skin-cutting are rather different,"

said Henry. "But with your leave, father, I would not only say, that work he, or be he idle, he has no bleared eyes,—no hands seared with the hot iron, and welked by the use of the fore-hammer,—no hair rusted in the smoke, and singed in the furnace, like the hide of a badger, rather than what is fit to be covered with a Christian bonnet. Now, let Catharine be as good a wench as ever lived, and I will uphold her to be the best in Perth, yet she must see and know that these things make a difference betwixt man and man, and that the differ-

ence is not in my favor."

"Here is to thee, with all my heart, son Harry," said the old man, filling a brimmer to his companion, and another to himself; "I see that, good smith as thou art, thou ken'st not the mettle that women are made of. Thou must be bold. Henry; and bear thyself not as if thou wert going to the gallow-lee, but like a gay young fellow, who knows his own worth, and will not be slighted by the best grandchild Eve ever had. Catharine is a woman like her mother; and thou thinkest foolishly to suppose they are all set on what pleases the eye. Their ear must be pleased too, man; they must know that he whom they favor is bold and buxom, and might have the love of twenty, though he is suing for theirs. Believe an old man, women walk more by what others think than by what they think themselves; and when she asks for the boldest man in Perth, whom shall she hear named but Harry Burn-the-wind? -The best armorer that ever fashioned weapon on anvil? why, Harry Smith again—the tightest dancer at the Maypole? why, the lusty smith—the gayest troller of ballads? why, who but Harry Gow?—The best wrestler, sword-and-buckler player -the king of the weapon-shawing—the breaker of mad horses -the tamer of wild Highlandmen?-evermore it is thee-

^{*} A principal street in Perth.

thee—no one but thee.—And shall Catharine prefer yonder slip of a Highland boy to thee?—Pshaw! she might as well make a steel gauntlet out of kid's leather. I tell thee, Conachar is nothing to her, but so far as she would fain prevent the devil having his due of him as of other Highlandmen—God bless her, poor thing! she would bring all mankind to better thoughts if she could."

"In which she will fail to a certainty,"—said the Smith, who, as the reader may have noticed, had no good-will to the Highland race. "I will wager on Old Nick, of whom I should know something, he being indeed a worker in the same element with myself, against Catharine on that debate—the devil will have the tartan; that is sure enough."

"Ay, but Catharine," replied the Glover, "hath a second thou knowest little of—Father Clement has taken the young reiver in hand, and he fears a hundred devils as little as I do

a flock of geese."

"Father Clement?" said the Smith; "you are always making some new saint in this godly city of St. Johnston. Pray, who, for a devil's drubber, may he be?—One of your hermits that is trained for the work like a wrestler for the ring, and brings himself to trim by fasting and penance—is he not?"

"No, that is the marvel of it," said Simon; "Father Clement eats, drinks, and lives, much like other folk—all the rules

of the Church, nevertheless, strictly observed."

"Oh, I comprehend!—a buxom priest, that thinks more of good living than of good life—tipples a can on Fastern's Eve, to enable him to face Lent—has a pleasant in principio—and confesses all the prettiest women about the town?"

"You are on the bow-hand still, Smith. I tell you, my daughter and I could nose out either a fasting hypocrite or a full one. But Father Clement is neither the one nor the

other."

"But what is he then, in Heaven's name?"

"One who is either greatly better than half his brethren of Saint Johnston put together, or so much worse than the worst of them, that it is sin and shame that he is suffered to abide in the country."

"Methinks it were easy to tell whether he be the one or the

other," said the Smith.

"Content you, my friend," said Simon, "with knowing, that if you judge Father Clement by what you see him do and hear him say, you will think of him as the best and kindest man in the world—with a comfort for every man's grief, a counsel for

every man's difficulty, the rich man's surest guide, and the poor man's best friend. But if you listen to what the Dominicans say of him, he is—Benedicite!"—(here the Glover crossed himself on brow and bosom)—"a foul heretic, who ought, by means of earthly flame, to be sent to those which burn eternally."

The Smith also crossed himself, and exclaimed,—"Saint Mary! father Simon, and do you, who are so good and prudent that you have been called the Wise Glover of Perth, let your daughter attend the ministry of one who—the saints preserve us!—may be in league with the foul Fiend himself? Why, was it not a priest who raised the devil in the Meal Vennel, when Hodge Jackson's house was blown down in the great wind?—did not the devil appear in the midst of the Tay, dressed in a priest's scapular, gamboling like a pellach amongst the waves, the morning when our stately bridge was swept

away?"

"I cannot tell whether he did or no," said the Glover; "I only know I saw him not. As to Catharine, she cannot be said to use Father Clement's ministry, seeing her confessor is old Father Francis the Dominican, from whom she had her shrift to-day. But women will sometimes be wilful, and sure enough she consults with Father Clement more than I could wish; and yet, when I have spoken with him myself, I have thought him so good and holy a man, that I could have trusted my own salvation with him. There are bad reports of him among the Dominicans, that is certain. But what have we laymen to do with such things, my son? Let us pay Mother Church her dues, give our alms, confess and do our penance duly, and the saints will bear us out."

"Ay, truly; and they will have consideration," said the Smith, "for any rash and unhappy blow that a man may deal in a fight, when his party was on defence, and standing up to him; and that's the only creed a man can live upon in Scotland, let your daughter think what she pleases. Marry, a man must know his fence, or have a short lease of his life, in any place where blows are going so rife. Five nobles to our altar have cleared me for the best man I ever had misfortune with."

"Let us finish our flask, then," said the old Glover; "for I reckon the Dominican tower is tolling midnight. And hark thee, son Henry; be at the lattice window on our east gable by the very peep of dawn, and make me aware thou art come by whistling the Smith's call gently. I will contrive that Cath-

arine shall look out of the window, and thus thou wilt have all the privileges of being a gallant Valentine through the rest of the year; which if thou canst not use to thine own advantage, I shall be led to think, that, for all thou be'st covered with the lion's hide, Nature has left on thee the long ears of the ass."

"Amen, father," said the armorer; "a hearty good-night to you; and God's blessing on your roof-tree, and those whom it covers. You shall hear the Smith's call sound by cock-crow-

ing; I warrant I put Sir Chanticleer to shame."

So saying, he took his leave; and, though completely undaunted, moved through the deserted streets like one upon his guard, to his own dwelling, which was situated in the Mill Wynd, at the western end of Perth.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

What's all this turmoil cramm'd into our parts?

Faith, but the pit-a-pat of poor young hearts.

DRYDEN.

THE sturdy armorer was not, it may be believed, slack in keeping the appointment assigned by his intended father-in-law. He went through the process of his toilet with more than ordinary care, throwing, as far as he could, those points which had a military air into the shade. He was far too noted a person. to venture to go entirely unarmed in a town where he had indeed many friends, but also, from the character of many of his former exploits, several deadly enemies, at whose hands, should they take him at advantage, he knew he had little mercy to ex-He therefore wore under his jerkin a secret, or coat of chain-mail, made so light and flexible that it interfered as little with his movements as a modern under-waistcoat, yet of such proof as he might safely depend upon, every ring of it having been wrought and joined by his own hands. Above this he wore, like others of his age and degree, the Flemish hose and doublet, which, in honor of the holy tide, were of the best superfine English broad cloth, light blue in color, slashed out with black satin, and passamented (laced, that is) with embroidery of black silk. His walking boots were of cordovan leather; his cloak of good Scottish gray, which served to conceal a whinger,

or couteau de chasse, that hung at his belt, and was his only offensive weapon, for he carried in his hand but a rod of holly. His black velvet bonnet was lined with steel, quilted between the metal and his head, and thus constituted a means of defence

which might safely be trusted to.

Upon the whole, Henry had the appearance, to which he was well entitled, of a burgher of wealth and consideration, assuming in his dress as much consequence as he could display, without stepping beyond his own rank, and encroaching on that of the gentry. Neither did his frank and manly deportment, though indicating a total indifference to danger, bear the least resemblance to that of the bravoes or swash-bucklers of the day, amongst whom Henry was sometimes unjustly ranked by those who imputed the frays, in which he was so often engaged, to a quarrelsome and violent temper, resting upon a consciousness of his personal strength and knowledge of his weapon. On the contrary, every feature bore the easy and good-humored expression of one who neither thought of inflicting mischief, nor dreaded it from others.

Having attired himself in his best, the honest armorer next placed nearest to his heart (which throbbed at its touch) a little gift which he had long provided for Catharine Glover, and which his quality of Valentine would presently give him the title to present, and her to receive, without regard to maidenly scruples. It was a small ruby cut into the form of a heart, transfixed with a golden arrow, and was enclosed in a small purse made of links of the finest work in steel, as if it had been designed for a hauberk to a king. Round the verge of the purse were these words—

Love's darts Cleave hearts Through mail-shirts.

This device had cost the armorer some thought, and he was much satisfied with his composition, because it seemed to imply that his skill could defend all hearts saving his own. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and hastened through the still silent streets, determined to appear at the window appointed a little before dawn.

With this purpose, he passed up the High Street,* and turned down the opening where Saint John's Church now stands, in order to proceed to Curfew Street,† when it occurred to him, from the appearance of the sky, that he was at least an hour too early for the purpose, and that it would be better not to appear

† Note G. Curfew Street.

^{*} Note F. High Street.

at the place of rendezvous till nearer the time assigned. Other gallants were not unlikely to be on the watch as well as himself, about the house of the Fair Maid of Perth; and he knew his own foible so well, as to be sensible of the great chance of a scuffle arising betwixt them. "I have the advantage," he thought, "by my father Simon's friendship; and why should I stain my fingers with the blood of the poor creatures that are not worthy my notice, since they are so much less fortunate than myself? No, no; I will be wise for once, and keep at a distance from all temptation to a broil. They shall have no more time to quarrel with me than just what it may require for me to give the signal, and for my father Simon to answer it. I wonder how the old man will contrive to bring her to the window? I fear, if she knew his purpose, he would find it difficult to carry it into execution."

While these lover-like thoughts were passing through his brain, the armorer loitered in his pace, often turning his eyes eastward, and eyeing the firmament, in which no slight shades of gray were beginning to flickler, to announce the approach of dawn, however distant, which, to the impatience of the stout armorer, seemed on that morning to abstain longer than usual from occupying her eastern barbican. He was now passing slowly under the wall of Saint Anne's Chapel (not failing to cross himself and say an ave, as he trode the consecrated ground) when a voice, which seemed to come from behind one of the flying buttresses of the chapel, said, "He lingers that

has need to run."

"Who speaks?" said the armorer, looking around him, somewhat startled at an address so unexpected, both in its tone and tenor.

"No matter who speaks," answered the same voice. "Do thou make great speed, or thou wilt scarce make good speed. Bandy not words, but begone."

"Saint or sinner, angel or devil," said Henry, crossing himself, "your advice touches me but too dearly to be neglected.

Saint Valentine be thy speed!"

So saying, he instantly changed his loitering pace to one with which few people could have kept up, and in an instant was in Couvrefew Street. He had not made three steps towards Simon Glover's, which stood in the midst of the narrow street, when two men started from under the houses on different sides, and advanced, as it were by concert, to intercept his passage. The imperfect light only permitted him to discern that they wore the Highland mantle.

"Clear the way, catheran," said the armorer, in the deep stern voice which corresponded with the breadth of his chest

They did not answer, at least intelligibly; but he could see that they drew their swords, with the purpose of withstanding him by violence. Conjecturing some evil, but of what kind he could not anticipate, Henry instantly determined to make his way through whatever odds, and defend his mistress, or at least die at her feet. He cast his cloak over his left arm as a buckle, and advanced rapidly and steadily to the two men. The nearest made a thrust at him; but Henry Smith, parrying the blow with his cloak, dashed his arm in the man's face, and tripping him at the same time, gave him a severe fall on the causeway; while almost at the same instant he struck a blow with his whinger at the fellow who was upon his right hand, so severely applied, that he also lay prostrate by his associate. Meanwhile, the armorer pushed forward in alarm, for which the circumstance of the street being guarded or defended by strangers, who conducted themselves with such violence, af-He heard a suppressed whisper and forded sufficient reason. a bustle under the Glover's windows—those very windows from which he had expected to be hailed by Catherine as her Valentine. He kept to the opposite side of the street, that he might reconnoitre their number and purpose. But one of the party, who were beneath the window, observing or hearing him, crossed the street also, and taking him doubtless for one of the sentinels, asked, in a whisper, "What noise was yonder, Kenneth? why gave you not the signal?"

"Villain!" said Henry, "you are discovered, and you shall

die the death!"

As he spoke thus, he dealt the stranger a blow with his weapon, which would probably have made his words good had not the man, raising his arm, received on his hand the blow meant for his head. The wound must have been a severe one, for he staggered and fell with a deep groan. Without noticing him farther, Henry Smith sprung forward upon a party of men who seemed engaged in placing a ladder against the lattice window in the gable. Henry did not stop, either to count their numbers or to ascertain their purpose. But crying the alarm-word of the town, and giving the signal at which the burghers were wont to collect, he rushed on the night-walkers, one of whom was in the act of ascending the ladder. The Smith seized it by the rounds, threw it down on the pavement, and placing his foot on the body of the man who had been mounting, prevented him from regaining his feet. His ac-

complices struck fiercely at Henry, to extricate their companion. But his mail-coat stood him in good stead, and he repaid their blows with interest, shouting aloud, "Help, help, for bonnie St. Johnston!—Bows and blades, brave citizens! bows and blades!—they break into our houses under cloud of night."

These words, which resounded far through the streets, were accompanied by as many fierce blows, dealt with good effect among those whom the armorer assailed. In the mean time, the inhabitants of the district began to awaken and appear on the street in their shirts, with swords and targets, and some of them with torches. The assailants now endeavored to make their escape, which all of them effected excepting the man who had been thrown down along with the ladder. Him the intrepid armorer had caught by the throat in the scuffle, and held as fast as the greyhound holds the hare. The other wounded men were borne off by their comrades.

"Here are a sort of knaves breaking peace within burgh," said Henry to the neighbors who began to assemble; "make after the rogues. They cannot all get off, for I have maimed

some of them; the blood will guide you to them."

"Some Highland catherans," said the citizens,—"up, and

chase, neighbors!"

"Ay, chase—chase,—leave me to manage this fellow," continued the armorer.

The assistants dispersed in different directions, their lights flashing, and their cries resounding through the whole adjacent district.

In the mean time the armorer's captive entreated for freedom, using both promises and threats to obtain it. "As thou art a gentleman," he said, "let me go, and what is past shall be forgiven."

"I am no gentleman," said Henry—"I am Hal of the Wynd, a burgess of Perth; and I have done nothing to need

forgiveness."

"Villain, thou hast done thou knowest not what! But let me go, and I will fill thy bonnet with gold pieces."

"I shall fill thy bonnet with a cloven head presently," said .

the armorer, "unless thou stand still as a true prisoner."

"What is the matter, my son Harry?" said Simon, who now appeared at the window.—"I hear thy voice in another tone than I expected.—What is all this noise? and why are the neighbors gathering to the affray?"

"There have been a proper set of limmers about to scale

your windows, father Simon; but I am like to prove godfather to one of them, whom I hold here, as fast as ever vice held iron."

"Hear me, Simon Glover," said the prisoner; "let me but speak but one word with you in private, and rescue me from the gripe of this iron-fisted and leaden-pated clown, and I will show thee, that no harm was designed to thee or thine; and,

moreover, tell thee what will much advantage thee."

"I should know that voice," said Simon Glover, who now came to the door with a dark-lantern in his hand. "Son Smith, let this young man speak with me. There is no danger in him, I promise you. Stay but an instant where you are, and let no one enter the house, either to attack or defend. I will be answerable that this galliard meant but some Saint Valentine's

jest."

So saying, the old man pulled in the prisoner and shut the door, leaving Henry a little surprised at the unexpected light in which his father-in-law had viewed the affray. "A jest!" he said: "it might have been a strange jest if they had got into the maiden's sleeping room!—And they would have done so, had it not been for the honest friendly voice from betwixt the buttresses, which, if it were not that of the blessed Saint, (though what am I that the holy person should speak to me?) could not sound in that place without her permission and assent, and for which I will promise her a wax candle at her shrine, as long as my whinger,—and I would I had had my two-handed broadsword in stead, both for the sake of St. Johnston and of the rogues, for of a certain, those whingers are pretty toys, but more fit for a boy's hand than a man's. my old two-handed Trojan, hadst thou been in my hands, as thou hang'st presently at the tester of my bed, the legs of those rogues had not carried their bodies so clean off the field. there come lighted torches and drawn swords.—So ho—stand! -Are you for Saint Johnston? - If friends to the bonnie burgh, vou are well come."

"We have been but bootless hunters," said the townsmen.

"We followed by the tracks of the blood into the Dominican burial-ground, and we started two fellows from amongst the tombs, supporting betwixt them a third, who had probably got some of your marks about him, Harry. They got to the postern gate before we could overtake them, and rang the sanctuary bell—the gate opened, and in went they. So they are safe in girth and sanctuary, and we may go to our cold beds and warm us."

"Ay," said one of the party, "the good Dominicans have always some devout brother of their convent sitting up to open the gate of the sanctuary to any poor soul that is in trouble, and desires shelter in the church."

"Yes, if the poor hunted soul can pay for it," said another; but, truly, if he be poor in purse as well as in spirit, he may

stand on the outside till the hounds come up with him."

A third, who had been poring for a few minutes upon the ground by advantage of his torch, now looked upwards and spoke. He was a brisk, forward, rather corpulent little man, called Oliver Proudfute, reasonably wealthy, and a leading man in his craft, which was that of bonnet-makers; he therefore spoke as one in authority.—" Canst tell us, jolly Smith,"—for they recognized each other by the lights which were brought into the streets,—" what manner of fellows they were who raised up this fray within the burgh?"

"The two that I first saw," answered the armorer, "seemed to me, as well as I could observe them, to have Highland plaids

about them."

"Like enough—like enough," answered another citizen, shaking his head. "It's a shame the breaches in our walls are not repaired, and that these land-louping Highland scoundrels are left at liberty to take honest men and women out of their

beds any night that is dark enough."

"But look here, neighbors," said Oliver Proudfute, showing a bloody hand, which he had picked up from the ground; "when did such a hand as this tie a Highlandman's brogues? It is large, indeed, and bony, but as fine as a lady's, with a ring that sparkles like a gleaming candle. Simon Glover has made gloves for this hand before now, if I am not much mistaken, for he works for all the courtiers." The spectators here began to gaze on the bloody token with various comments.

"If that is the case," said one, "Harry Smith had best show a clean pair of heels for it, since the justiciar will scarce think the protecting a burgess's house an excuse for cutting off a gentleman's hand. There be hard laws against mutilation."

"Fie upon you, that you will say so, Michael Wabster," answered the bonnet-maker; "are we not representatives and successors of the stout old Romans, who built Perth as like to their own city as they could? And have we not charters from all our noble kings and progenitors, as being their loving liegemen? And would you have us now yield up our rights, privileges, and immunities, our outfang and infang, our hand-habend, our back-bearand, and our blood-suits and amerciaments,

escheats, and commodities, and suffer an honest burgess's house to be assaulted without seeking for redress? No—brave citizens, craftsmen and burgesses, the Tay shall shall flow back to Dunkeld before we submit to such injustice!"

"And how can we help it?" said a grave old man, who stood leaning on a two-handed sword—" What would you have

us do?"

"Marry, Bailie Craigdallie, I wonder that you, of all men, ask the question. I would have you pass like true men from this very place to the King's Grace's presence, raise him from his royal rest, and presenting to him the piteous case of our being called forth from our beds at this season, with little better covering than these shirts, I would show him this bloody token, and know from his Grace's own royal lips, whether it is just and honest that his loving lieges should be thus treated by the knights and nobles of his deboshed court. And this I call

pushing our cause warmly."

"Warmly, sayest thou?" replied the old burgess; "why, so warmly, that we shall all die of cold, man, before the porter turn a key to let us into the royal presence.—Come friends, the night is bitter—we have kept our watch and ward like men, and our jolly Smith hath given a warning to those that would wrong us, which shall be worth twenty proclamations of the King.—To-morrow is a new day; we will consult on this matter on this self-same spot, and consider what measures should be taken for discovery and pursuit of the villains. And therefore let us dismiss before the heart's blood freeze in our veins."

"Bravo, bravo, neighbor Craigdallie—St. Johnston for-ever!"

Oliver Proudfute would still have spoken; for he was one of those pitiless orators who think that their eloquence can overcome all inconveniences in time, place, and circumstances. But no one would listen; and the citizens dispersed to their own houses by the light of the dawn, which began now to streak the horizon.

They were scarce gone ere the door of the Glover's house opened, and, seizing the Smith by the hand, the old man pulled him in.

"Where is the prisoner?" demanded the armorer.

"He is gone—escaped—fled—what do I know of him?" said the Glover. "He got out at the back door, and so through the little garden.—Think not of him, but come and see the Valentine, whose honor and life you have saved this morning."

Let me but sheathe my weapon," said the Smith—" let me

but wash my hands."

"There is not an instant to lose, she is up and almost dressed.—Come on, man. She shall see thee with thy good weapon in thy hand, and with villain's blood on thy fingers, that she may know what is the value of a true man's service. She has stopped my mouth over long with her pruderies and her scruples. I will have her know what a brave man's love is worth, and a bold burgess's to boot."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air.
Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks caw'd round the tower.
JOANNA BAILLIM.

STARTLED from her repose by the noise of the affray, the Fair Maid of Perth had listened in breathless terror to the sounds of violence and outcry which arose from the street. She had sunk on her knees to pray for assistance, and when she distinguished the voices of neighbors and friends collected for her protection, she remained in the same posture to return thanks. She was still kneeling when her father almost thrust her champion, Henry Smith, into her apartment; the bashful lover hanging back at first, as if afraid to give offence, and, on observing her posture, from respect to her devotion.

"Father," said the armorer, "she prays—I dare no more

speak to her than to a bishop when he says mass."

"Now, go thy ways, for a right valiant and courageous blockhead," said her father; and then, speaking to his daughter, he added,—"Heaven is best thanked, my daughter, by gratitude shown to our fellow-creatures. Here comes the instrument by whom God has rescued thee from death, or perhaps from dishonor, worse than death. Receive him, Catharine, as thy true Valentine, and him whom I desire to see my affectionate son."

"Not thus—father," replied Catharine. "I can see—can speak to no one now. I am not ungrateful—perhaps I am too thankful to the instrument of our safety; but let me thank the

guardian Saint who sent me this timely relief, and give me but

a moment to don my kirtle."

"Nay, God-a-mercy, wench, it were hard to deny thee time to busk thy body clothes, since the request is the only words like a woman that thou hast uttered for these ten days.—Truly, son Harry, I would my daughter would, put off being entirely a saint, till the time comes for her being canonized for Saint Catharine the Second."

"Nay, jest not, father; for I will swear she has at least one sincere adorer already, who hath devoted himself to her pleasure, so far as sinful man may.—Fare-thee-well then, for the moment, fair maiden," he concluded, raising his voice, "and Heaven send thee dreams as peaceful as thy waking thoughts. I go to watch thy slumbers, and woe with him that shall intrude on them!"

"Nay, good and brave Henry, whose warm heart is at such variance with thy reckless hand, thrust thyself into no farther quarrels to-night; but take the kindest thanks, and with these, try to assume the peaceful thoughts which you assign to me. To-morrow we will meet, that I may assure you of my gratitude.

—Farewell!"

"And farewell, lady and light of my heart," said the armorer; and descending the stair which led to Catharine's apartment, was about to sally forth into the street, when the

Glover caught him by the arm.

"I shall like the ruffle of to night," said he, "better than I ever thought to do the clashing of steel, if it brings my daughter to her senses, Harry, and teaches her what thou art worth. By St. Macgrider! * I even love these roysterers, and am sorry for that poor lover who will never wear right-handed chevron again. Ay! he has lost that which he will miss all the days of his life, especially when he goes to pull on his gloves,—ay, he will pay but half a fee to my craft in future.—Nay, not a step from this house to-night," he continued. "Thou dost not leave us, I promise thee, my son."

"I do not mean it. But I will, with your permission, watch

in the street. The attack may be renewed."

"And if it be," said Simon, "thou wilt have better access to drive them back, having the vantage of the house. It is the way of fighting which suits us burghers best—that of resisting from behind stone walls. Our duty of watch and ward teaches

A place called vulgarly Ecclesmagirdie (Ecclesia Macgirdi), not far from Perth, still preserves the memory of this old Gaelic saint from utter Lethe.

tes that trick; besides, enough are awake and astir to ensure

us peace and quiet till morning. So come in this way."

So saying, he drew Henry, nothing loath, into the same apartment where they had supped, and where the old woman, who was on foot, disturbed as others had been by the nocturnal affray, soon roused up the fire.

"And now, my doughty son," said the Glover, " what liquor

wilt thou pledge thy father in?"

Henry Smith had suffered himself to sink mechanically upon a seat of old black oak, and now gazed on the fire, that flashed back a ruddy light over his manly features. He muttered to himself half audibly—" Good Henry—brave Henry—Ah! had she but said dear Henry!"

"What liquors be these?" said the old Glover, laughing.
"My cellar holds none such; but if sack, or rhenish, or wine of Gascony can serve, why say the word, and the flagon foams

—that is all."

"The kindest thanks," said the armorer, still musing, "that's more than she ever said to me before—the kindest thanks—what may not that stretch to?"

"It shall stretch like kid's leather, man," said the Glover, if thou wilt but be ruled, and say what thou wilt take for thy

morning's draught."

"Whatever thou wilt, father," answered the armorer, carelessly, and relapsed into the analysis of Catharine's speech to him. "She spoke of my warm heart; but she also spoke of my reckless hand. What earthly thing can I do to get rid of this fighting fancy? Certainly I were best strike my right hand off, and nail it to the door of a church, that it may never do me discredit more."

"You have chopped off hands enough for one night," said his friend, setting a flagon of wine on the table. "Why dost thou vex thyself, man? She would love thee twice as well did she not see how thou doatest upon her. But it becomes serious now. I am not to have the risk of my booth being broken, and my house plundered, by the hell-raking followers of the nobles, because she is called the Fair Maid of Perth, and please ye. No, she shall know I am her father, and will have that obedience to which law and gospel give me right. I will have her thy wife, Henry, my heart of gold—thy wife, my man of mettle, and that before many weeks are over. Come, come, here is to thy merry bridal, jolly Smith."

The father quaffed a large cup, and filled it to his adopted son, who raised it slowly to his head; then, ere it had reached

his lips, replaced it suddenly on the table, and shook his head.

"Nay, if thou wilt not pledge me to such a health, I know no one who will," said Simon. "What canst thou mean, thou foolish lad? Here has a chance happened, which in a manner places her in thy power, since from one end of the city to the other, all would cry fie on her if she should say thee nay. Here am I, her father, not only consenting to the cutting out of the match, but willing to see you two as closely united together as ever needle stitched buckskin. And with all this on thy side—fortune, father, and all—thou lookest like a distracted lover in a ballad, more like to pitch thyself into the Tay, than to woo a lass that may be had for the asking, if you can but choose the lucky minute."

"Ay, but that lucky minute, father! I question much if Catharine ever has such a moment to glance on earth and its inhabitants, as might lead her to listen to a course, ignorant, borrel man like me. I cannot tell how it is, father; elsewhere I can hold up my head like another man, but with your saintly daughter I lose heart and courage, and I cannot help thinking that it would be well-nigh robbing a holy shrine, if I could succeed in surprising her affections. But thoughts are too much fitted for Heaven to be wasted on such a one as I am."

"E'en as you like, Henry," answered the Glover. "My daughter is not courting you any more than I am—a fair offer is no cause of feud;—only if you think that I will give in to her foolish notions of a convent, take it with you that I will never listen to them. I love and honor the Church," he said, crossing himself. "I pay her rights duly and cheerfully; tithes and alms, wine and wax, I pay them as justly, I say, as any man in Perth of my means doth; but I cannot afford the Church my only and single ewe-lamb that I have in the world. Her mother was dear to me on earth, and is now an angel in heaven. Catharine is all I have to remind me of her I have lost; and if she goes to the cloister, it shall be when these old eyes are closed forever, and not sooner.—But as for you, friend Gow, I pray you will act according to your own best liking. I want to force no wife on you, I promise you."

"Nay, now you beat the iron twice over," said Henry. "It is thus we always end, father, by your being testy with me for not doing that thing in the world which would make me happiest, were I to have it in my power. Why, father, I would the keenest dirk I ever forged were sticking in my heart at this moment, if there is one single particle in it that is not more your daughter's property than my own. But what can I do?

I cannot think less of her, or more of myself, than we both deserve; and what seems to you so easy and certain, is to me as difficult as it would be to work a steel hauberk out of hards of flax.—But here is to you, father," he added, in a more cheerful tone; "and here is to my fair Saint, and Valentine, as I hope your Catharine will be mine for the season. And let me not keep your old head longer from the pillow, but make interest with your feather-bed till daybreak; and then you must be my guide to your daughter's chamber-door, and my apology for entering it, to bid her good-morrow, for the brightest that the sun will awaken in the city or for miles round it!"

"No bad advice, my son," said the honest Glover. "But you, what will you do? will you lie down beside me, or take a

part of Conachar's bed?"

"Neither," answered Harry Gow; "I should but prevent your rest; and for me this easy-chair is worth a down bed, and I will sleep like a sentinel, with my graith about me."

As he spoke he laid his hand on his sword.

"Nay, Heaven send us no more need of weapons.—Goodnight, or rather good-morrow, till day-peep—and the first who

wakes calls up the other."

Thus parted the two burghers. The Glover retired to his bed, and, it is to be supposed, to rest. The lover was not so fortunate. His bodily frame easily bore the fatigue which he had encountered in the course of the night, but his mind was of a different and more delicate mould. In one point of view. he was but the stout burgher of his period, proud alike of his art in making weapons, and wielding them when made; his professional jealousy, personal strength, and skill in the use of arms, brought him into many quarrels, which had made him generally feared, and in some instances disliked. But with these qualities were united the simple good-nature of a child, and at the same time an imaginative and enthusiastic temper. which seemed little to correspond with his labors at the forge, or his combats in the field. Perhaps a little of the harebrained and ardent feelings which he had picked out of old ballads, or from the metrical romances which were his sole source of information or knowledge, may have been the means of pricking him on to some of his achievements, which had often a rude strain of chivalry in them; at least, it was certain that his love to the fair Catharine had in it a delicacy such as might have become the squire of low degree, who was honored, if song speaks truth, with the smiles of the King of Hungary's daughter. His sentiments towards her were certainly as exalted as

if they had been fixed upon an actual angel, which made old Simon, and others who watched his conduct, think that his passion was too high and devotional to be successful with maiden of mortal mould. They were mistaken, however. Catharine, coy and reserved as she was, had a heart which could feel and understand the nature and depth of the armorer's passion; and whether she was able to repay it or not, she had as much secret pride in the attachment of the redoubted Harry Gow, as a lady of romance may be supposed to have in the company of a tame lion, who follows to provide for and defend her. It was with sentiments of the most sincere gratitude that she recollected, as she awoke at dawn, the services of Henry during the course of the eventful night; and the first thought which she dwelt upon, was the means of making him understand her feelings.

Arising hastily from bed, and half-blushing at her own purpose—"I have been cold to him, and perhaps unjust; I will not be ungrateful," she said to herself, "though I cannot yield to his suit; I will not wait till my father compels me to receive him as my Valentine for the year; I will seek him out, and choose him myself. I have thought other girls bold, when they did something like this; but I shall thus best please my father, and but discharge the rites due to good Saint Valentine, by

showing my gratitude to this brave man."

Hastily slipping on her dress, which, nevertheless, was left a good deal more disordered than usual, she tripped down stairs and opened the door of the chamber, in which, as she had guessed, her lover had passed the hours after the fray. Catharine paused at the door, and became half-afraid of excuting her purpose, which not only permitted but enjoined the Valentines of the year to begin their connection with a kiss of affection. It was looked upon as a peculiarly propitious omen, if the one party could find the other asleep, and awaken him or her by performance of this interesting ceremony.

Never was a fairer opportunity offered for commencing this mystic tie, than that which now presented itself to Catharine. After many and various thoughts, sleep had at length overcome the stout armorer in the chair in which he had deposited himself. His features in repose had a more firm and manly cast than Catharine had thought, who, having generally seen them fluctuating between shamefacedness and apprehension of her displeasure, had been used to connect with them some idea of

imbecility.

"He looks very stern," she said; "if he should be angry-

and then when he awakes—we are alone—if I should call Dorothy—if I should wake my father—but no !—it is a thing of custom and done in all maidenly and sisterly love and honor. I will not suppose that Henry can misconstrue it, and I will not let a childish bashfulness put my gratitude to sleep."

So saying, she tripped along the floor of the apartment with a light, though hesitating step, and a cheek crimsoned at her own purpose; and gliding to the chair of the sleeper, dropped a kiss upon his lips, as light as if a rose-leaf had fallen on them. The slumbers must have been slight which such a touch could dispel, and the dreams of the sleeper must needs have been connected with the cause of the interruption, since Henry, instantly starting up, caught the maiden in his arms, and attempted to return in ecstasy the salute which had broken his repose. But Catharine struggled in his embrace; and as her efforts implied alarmed modesty, rather than maidenly coyness, her bashful lover suffered her to escape a grasp, from which twenty times her strength could not have extricated her.

"Nay, be not angry, good Henry," said Catharine, in the kindest tone to her surprised lover. "I have paid my vows to Saint Valentine, to show how I value the mate which he has sent me for the year. Let but my father be present, and I will not dare to refuse thee the revenge you may claim for a

broken sleep."

"Let not that be a hindrance," said the old Glover, rushing in ecstasy into the room—" to her, Smith—to her—strike while the iron is hot, and teach her what it is not to let sleeping dogs lie still."

Thus encouraged, Henry, though perhaps with less alarming vivacity, again seized the blushing maiden in his arms, who submitted with a tolerable grace to receive repayment of her salute a dozen times repeated, and with an energy very different from that which had provoked such severe retaliation. At length, she again extricated herself from her lover's arms, and as if frightened and repenting what she had done, threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Cheer up, thou silly girl," said her father, "and be not ashamed that thou hast made the two happiest men in Perth, since thy old father is one of them. Never was kiss so well bestowed, and meet it is that it should be suitably returned. Look up, my darling! look up, and let me see thee give but one smile. By my honest word, the sun that now rises over our fair city, shows no sight that can give me greater pleasure.—What," he continued in a jocose tone, "thou thoughtst thou

hadst Jamie Keddie's * ring, and couldst walk invisible? but not so, my fairy of the dawning. Just as I was about to rise, I heard thy chamber door open, and watched thee down stairs—not to protect thee against this sleepy-headed Henry, but to see with my own delighted eyes, my beloved girl do that which her father most wished.—Come, put down these foolish hands, and though thou blushest a little, it will only the better grace St. Valentine's morn, when blushes best become a maiden's cheek."

As Simon Glover spoke, he pulled away, with gentle violence, the hands which hid his daughter's face. She blushed deeply indeed, but there was more than maiden's shame in her face, and her eyes were fast filling with tears.

"What! weeping, love?" continued her father,—"nay, nay, this is more than need—Henry, help me to comfort this

little fool."

Catharine made an effort to collect herself and to smile,

but the smile was of a melancholy and serious cast.

"I only meant to say, father," said the Fair Maid of Perth, with continued exertion, "that in choosing Henry Gow for my Valentine, and rendering to him the rights and greeting of the morning, according to wanton custom, I mean but to show my gratitude to him for his manly and faithful service, and my obedience to you—But do not lead him to think—and, oh, dearest father, do not yourself entertain an idea, that I meant more than what the promise to be his faithful and affectionate Valentine through the year requires of me."

"Ay—ay—ay—ay—we understand it all," said Simon, in the soothing tone which nurses apply to children—"We understand what the meaning is; enough for once; enough for once. Thou shalt not be frightened or hurried.—Loving, true, and faithful Valentines are ye, and the rest as Heaven and opportunity shall permit. Come, prithee, have done—wring not thy tiny hands, nor fear farther persecution now. Thou hast done bravely, excellently—And now, away to Dorothy, and call up the old sluggard; we must have a substantial breakfast, after a night of confusion and a morning of joy; and thy hand will be needed to prepare for us some of those delicate cakes, which no one can make but thyself; and well hast thou a right to the secret, seeing who taught it thee.—Ah! health to the soul of thy dearest mother," he added, with a sigh, "how blithe would

⁶ There is a tradition that one Keddie, a tailor, found in ancient days a ring, possessing the properties of that of Gyges, in a cavern of the romantic hill of Kinnoul, near Perth.

she have been to see this happy Saint Valentine's morn-

ing!"

Catharine took the opportunity of escape which was thus given her, and glided from the room. To Henry it seemed as if the sun had disappeared from the heaven at midday, and left the world in sudden obscurity. Even the high-swelled hopes with which the late incident had filled him, began to quail, as he reflected upon her altered demeanor—the tears in her eyes—the obvious fear which occupied her features—and the pains she had taken to show, as plainly as delicacy would permit, that the advances which she had made to him were limited to the character with which the rites of the day had invested him. Her father looked on his fallen countenance with something like surprise and displeasure.

"In the name of good Saint John, what has befallen you, that makes you look as grave as an owl, when a lad of your spirit, having really such a fancy for this poor girl as you pre-

tend, ought to be as lively as a lark?"

"Alas, father!" replied the crestfallen lover, "there is that written on her brow, which says she loves me well enough to be my Valentine, especially since you wish it,—but not well

enough to be my wife."

"Now, a plague on thee for a cold, down-hearted goosecap," answered the father. "I can read a woman's brow as well, and better than thou; and I can see no such matter on hers. What, the foul fiend, man! there thou wast lying like a lord in thy elbow-chair, as sound asleep as a judge, when, hadst thou been a lover of any spirit, thou wouldst have been watching the east for the first ray of the sun. But there thou layest snoring I warrant, thinking naught about her, or any thing else; and the poor girl rises at peep of day, lest any one else should pick up her most precious and vigilant Valentine, and wakes thee with a grace, which—so help me, St. Macgrider! would have put life in an anvil; and thou awakest to hone, and pine, and moan, as if she had drawn a hot iron across thy lips! I would to St. John she had sent old Dorothy on the errand, and bound thee for thy Valentine-service to that bundle of dry bones, with never a tooth in her head. She were fittest Valentine in Perth for so craven a wooer."

"As to craven, father," answered the Smith, "there are twenty good cocks, whose combs I have plucked, can tell thee if I am craven or no. And Heaven knows, that I would give my good land, held by burgess' tenure, with smithy, bellows, tongs, anvil, and all, providing it would make your view of the

matter the true one. But it is not of her coyness, or her blushes, that I speak; it is of the paleness which so soon followed the red, and chased it from her cheeks; and it is of the tears which succeeded. It was like the April shower stealing upon and obscuring the fairest dawning that ever beamed over

the Tay."

"Tutti, taitti," replied the Glover; "neither Rome nor Perth were built in a day. Thou hast fished salmon a thousand times, and mightst have taken a lesson. When the fish has taken the fly, to pull a hard strain on the line would snap the tackle to pieces, were it made of wire. Ease your hand, man, and let him run; take leisure, and, in half-an-hour, thou layest him on the bank.—There is a beginning, as fair as you could wish, unless you expect the poor wench to come to thy bed-side, as she did to thy chair; and that is not the fashion of modest maidens. But observe me; after we have had our breakfast, I will take care thou hast an opportunity to speak thy mind; only beware thou be neither too backward, nor press her too hard. Give her line enough; but do not slack too fast, and my life for yours upon the issue."

"Do what I can, father," answered Henry, "you will always lay the blame on me; either that I give too much head, or that I strain the tackle. I would give the best habergeon I ever wrought, that the difficulty, in truth, rested with me; for there were then the better chance of its being removed. I own, however, I am but an ass in the trick of bringing about such dis-

course as is to the purpose for the occasion."

"Come into the booth with me, my son, and I will furnish thee with a fitting theme. Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves. Come to my booth; thou shalt have a pair of delicate kid-skin, and will exactly suit her hand and arm.—I was thinking of her poor mother when I shaped them," added honest Simon, with a sigh; "and except Catharine, I know not the woman in Scot land whom they would fit, though I have measured most of the high beauties of the court. Come with me, I say, and thou shalt be provided with a theme to wag thy tongue upon, providing thou hast courage and caution to stand by thee in thy wooing."

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Never to man shall Catharine give her hand.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE breakfast was served, and the thin soft cakes, made of flour and honey according to the family receipt, were not only commended with all the partiality of a father and a lover, but done liberal justice to in the mode which is best proof of cake as well as pudding. They talked, jested, and laughed. Catharine, too, had recovered her equanimity where the dames and damsels of the period were apt to lose theirs—in the kitchen, namely, and in the superintendency of household affairs, in which she was an adept. I question much if the perusal of Seneca for as long a period, would have had equal effect in composing her mind.

Old Dorothy sat down at the board-end, as was the homespun fashion of the period; and so much were the two men amused with their own conversation,—and Catharine occupied either in attending to them or with her own reflections,—that the old woman was the first who observed the absence of the

boy Conachar.

"It is true," said the Master Glover; "go call him, the idle Highland loon. He was not seen last night, during the fray neither, at least I saw him not. Did any of you observe him?"

The reply was negative; and Henry's observation fol-

lowed,---

"There are times when Highlanders can couch like their own deer,—ay, and run from danger too as fast. I have seen

them do so myself, for the matter of that."

"—And there are times," replied Simon, "when King Arthur and his Round Table could not make stand against them. I wish, Henry, you would speak more reverently of the Highlanders. They are often in Perth, both alone and in numbers; and you ought to keep peace with them, so long as they will keep peace with you."

An answer of defiance rose to Henry's lips, but he pru-

dently suppressed it.

"Why, thou knowest, father," he said smiling, "that we handicrafts best love the folk we live by; now my raft pro-

vides for valiant and noble knights, gentle squires and pages, stout men-at-arms, and others that wear the weapons which we make. It is natural that I should like the Ruthvens, the Lindsays, the Ogilvys, the Oliphants, and so many others of our brave and noble neighbors, who are sheathed in steel of my making, like so many Paladins, better than those naked, snatching mountaineers, who are ever doing us wrong, especially since no five of each clan have a rusty shirt of mail as old as their brattach,* and that is but the work of a clumsy clan-smith after all, who is no member of our honorable mystery, but simply works at the anvil, where his father wrought before him. I say, such people can have no favor in the eyes of an honest craftsman."

"Well, well," answered Simon; "I prithee let the matter rest even now, for here comes the loitering boy; and though it

is a holiday-morn, I want no more bloody puddings."

The youth entered accordingly. His face was pale, his eyes red; and there was an air of discomposure about his whole person. He sat down at the lower end of the table, opposite to Dorothy, and crossed himself, as if preparing for his morning's meal. As he did not help himself to any food, Catharine offered him a platter containing some of the cakes which had met with such general approbation. At first he rejected her offered kindness rather sullenly; but on her repeating the offer with a smile of good-will, he took a cake in his hand, broke it, and was about to eat a morsel, when the effort to swallow seemed almost too much for him; and though he succeeded, he did not repeat it.

"You have a bad appetite for Saint Valentine's morning, Conachar," said his good-humored master; "and yet I think you must have slept soundly the night before, since I conclude you were not disturbed by the noise of the scuffle. Why, I thought a lively Glune-amie would have been at his master's side, dirk in hand, at the first sound of danger which arose

within a mile of us."

"I heard but an indistinct noise," said the youth, his face glowing suddenly like a heated coal, "which I took for the shout of some merry revellers; and you are wont to bid me never open door or window, or alarm the house, on the score of such folly."

"Well, well," said Simon; "I thought a Highlander would have known better the difference betwixt the clash of swords and the twanging on harps, the wild war-cry and the merry

hunt's up. But let it pass, boy; I am glad thou art losing thy quarrelsome fashions. Eat thy breakfast, any way, as I have that to employ thee which requires haste."

"I have breakfasted already, and am in haste myself. I am

for the hills.—Have you any message to my father?"

"None," replied the Glover, in some surprise; "but art thou beside thyself, boy? or what a vengeance takes thee from

the city, like the wing of the whirlwind?"

"My warning has been sudden," said Conachar, speaking with difficulty; but whether arising from the hesitation incidental to the use of a foreign language, or whether from some other cause, could not easily be distinguished. "There is to be a meeting—a great hunting."—— Here he stopped.

"And when are you to return from this blessed hunting?" said his master; "that is, if I may make so bold as to ask."

"I cannot exactly answer," replied the apprentice. "Perhaps never—if such be my father's pleasure," replied Conachar, with assumed indifference.

"I thought," said Simon Glover, rather seriously, "that all this was to be laid aside, when at earnest intercession I took you under my roof. I thought that when I undertook, being very loth to do so, to teach you an honest trade, we were to hear no more of hunting, or hosting, or clan-gatherings, or any

"I was not consulted when I was sent hither," said the lad,

haughtily. "I cannot tell what the terms were."

"But I can tell you, Sir Conachar," said the Glover, angrily, that there is no fashion of honesty in binding yourself to an honest craftsman, and spoiling more hides than your own is worth; and now, when you are of age to be of some service, in taking up the disposal of your time at your pleasure, as if it were your own property, not your master's."

"Reckon with my father about that," answered Conachar; he will pay you gallantly—a French mutton * for every hide I have spoiled, and a fat cow or bullock for each day I have

been absent."

matters of the kind?"

"Close with him, friend Glover—close with him," said the armorer, dryly. "Thou wilt be paid gallantly, at least, if not honestly. Methinks I would like to know how many purses have been emptied to fill the goat-skin sporran† that is to be

Monton, a French gold coin, so called from its being impressed with the image of a

lamb.

† The Highland pouch, generally formed of goat-skin, and worn in front of the garb, is called in Gaelic a Sporram. A sporram-monilach is a shaggy pouch, formed as they usually see, of goat-skin, or some such material, with the rough side outermost.

so free to you of its gold, and whose pastures the bullocks have been calved in, that are to be sent down to you from the Grampian passes."

"You remind me, friend," said the Highland youth, turning haughtily towards the Smith, "that I have also a reckoning to

hold with you."

"Keep at arm's-length, then," said Henry, extending his brawny arms,—"I will have no more close hugs—no more bodkin work, like last night—I care little for a wasp's sting, yet I will not allow the insect to come near me if I have warning."

Conachar smiled contemptuously. "I meant thee no harm," he said. "My father's son did thee but too much honor to spill such churl's blood. I will pay you for it by the drop, that

it may be dried up, and no longer soil my fingers."

"Peace, thou bragging ape!" said the Smith; "the blood of a true man cannot be valued in gold. The only expiation would be that thou shouldst come a mile into the Low Country with two of the strongest gallo-glasses of thy clan; and while I dealt with them, I would leave thee to the correction of my apprentice, little Jankin."

Here Catharine interposed. "Peace," she said, "my trusty Valentine, whom I have a right to command; and peace, you Conachar, who ought to obey me as your master's daughter. It is ill done to awaken again on the morrow the evil which

has been laid to sleep at night."

"Farewell, then, master," said Conachar, after another look of scorn at the Smith, which he only answered with a laugh. "Farewell! and I thank you for your kindness, which has been more than I deserved. If I have at times seemed less than thankful, it was the fault of circumstances, and not of my will. Catharine"—— He cast upon the maiden a look of strong emotion, in which various feelings were blended. He hesitated, as if to say something, and at length turned away with the single word farewell. Five minutes afterwards, with Highland buskins on his feet, and a small bundle in his hand, he passed through the north gate of Perth, and directed his course to the Highlands.

"There goes enough of beggary and of pride for a whole Highland clan," said Henry. "He talks as familiarly of gold pieces as I would of silver pennies; and yet I will be sworn that the thumb of his mother's worsted glove might hold the

treasure of the whole clan."

"Like enough," said the Glover, laughing at the idea; "his mother was a large-boned woman, especially in the fingers and wrist."

"And as for cattle," continued Henry, "I reckon his father

and brothers steal sheep by one at a time."

"The less we say of them the better," said the Glover, becoming again grave. "Brothers he hath none; his father is a powerful man—hath long hands—reaches as far as he can, and hears farther than it is necessary to talk of him."

"And yet he hath bound his only son apprentice to a gloven in Perth?" said Henry. "Why, I should have thought the Gentle Craft, as it is called, of St. Crispin, would have suited him best; and that if the son of some great Mac or O was to become an artizan, it could only be in the craft where princes set him the example."

This remark, though ironical, seemed to awaken our friend Simon's sense of professional dignity, which was a prevailing feeling that marked the manners of the artisans of the time.

"You err, son Henry," he replied with much gravity; "the glovers are the more honorable craft of the two, in regard they provide for the accommodation of the hands, whereas the shoemakers and cordwainers do but work for the feet." *

"Both equally necessary members of the body corporate,"

said Henry, whose father had been a cordwainer.

"It may be so, my son," said the Glover; "but not both alike honorable. Bethink you, that we employ the hands as pledges of friend ship and good faith, and the feet have no such privilege. Brave men fight with their hands—cowards employ their feet in flight. A glove is borne aloft, a shoe is trampled in the mire;—a man greets a friend with his open hand; he spurns a dog, or one whom he holds as mean as a dog, with his advanced foot. A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith all the wide world over, as a gauntlet flung down is a gage of knightly battle; while I know no other emblem belonging to an old shoe, except that some crones will fling them after a man by way of good luck, in which practice I avow myself to entertain no confidence."

"Nay," said the Smith, amused with his friend's eloquent pleading for the dignity of the art he practised, "I am not the man, I promise you, to disparage the glover's mystery. Bethink you, I am myself a maker of gauntlets. But the dignity of your ancient craft removes not my wonder, that the father of this Conachar suffered his son to learn a trade of any kind from a Lowland craftsman, holding us, as they do, altogether beneath their magnificent degree, and a race of contemptible

drud, unworthy of any other fate than to be ill-used and plundered as often as these bare-breeched Dunniewassals see

safety and convenience for doing so."

"Ay," answered the Glover; "but there were powerful reasons for—for"——He withheld something which seemed upon his lips, and went on, "for Conachar's father acting as he did.—Well, I have played fair with him, and I do not doubt but he will act honorably by me.—But Conachar's sudden leave-taking has put me to some inconvenience. He had things under his charge. I must look through the booth."

"Can I help you, father?" said Henry Gow, deceived by

the earnestness of his manner.

"You?—no,"—said Simon, with a dryness which made Henry so sensible of the simplicity of his proposal, that he blushed to the eyes at his own dulness of comprehension, in a matter where love ought to have induced him to take his cue easily up. "You, Catharine," said the Glover, as he left the room, "entertain your Valentine for five minutes, and see he departs not till my return.—Come hither with me, old Dorothy,"

and bestir thy limbs in my behalf."

He left the room, followed by the old woman; and Henry Smith remained with Catharine, almost for the first time in his life, entirely alone. There was embarrassment on the maiden's part, and awkwardness on that of the lover, for about a minute; when Henry, calling up his courage, pulled the gloves out of his pocket with which Simon had supplied him, and asked her to permit one who had been so highly graced that morning to pay the usual penalty for being asleep at the moment when he would have given the slumbers of a whole twelvemonth to be awake for a single minute.

"Nay, but," said Catharine, "the fulfilment of my homage to St. Valentine infers no such penalty as you desire to pay,

and I cannot, therefore, think of accepting them."

"These gloves," said Henry, advancing his seat insidiously towards Catharine as he spoke, "were wrought by the hands that are dearest to you; and see—they are shaped for your own." He extended them as he spoke, and taking her arm in his robust hand, spread the gloves beside it to show how well they fitted. "Look at that taper arm," he said, "look at these small fingers; think who sewed these seams of silk and gold, and think whether the glove, and the arm which alone the glove can fit, ought to remain separate, because the poor glove has had the misfortune to be for a passing minute in the keeping of a hand so swart and rough as mine."

"They are welcome as coming from my father," said Catharine; "and surely not less so as coming from my friend" (and there was an emphasis on the word), "as well as my Valentine and preserver."

"Let me aid to do them on," said the smith, bringing himself yet closer to her side; "they may seem a little overtight at

first, and you may require some assistance."

"You are skilful in such service, good Henry Gow," said the maiden, smiling, but at the same time drawing farther from her lover.

"In good faith, no," said Henry, shaking his head; "my experience has been in donning steel gauntlets on mailed knights more than in fitting embroidered gloves upon maidens."

"I will trouble you, then, no further, and Dorothy shall aid me—though there needs no assistance—my father's eye and fingers are faithful to his craft; what work he puts through his hands is always true to the measure."

"Let me be convinced of it," said the Smith; "let me see that these slender gloves actually match the hands they were

made for."

"Some other time, good Henry," answered the maiden; "I will wear the gloves in honor of St. Valentine, and the mate he has sent me for the season. I would to Heaven I could pleasure my father as well in weightier matters—at present the perfume of the leather harms the headache I have had since morning."

"Headache! dearest maiden?" echoed her lover.

"If you call it heartache you will not misname it," said Catharine with a sigh, and proceeded to speak in a very serious tone. "Henry," she said, "I am going, perhaps, to be as bold as I gave you reason to think me this morning; for I am about to speak the first upon a subject in which it may well be I bught to wait till I had to answer you. But I cannot, after what has happened this morning, suffer my feelings towards you to remain unexplained, without the possibility of my being greatly misconceived.—Nay, do not answer till you have heard me out.—You are brave, Henry, beyond most men, honest and true as the steel you work upon——"

"Stop—stop, Catharine, for mercy's sake! You never said so much that was good concerning me, save to introduce some bitter censure of which your praises were the harbingers. I am honest, and so forth, you would say, but a hot-brained

brawler, and common sworder or stabber.

"I should injure both myself and you in calling you such.

No, Henry, to no common stabber, had he worn a plume in his bonnet, and gold spurs on his heels, would Catharine Glover have offered the little grace she has this day voluntarily done to you. If I have at times dwelt severely upon the proneness of your spirit to anger, and of your hand to strife, it is because I would have you, if I could so persuade you, hate in yourself the sins of vanity and wrath, by which you are most easily beset. I have spoken on the topic more to alarm your own conscience, than to express my opinion. I know as well as my father that in these forlorn and desperate days, the whole customs of our nation, nay, of every Christian nation, may be quoted in favor of bloody quarrels for trifling causes; of the taking deadly and deep revenge for slight offences; and the slaughter of each other for emulation of honor, or often in mere sport. But I know, that for all these things we shall one day be called into judgment; and fain would I convince thee, my brave and generous friend, to listen oftener to the dictates of thy good heart, and take less pride in the strength and dexterity of thy unsparing arm."

"I am—I am convinced, Catharine," exclaimed Henry, "thy words shall henceforward be a law to me. I have done enough, far too much, indeed, for proof of my bodily strength and courage; but it is only from you, Catharine, that I can learn a better way of thinking. Remember, my fair Valentine, that my ambition of distinction in arms, and my love of strife, if it can be called such, do not fight even-handed with my reason and my milder dispositions, but have their patrons and sticklers to egg them on. Is there a quarrel-and suppose that I, thinking on your counsels, am something loath to engage in it—believe you I am left to decide between peace or war at my own choosing? Not so, by St. Mary! there are a hundred round me to stir me on. 'Why, how now, Smith, is thy mainspring rusted?' says one. 'Jolly Henry is deaf on the quarrelling ear this morning,' says another. 'Stand to it for the honor of Perth,' says my Lord the Provost. 'Harry against them for a gold noble,' cries your father, perhaps. Now, what can a poor fellow do, Catharine, when all are hallooing him on in the devil's name, and not a soul putting in a word on the other side?"

"Nay, I know the devil has factors enough to utter his wares," said Catharine; "but it is our duty to despise such idle arguments, though they may be pleaded even by those to whom we owe much love and honor."

"Then there are the minstrels, with their romaunts and

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ballads, which place all a man's praise in receiving and repaying hard blows. It is sad to tell, Catharine, how many of my sins that Blind Harry the Minstrel hath to answer for.* When I hit a downright blow, it is not (to save me, St. John!) to do any man injury, but only to strike as William Wallace struck."

The Minstrel's namesake spoke this in such a tone of rueful seriousness, that Catharine could scarce forbear smiling; but, nevertheless, she assured him that the danger of his own and other men's lives ought for a moment to be weighed

against such simple toys.

"Ay, but," replied Henry, emboldened by her smiles, "methinks now the good cause of peace would thrive all the better for an advocate. Suppose, for example, that when I am pressed and urged to lay hand on my weapon, I could have cause to recollect that there was a gentle and guardian angel at home, whose image would seem to whisper, 'Henry, do no violence; it is my hand which you crimson with blood—Henry, rush upon no idle danger; it is my breast which you expose to injury;' such thoughts would do more to restrain my mood than if every monk in Perth should cry, 'Hold thy hand, on pain of bell, book, and candle."

"If such a warning as could be given by the voice of sisterly affection can have weight in the debate," said Catharine, do think, that in striking, you empurple this hand; that in

receiving wounds, you harm this heart."

The Smith took courage at the sincerely affectionate tone

in which these words were delivered.

"And wherefore not stretch your regard a degree beyond these cold limits? Why, since you are so kind and generous as to own some interest in the poor ignorant sinner before you, should you not at once adopt him as your scholar and your husband? Your father desires it; the town expects it; glovers and smiths are preparing their rejoicings; and you, only you, whose words are so fair and so kind, you will not give your consent!"

"Henry," said Catharine, in a low and tremulous voice, "believe me, I should hold it my duty to comply with my tather's commands, were there not obstacles invincible to the match which he proposes."

"Yet think—think but for a moment. I have little to say for myself in comparison of you, who can both read and write. But then I wish to hear reading, and could listen to your sweet

^{• [}The reader need hardly be informed that this is an obvious anachronism, the Blind Minstrel having Sourished a century later than the time of this narrative.]

voice forever. You love music, and I have been taught to play and sing as well as some minstrels. You love to be charitable; I have enough to give and enough to keep; as large a daily alms as a deacon gives would never be missed by me. Your father gets old for daily toil; he would live with us, as I should truly hold him for my father also. I would be as chary of mixing in causeless strife, as of thrusting my hand into my own furnace; and if there came on us unlawful violence, its wares would be brought to an ill-chosen market."

"May you experience all the domestic happiness which you can receive, Henry,—but with some one more happy than I

am!"

So spoke, or rather so sobbed, the Fair Maiden of Perth, who seemed choking in the attempt to restrain her tears.

"You hate me, then?" said the lover, after a pause.

"Heaven is my witness, No!"

"Or you love some other better?"

"It is cruel to ask what it cannot avail you to know. But you are entirely mistaken."

"Yon wild-cat Conachar, perhaps?" said Henry. "I have

marked his looks---"

"You avail yourself of this painful situation to insult me, Henry, though I have little deserved it. Conachar is nothing to me, more than the trying to tame his wild spirit by instruction might lead me to take some interest in a mind abandoned to prejudices and passions; and therein, Henry, not unlike

"It must then be some of these flaunting silk-worm Sirs about the court," said the armorer, his natural heat of temper kindling from disappointment and vexation; "some of those who think they carry it off through the height of their plumed bonnets and the jingle of their spurs. I would I knew which it was, that, leaving his natural mates, the painted and perfumed dames of the court, comes to take his prey among the simple maidens of the burgher craft. I would I knew but his name and surname!"

"Henry Smith," said Catharine, shaking off the weakness which seemed to threaten to overpower her a moment before, "this is the language of an ungrateful fool, or rather of a frantic madman. I have told you already, there was no one who stood, at the beginning of this conference, more high in my opinion than he who is now losing ground with every word he utters in the tone of unjust suspicion and senseless anger. You had no title to know even what I have told you, which, I pray you

to observe, implies no preference to you over others, though it disowns any preference of another to you. It is enough you should be aware that there is as insuperable an objection to what you desire, as if an enchanter had a spell over my

destiny."

"Spells may be broken by true men," said the Smith. "I would it were come to that. Thorbiorn, the Danish armorer, spoke of a spell he had for making breastplates, by singing a certain song while the iron was heating. I told him that his runic rhymes were no proof against the weapons which fought at Loncarty—what farther came of it it is needless to tell;—but the corselet and the wearer, and the leech who salved his wound, know if Henry Gow can break a spell or no."

Catharine looked at him as if about to return an answer little approving of the exploit he had vaunted, which the downright Smith had not recollected was of a kind that exposed him to her frequent censure. But ere she had given words to her

thoughts, her father thrust his head in at the door.

"Henry," he said, "I must interrupt your more pleasing affairs, and request you to come into my working-room in all speed, to consult about certain matters deeply affecting the

weal of the burgh."

Henry, making his obeisance to Catharine, left the apartment upon her father's summons. Indeed it was probably in favor of their future friendly intercourse that they were parted on this occasion, at the turn which the conversation seemed likely to take. For as the wooer had begun to hold the refusal of the damsel as somewhat capricious and inexplicable after the degree of encouragement which, in his opinion, she had afforded; Catharine, on the other hand, considered him rather as an encroacher upon the grace which she had shown him, than one whose delicacy rendered him deserving of such favor.

But there was living in their bosoms towards each other a reciprocal kindness, which on the termination of the dispute was sure to revive, inducing the maiden to forget her offended

delicacy, and the lover his slighted warmth of passion.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

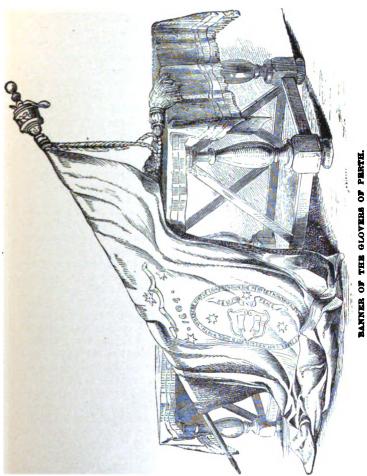
This quarrel may draw blood another day.

Henry IV. Part 1.

THE conclave of citizens appointed to meet for investigating the affray of the preceding evening had now assembled. work-room of Simon Glover was filled to crowding by personages of no little consequence, some of whom wore black velvet cloaks, and gold chains around their necks. They were, indeed, the fathers of the city; and there were bailies and deacons in the honored number. There was an ireful and offended air of importance upon every brow, as they conversed together, rather in whisper, than aloud or in detail. Busiest among the busy, the little important assistant of the previous night, Oliver Proudfute by name, and bonnet-maker by profession, was bustling among the crowd; much after the manner of the sea-gull, which flutters, screams, and sputters most at the commencement of a gale of wind, though one can hardly conceive what the bird has better to do than to fly to its nest, and remain quiet till the gale is over.

Be that as it may, Master Proudfute was in the midst of the crowd, his fingers upon every one's button, and his mouth in every man's ear, embracing such as were near to his own stature, that he might more closely and mysteriously utter his sentiments; and standing on tiptoe, and supporting himself by the cloak-collars of tall men, that he might dole out to them also the same share of information. He felt himself one of the heroes of the affair, being conscious of the dignity of superior information on the subject as an eye-witness, and much disposed to push his connection with the scuffle a few points beyond the modesty of truth. It cannot be said that his communications were in especial curious and important, consisting chiefly of such assertions as these:—

"It is all true, by St. John. I was there and saw it myself—was the first to run to the fray; and if it had not been for me and another stout fellow, who came in about the same time, they had broken into Simon Glover's house, cut his throat, and carried his daughter off to the mountains. It is too evil usage—not to be suffered, neighbor Crookshank—not to be



endured, neighbor Glass—not to be borne, neighbors Balneaves, Rollock, and Chrysteson. It was a mercy that I and that stout fellow came in—Was it not, neighbor and worthy

Bailie Craigdallie?"

These speeches were dispersed by the busy bonnet-maker into sundry ears. Bailie Craigdallie, a portly guild-brother, the same who had advised the prorogation of their civic council to the present place and hour, a big, burly, good-looking man, shook the deacon from his cloak with pretty much the grace with which a large horse shrugs off the importunate fly that has beset him for ten minutes, and exclaimed, "Silence, good citizens; here comes Simon Glover, in whom no man ever saw falsehood. We will hear the outrage from his own mouth."

Simon, being called upon to tell his tale, did so with obvious embarrassment which he imputed to a reluctance that the burgh should be put in deadly feud with any one upon his account. It was, he dared to say, a masking or revel on the part of the young gallants about court; and the worst that might come of it would be, that he would put iron stancheons on his daughter's window, in case of such another frolic.

"Why, then, if this was a mere masking or mummery," said Craigdallie, "our townsman, Harry of the Wynd, did far wrong to cut off a gentleman's hand for such a harmless pleasantry, and the town may be brought to a heavy fine for it, unless we

secure the person of the mutilator."

"Our Lady forbid!" said the Glover. "Did you know what I do, you would be as much afraid of handling this matter, as if it were glowing iron. But since you will needs put your fingers in the fire, truth must be spoken. And come what will, I must say, that the matter might have ended ill for me and mine, but for the opportune assistance of Henry Gow, the armorer, well known to you all."

"And mine also was not awanting," said Oliver Proudfute, "though I do not profess to be utterly so good a swordsman as our neighbor, Henry Gow.—You saw me, neighbor Glover,

at the beginning of the fray?"

"I saw you after the end of it, neighbor," answered the

Glover, dryly.

"True, true; I had forgot you were in your house while the blows were going, and could not survey who were dealing them."

"Peace, neighbor Proudfute; I prithee, peace," said Craigdallie, who was obviously tired of the tuneless screeching of the worthy deacon.

"There is something mysterious here," said the Bailie;

"but I think I spy the secret. Our friend Simon is, as you all know, a peaceful man, and one that will rather sit down with wrong, than put a friend, or say a neighborhood, in danger to seek his redress. Thou, Henry, who art never wanting where the burgh needs a defender, tell us what thou knowest of this matter."

Our Smith told his story to the same purpose which we have already related; and the meddling maker of bonnets added as before—" And thou sawest me there, honest Smith, didst thou not?"

"Not I, in good faith, neighbor," answered Henry; "but you are a little man, you know, and I might overlook you."

This reply produced a laugh at Oliver's expense, who laughed for company, but added, doggedly, "I was one of the foremost to the rescue for all that."

"Why, where wert thou, then, neighbor?" said the Smith; for I saw you not, and I would have given the worth of the best suit of armor I ever wrought to have seen as stout a fellow as thou at my elbow."

"I was no farther off, however, honest Smith; and whilst thou wert laying on blows as if on an anvil, I was parrying those that the rest of the villains aimed at thee behind thy back; and that is the cause thou sawest me not."

"I have heard of Smiths of old time who had but one eye," said Henry. "I have two, but they are both set in my fore-head, and so I could not see behind my back, neighbor."

"The truth is, however," persevered Master Oliver, "there I was, and I will give Master Bailie my account of the matter;

for the Smith and I were first up to the fray."

"Enough at present," said the Bailie, waving to Master Proudfute an injunction of silence. "The precognition of Simon Glover and Henry Gow would bear out a matter less worthy of belief.—And now, my masters, your opinion what should be done. Here are all our burgher rights broken through and insulted, and you may well fancy that it is by some man of power, since no less dared have attempted such an outrage. My masters, it is hard on flesh and blood to submit to this. The laws have framed us of lower rank than the princes and nobles, yet it is against reason to suppose that we will suffer our houses to be broken into, and the honor of our women insulted, without some redress."

"It is not to be endured!" answered the citizens, unanimously.

Here Simon Glover interfered with a very anxious and

ominous countenance. "I hope still that all was not meant so ill as it seemed to us, my worthy neighbors; and I for one would cheerfully forgive the alarm and disturbance to my poor house, providing the fair city were not brought into jeopardy for me. I beseech you to consider who are to be our judges that are to hear the case, and give or refuse redress. I speak among neighbors and friends, and therefore I speak openly. The King, God bless him! is so broken in mind and body, that he will but turn us over to some great man amongst his counsellors, who shall be in favor for the time—Perchance he will refer us to his brother the Duke of Albany, who will make our petition for righting of our wrongs the pretence for squeezing money out of us."

"We will none of Albany for our judge!" answered the

meeting, with the same unanimity as before.

"Or perhaps," added Simon, "he will bid the Duke of Rothsay take charge of it; and the wild young prince will regard the outrage as something for his gay companions to scoff at, and his minstrels to turn into song."

"Away with Rothsay! he is too gay to be our judge," again

exclaimed the citizens.

Simon, emboldened by seeing he was reaching the point he aimed at, yet pronouncing the dreaded name with a half whisper, next added, "Would you like the Black Douglas better to deal with?"

There was no answer for a minute. They looked on each other with fallen countenances and blanched lips. But Henry Smith spoke out boldly, and in a decided voice, the sentiments which all felt, but none else dare give words to—

"The Black Douglas to judge betwirt a burgher and a gentleman, nay, a nobleman, for all I know or care?—The black devil of hell sooner! You are mad, father Simon, so

much as to name so wild a proposal."

There was again a silence of fear and uncertainty, which was at length broken by Bailie Craigdallie, who, looking very significantly to the speaker, replied, "You are confident in a stout doublet, neighbor Smith, or you would not talk so boldly."

"I am confident of a good heart under my doublet, such as it is, Bailie," answered the undaunted Henry; "and though I speak but little, my mouth shall never be padlocked by any noble of them all."

"Wear a thick doublet, good Henry, or do not speak so loud," reiterated the Bailie, in the same significant tone

"There are Border men in the town who wear the Bloody Heart * on their shoulder.—But all this is no rede. What shall we do?"

"Short rede, good rede," said the Smith. "Let us to our

Provost, and demand his countenance and assistance."

A murmur of applause went through the party, and Oliver Proudfute exclaimed, "That is what I have been saying for this half-hour, and not one of ye would listen to me. Let us go to our Provost, said I. He is a gentleman himself, and ought to come between the burgh and the nobles in all matters."

"Hush, neighbors, hush; be wary what you say or do," said a thin meagre figure of a man, whose diminutive person seemed still more reduced in size, and more assimilated to a shadow, by his efforts to assume an extreme degree of humility, and make himself, to suit his argument, look meaner yet, and

yet more insignificant than nature had made him.

"Pardon me," said he, "I am but a poor Pottingar. Nevertheless, I have been bred in Paris, and learned my humanities and my cursus medendi as well as some that call themselves learned leeches. Methinks I can tent this wound, and treat it with emollients. Here is our friend Simon Glover, who is, as you all know, a man of worship. Think you he would not be the most willing of us all to pursue harsh courses here, since his family honor is so nearly concerned? And since he blenches away from the charge against these same revellers, consider if he may not have some good reason more than he cares to utter for letting the matter sleep. It is not for me to put my finger on the sore; but, alack! we all know that young maidens are what I call fugitive essences. Suppose now, an honest maiden—I mean in all innocence—leaves her window unlatched on St. Valentine's morn, that some gallant cavalier may-in all honesty, I mean-become her Valentine for the season; and suppose the gallant to be discovered, may she not scream out as if the visits were unexpected, and—and—bray all this in a mortar, and then consider, will it be a matter to place the town in feud for?"

The Pottinger delivered his opinion in a most insinuating manner; but he seemed to shrink into something less than his natural tenuity when he saw the blood rise in the old cheeks of Simon Glover, and inflame to the temples the complexion of the redoubted Smith. The last, stepping forward, and turning a stern look on the alarmed Pottingar, broke out as follows:—

The well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas.

"Thou walking skeleton! thou asthmatic gallipot! thou poisoner by profession! if I thought that the puff of vile breath thou hast left could blight for the tenth part of a minute the fair fame of Catharine Glover, I would pound thee, quacksalver! in thine own mortar, and beat up thy wretched carrion with flower of brimstone, the only real medicine in thy booth, to make a salve to rub mangy hounds with!"

"Hold, son Henry, hold!" cried the Glover, in a tone of authority,—" no man has title to speak of this matter but me. -Worshipful Bailie Craigdallie, since such is the construction that is put upon my patience, I am willing to pursue this riot to the uttermost; and though the issue may prove that we had better have been patient, you will all see that my Catharine hath not by any lightness or folly of hers afforded grounds for this great scandal."

The Bailie also interposed. "Neighbor Henry," said he, "we came here to consult, and not to quarrel. As one of the fathers of the fair city, I command thee to forego all evil will and mal-talent you may have against Master Pottingar

Dwining."

"He is too poor a creature, Bailie," said Henry Gow, "for me to harbor feud with—I that could destroy him and his booth

with one blow of my fore-hammer."

"Peace, then, and hear me," said the official. "We all are as much believers in the honor of the Fair Maiden of Perth. as in that of our Blessed Lady." Here he crossed himself devoutly. "But touching our appeal to our Provost, are you agreed, neighbors, to put matter like this into our Provost's hand, being against a powerful noble, as is to be feared?"

"The Provost being himself a nobleman"—squeaked the Pottingar, in some measure released from his terror by the intervention of the Bailie. "God knows, I speak not to the disparagement of an honorable gentleman, whose forbears have

held the office he now holds for many years-"

"By free choice of the citizens of Perth," said the Smith, interrupting the speaker with the tones of his deep and

decisive voice.

"Ay, surely," said the disconcerted orator, "by the voice of the citizens. How else?—I pray you friend Smith rupt me not. I speak to our worthy and eldest Bailie, Craigdallie, according to my poor mind. I say that, come amongst us how he will, still this Sir Patrick Charteris is a nobleman, and hawks will not pick hawks' eyes out. He may well bear us out in a feud with the Highlandmen, and do the part of our

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Provost and leader against them; but whether he that himself wears silk will take our part against broidered cloak and cloth of gold, though he may do so against tartan and Irish frieze, is something to be questioned. Take a fool's advice. We have saved our Maiden, of whom I never meant to speak harm, as truly I knew none. They have lost one man's hand, at least, thanks to Harry Smith——"

"And to me," added the little important bonnet-maker.

"And to Oliver Proudfute, as he tells us," continued the Pottingar, who contested no man's claim to glory, provided he was not himself compelled to tread the perilous paths which lead to it. "I say, neighbors, since they have left a hand as a pledge they will never come in Couvrefew Street again, why, in my simple mind, we were best to thank our stout townsman, and the town having the honor, and these rakehells the loss, that we should hush the matter up, and say no more about it."

These pacific counsels had their effect with some of the citizens, who began to nod and look exceedingly wise upon the advocate of acquiescence, with whom, notwithstanding the offence so lately given, Simon Glover seemed also to agree in opinion. But not so Henry Smith, who, seeing the consultation at a stand, took up the speech in his usual downright

manner.

"I am neither the oldest nor the richest among you, neighbors, and I am not sorry for it. Years will come, if one lives to see them; and I can win and spend my penny like another, by the blaze of the furnace and the wind of the bellows. no man ever saw me sit down with wrong done in word or deed to our fair town, if man's tongue and man's hand could right it. Neither will I sit down with this outrage, if I can help it. will go to the Provost myself, if no one will go with me; he is a knight, it is true, and a gentleman of free and true-born blood, as we all know, since Wallace's time, who settled his greatgrandsire amongst us. But if he were the proudest nobleman in the land, he is the Provost of Perth, and for his own honor must see the freedoms and immunities of the burgh preserved -ay, and I know he will—I have made a steel doublet for him, and have a good guess at the kind of heart that it was meant to cover."

"Surely," said Bailie Craigdallie, "it would be to no purpose to stir at court without Sir Patrick Charteris's countenance; the ready answer would be, Go to your Provost, you borrel loons. So neighbors and townsmen, if you will stand by my side, I and our Pottingar Dwining will repair presently to

Kinfauns, with Sim Glover, the jolly Smith, and gallant Oliver Proudfute, for witnesses to the onslaught, and speak with Sir Patrick Charteris, in name of the fair town."

"Nay," said the peaceful man of medicine, "leave me behind, I pray you; I lack audacity to speak before a belted

knight."

The town hold me a hot-headed carle for a man of threescore—Sim Glover is the offended party—we all know that Henry Gow spoils more harness with his sword than he makes with his hammer—and our neighbor Proudfute, who, take his own word, is at the beginning and end of every fray in Perth, is of course a man of action. We must have at least one advocate amongst us for peace and quietness; and thou, Pottingar, must be the man. Away with you, sirs, get your boots and your beasts—horse and hattock, I say—and let us meet at the East Port; that is, if it is your pleasure, neighbors, to trust us with the matter."

"There can be no better rede, and we will all avouch it," said the citizens. "If the Provost take our part, as the fair town hath a right to expect, we may bell-the-cat with the best

of them."

"It is well, then, neighbors," answered the Bailie; "so said, so shall be done. Meanwhile, I have called the whole town-council together about this hour, and I have little doubt," looking round the company, "that as so many of them who are in this place have resolved to consult with our Provost, the rest will be compliant to the same resolution. And therefore, neighbors, and good burghers of the fair city of Perth—horse and hattock, as I said before, and meet me at the East Port."

A general acclamation concluded the sitting of this species of privy council, or Lords of the Articles; and they dispersed, the deputation to prepare for the journey, and the rest to tell their impatient wives and daughters of the measures they had taken to render their chambers safe in future against the intrusion of gallants at unseasonable hours.

While nags are saddling, and the town-council debating, or rather putting in form what the leading members of their body had already adopted, it may be necessary, for the information of some readers, to state in distinct terms what is more circuitously intimated in the course of the former discussion.

It was the custom at this period, when the strength of the

[•] Horse and hattock, the well-known cry of the fairies at mounting for a moonlight expedition, came to be familiarly adopted on any occasion of mounting.

feudal aristocracy controlled the rights, and frequently insulted the privileges, of the royal burghs of Scotland, that the latter, when it was practicable, often chose their Provost, or Chief Magistrate, not out of the order of the merchants, shopkeepers, and citizens, who inhabited the town itself, and filled up the roll of the ordinary magistracy, but elected to that pre-eminent state some powerful nobleman or baron in the neighborhood of the burgh, who was expected to stand their friend at court in such matters as concerned their common weal, and to lead their civil militia to fight, whether in general battle or in private feud, reinforcing them with his own feudal retainers. This protection was not always gratuitous. The Provosts sometimes availed themselves of their situation to an unjustifiable degree, and obtained grants of lands and tenements belonging to the common good, or public property of the burgh, and thus made the citizens pay dear for the countenance which they afforded. Others were satisfied to receive the powerful aid of the townsmen in their own feudal quarrels, with such other marks of respect and benevolence as the burgh over which they presided were willing to gratify them with, in order to secure their active services in case of necessity. The Baron, who was the regular protector of a royal burgh, accepted such free-will offerings without scruple, and repaid them by defending the rights of the town, by arguments in the council, and by bold deeds in the field.

The citizens of the town, or, as they loved better to call it, the Fair City of Perth, had for several generations found a protector and Provost of this kind in the knightly family of Charteris, Lords of Kinfauns in the neighborhood of the burgh. It was scarce a century (in the time of Robert III.) since the first of this distinguished family had settled in the strong castle which now belonged to them, with the picturesque and fertile scenes adjoining to it. But the history of the first settler, chivalrous and romantic in itself, was calculated to facilitate the settlement of an alien in the land in which his lot was cast. We relate it as it is given by an ancient and uniform tradition, which carries in it great indications of truth, and is warrant enough, perhaps, for its insertion in graver histories than the present.

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send

to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to

aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded, first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed

the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

" I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, as that while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured.

the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them, with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish Champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colors, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward; horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the King even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished by the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, that she chose him for her husband, bestowing on him with her hand the fair baronial Castle of Kinfauns, and the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name Charteris, as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honored amongst them; and the large two-handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war, was, and is still, preserved among the family muniments. Another account is, that the family name of De Longueville himself was Charteris. The estate afterwards passed to a family of Blairs, and is now the

property of Lord Grav.

These Barons of Kinfauns,* from father to son, held, for several generations, the office of Provost of Perth; the vicinity of the castle and town rendering it a very convenient arrangement for mutual support. The Sir Patrick of this history had more than once led out the men of Perth to battles and skirmishes with the restless Highland depredators, and with other enemies, foreign and domestic. True it is, he used sometime to be weary of the slight and frivolous complaints unnecessarily brought before him, and in which he was requested to interest Hence he had sometimes incurred the charge of being too proud as a nobleman, or too indolent as a man of wealth, and one who was too much addicted to the pleasures of the field, and the exercise of feudal hospitality, to bestir himself upon all and every occasion when the Fair Town would have desired his active interference. But notwithstanding that this occasioned some slight murmuring, the citizens, upon any serious cause of alarm, were wont to rally around their Provost, and were warmly supported by him both in council and action.

[•] It is generally believed that the ancient Barons of Kinfauns are now represented in the male line by a coce powerful branch of the name, the Charterises of Amiafield, in Dumfriesshire. The remains of the castle, close to which is their modern residence, attest the former extent of their resources. The name of Sir Thomas Longueville, Bart. of Prostatin, stood on the Nova Scotia list within these twenty years, and he and his family claimed to be the true progeny of the Red Rover.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Within the bounds of Annandale,
The gentle Johnstones ride;
They have been there a thousand years,
A thousand more they'll bide.

OLD BALLAD.

THE character and quality of Sir Patrick Charteris, the Provost of Perth, being such as we have sketched in the last chapter, let us now return to the deputation which was in the act of rendezvousing at the East Port,* in order to wait upon

that dignitary with their complaints, at Kinfauns.

And first appeared Simon Glover, on a pacing palfrey, which had sometimes enjoyed the honor of bearing the fairer person as well as the lighter weight of his beautiful daughter. His cloak was muffled round the lower part of his face, as a sign to his friends not to interrupt him by any questions while he passed through the streets, and partly, perhaps, on account of the coldness of the weather. The deepest anxiety was seated on his brow, as if the more he meditated on the matter he was engaged in, the more difficult and perilous it appeared. He only greeted by silent gestures his friends as they came to the rendezvous.

A strong black horse, of the old Galloway breed, of an undersize, and not exceeding fourteen hands, but high-shoulddered, strong-limbed, well-coupled, and round-barrelled, bore to the East Port the gallant Smith. A judge of the animal might see in his eye a spark of that vicious temper which is frequently the accompaniment of the form that is most vigorous and enduring; but the weight, the hand, and the seat of the rider, added to the late regular exercise of a long journey, had subdued his stubbornness for the present. He was accompanied by the honest Bonnet-maker, who being, as the reader is aware, a little round man, and what is vulgarly called duck-legged, had planted himself like a red pin cushion (for he was wrapped in a scarlet cloak, over which he had slung a hawking-pouch) on the top of a great saddle, which he might be said rather to be perched upon than to bestride. The saddle and the man were girthed on the ridge-bone of a great trampling Flemish

mare, with a nose turned up in the air like a camel, a huge fleece of hair at each foot, and every hoof full as large in circumference as a frying-pan. The contrast between the beast and the rider was so extremely extraordinary, that whilst chance passengers contented themselves with wondering how he got up, his friends were anticipating with sorrow the perils which must attend his coming down again; for the high-seated horseman's feet did not by any means come beneath the laps of the saddle. He had associated himself to the Smith, whose motions he had watched for the purpose of joining him; for it was Oliver Proudfute's opinion, that men of action showed to most advantage when beside each other; and he was delighted when some wag of the lower class had gravity enough to cry out without laughing outright, "There goes the pride of Perththere go the slashing craftsmen, the jolly Smith of the Wynd. and the bold Bonnet-maker!"

It is true, the fellow who gave this all-hail thrust his tongue in his cheek to some scapegraces like himself; but as the Bonnet-maker did not see this by-play, he generously threw him a silver penny to encourage his respect for martialists. This munificence occasioned their being followed by a crowd of boys, laughing and hallooing, until Henry Smith, turning back, threatened to switch the foremost of them; a resolution which they did not wait to see put in execution.

"Here are we the witnesses," said the little man on the large horse, as they joined Simon Glover at the East Port; "but where are they that should back us? Ah, brother Henry! authority is a load for an ass rather than a spirited horse; it would but clog the motions of such young fellows as you and me."

"I could well wish to see you bear ever so little of that same weight, worthy Master Proudfute," replied Henry Gow, "were it but to keep you firm in the saddle; for you bounce about as if you were dancing a jig on your seat, without any help from your legs."

"Ay, ay; I raise myself in my stirrups to avoid the jolting. She is cruelly hard set this mare of mine; but she has carried me in field and forest, and through some passages that were something perilous; so Jezabel and I part not—I call her Jezabel, after the Princess of Castile."

"Isabel, I suppose you mean," answered the Smith.

"Ay—Isabel, or Jezabel,—all the same, you know. But here comes Bailie Craigdallie at last, with that poor, creeping, cowardly creature the Pottingar. They have brought two

town-officers with their partisans, to guard their fair persons, I suppose.—If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is

such a sneaking varlet as that Dwining!"

"Have a care he does not hear you say so," said the Smith.
"I tell thee, Bonnet-maker, that there is more danger in yonder slight, wasted anatomy, then in twenty stout fellows like yourself."

"Pshaw! Bully Smith, you are but jesting with me," said Oliver,—softening his voice, however, and looking towards the Pottingar, as if to discover in what limb or lineament of his wasted face and form lay any appearance of the menaced danger; and his examination re-assuring him, he answered boldly, "Blades and bucklers, man, I would stand the feud of a dozen such as Dwining. What could he do to any man with blood in his veins?"

"He could give him a dose of physic," answered the Smith, drylv.

They had no time for further colloquy, for Bailie Craig-dallie called to them to take the road to Kinfauns, and himself showed the example. As they advanced at a leisurely pace, the discourse turned on the reception which they were to expect from their Provost, and the interest which he was likely to take in the aggression which they complained of. The Glover seemed particularly desponding, and talked more than once, in a manner which implied a wish that they would yet consent to let the matter rest. He did not speak out very plainly, however, fearful, perhaps, of the malignant interpretation which might be derived from any appearance of his flinching from the assertion of his daughter's reputation. Dwining seemed to agree with him in opinion, but spoke more cautiously than in the morning.

"After all," said the Bailie, "when I think of all the propines and good gifts which have passed from the good town to my Lord Provost's, I cannot think he will be backward to show himself. More than one lusty boat, laden with Bordeaux wine, has left the South Shore to discharge its burden under the Castle of Kinfauns. I have some right to speak of that, who

was the merchant importer."

"And," said Dwining, with his squeaking voice, "I could speak of delicate confections, curious comfits, loaves of wasted bread, and even cakes of that rare and delicious condiment which men call sugar, that have gone thither to help out a bridal banquet, or a kirstening feast, or such like. But alack, Bailie Craigdallie, wine is drunk, comfits are eaten, and the

gift is forgotten when the flavor is passed away. Alas, neighbor! the banquet of last Christmas is gone like the last year's snow."

"But there have been gloves full of gold pieces," said the

Magistrate.

"I should know that who wrought them," said Simon, whose professional recollections still mingled with whatever else might occupy his mind. "One was a hawking glove for my lady. I made it something wide. Her ladyship found no fault, in consideration of the intended lining."

"Well, go to," said Bailie Craigdallie, "the less I lie; and if these are not to the fore, it is the Provost's fault, and not the town's; they could neither be eat nor drunk in the shape in

which he got them."

"I could speak of a brave armor, too," said the Smith; "but, cogan na schie / * as John Highlandman says—I think the knight of Kinfauns will do his devoir by the burgh in peace or war; and it is needless to be reckoning the town's good deeds till we see him thankless for them."

"So say I," cried our friend Proudfute from the top of his mare. "We roystering blades never bear so base a mind as to count for wine and walnuts with a friend like Sir Patrick Charteris. Nay, trust me, a good woodsman like Sir Patrick will prize the right of hunting and sporting over the lands of the burgh as a high privilege, and one which, his Majesty the King's Grace excepted, is neither granted to lord nor loon save to our Provost alone."

As the Bonnet-maker spoke, there was heard on the left hand the cry of "So so—waw waw—haw," being the shout of

a falconer to his hawk.

"Methinks yonder is a fellow using the privilege you mention, who, from his appearance, is neither King nor Provost," said the Smith.

"Ay, marry, I see him," said the Bonnet-maker, who imagined the occasion presented a prime opportunity to win honor. "Thou and I, jolly Smith, will prick towards him and put him to the question."

"Have with you, then," cried the Smith; and his companion spurred his mare and went off, never doubting that Gow was

at his heels.

But Craigdallie caught Henry's horse by the reins. "Stand fast by the standard," he said; "let us see the luck of our light

* " Peace or war, I care not."

horseman. If he procures himself a broken pate, he will be

quieter for the rest of the day."

"From what I already see," said the Smith, "he may easily come by such a boon. Yonder fellow, who steps so impudently to look at us, as if he was engaged in the most lawful sport in the world—I guess him, by his trotting hobbler, his rusty headpiece with the cock's feather, and long two-handed sword, to be the follower of some of the southland lords—men who live so near the Southron, that the black jack is never off their backs and who are as free of their blows as they are light in their

fingers."

Whilst they were thus speculating on the issue of the rencounter, the valiant Bonnet-maker began to pull up Jezabel, in order that the Smith, who he still concluded was close behind, might overtake him, and either advance irst, or at least abreast of himself. But when he saw him at a hundred yards' distance standing composedly with the rest of the group, the flesh of the champion, like that of the old Spanish general, began to tremble, in anticipation of the dangers into which his own venturous spirit was about to involve it. Yet the consciousness of being countenanced by the neighborhood of so many friends; the hopes that the appearance of such odds must intimidate the single intruder, and the shame of abandoning an enterprise in which he had volunteered, and when so many persons must witness his disgrace, surmounted the strong inclination which prompted him to wheel Jezabel to the right about, and return to the friends whose protection he had quitted, as fast as her legs could carry them. He accordingly continued his direction towards the stranger, who increased his alarm considerably, by putting his little nag in motion, and riding to meet him at a brisk trot. On observing this apparently offensive movement, our hero looked over his left shoulder more than once, as if reconnoitring the ground for a retreat, and in the meanwhile came to a decided halt. But the Philistine was upon him ere the Bonnetmaker could decide whether to fight or fly, and a very ominouslooking Philistine he was. His figure was gaunt and lathy, his visage marked by two or three ill-favored scars, and the whole man had much the air of one accustomed to say, "Stand and deliver," to a true man.

This individual began the discourse, by exclaiming, in tones as sinister as his looks,—"The devil catch you for a cuckoo, why do you ride across the moor to spoil my sport?"

"Worthy stranger," said our friend, in a tone of pacific remonstrance, "I am Oliver Proudfute, a burgess of Perth, and a man

of substance; and yonder is the worshipful Adam Craigdallie, the oldest Bailie of the burgh, with the fighting Smith of the Wynd, and three or four armed men more, who desire to know your name, and how you come to take your pleasure over these lands belonging to the burgh of Perth—although, nathless, I will answer for them, it is not their wish to quarrel with a gentleman, or stranger, for any accidental trespass; only it is their use and wont not to grant such leave, unless it is duly asked; and—and—therefore I desire to know your name, worthy sir."

The grim and loathly aspect with which the falconer had regarded Oliver Proudfute during his harangue had greatly disconcerted him, and altogether altered the character of the inquiry which, with Henry Gow to back him, he would probably

have thought most fitting for the occasion.

The stranger replied to it, modified as it was, with a most inauspicious grin, which the scars of his visage made appear still more repulsive. "You want to know my name?—My name is the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, well known in Annandale for a gentle Johnstone. I follow the stout Laird of Wamphray, who rides with his kinsman, the redoubted Lord of Johnstone, *who is banded with the doughty Earl of Douglas; and the Earl and the Lord, and the Laird and I the Esquire, fly our hawks where we find our game, and ask no man whose ground we ride over."

"I will do your message, sir," replied Oliver Proudfute, meekly enough; for he began to be very desirous to get free of the embassy which he had so rashly undertaken, and was in the act of turning his horse's head, when the Annandale man

added,-

"And take you this to boot, to keep you in mind that you met the Devil's Dick, and to teach you another time to beware how you spoil the sport of any one who wears the flying spur

on his shoulder."

With these words he applied two or three smart blows of his riding-rod upon the luckless Bonnet-maker's head and person. Some of them lighted upon Jezabel, who, turning sharply round, laid her rider upon the moor, and galloped back towards the party of citizens.

Proudfute, thus overthrown, began to cry for assistance in

^{*} Every Scotchman must regret that the name of Johnstone should have disappeared from the peerage, and hope that ere long some one of the many claimants for the minor honors at least of the house of Annandale may make out a case to the satisfaction of the House of Lords. The great estates of the family are still nearly entire, and in worthy hands; they have passed to the younger branch of the noble house of Houstoun, one of the claimants of the elder titles.

no very manly voice, and almost in the same breath to whimper for mercy; for his antagonist, dismounting almost as soon as he fell, offered a whinger, or large wood-knife, to his throat, while he rifled the pockets of the unlucky citizen, and even examined his hawking-bag, swearing two or three grisly oaths, that he would have what it contained, since the wearer had interrupted his sport. He pulled the belt rudely off, terrifying the prostrate Bonnet-maker still more by the regardless violence which he used, as, instead of taking the pains to unbuckle the strap, he drew till the fastening gave way. But apparently it contained nothing to his mind. He threw it carelessly from him, and at the same time suffered the dismounted cavalier to rise, while he himself remounted his hobble, and looked towards the rest of Oliver's party, who were now advancing.

When they had seen their delegate overthrown, there was some laughter; so much had the vaunting humor of the Bonnet-maker prepared his friends to rejoice, when, as Henry Smith termed it, they saw their Oliver meet with a Rowland. But when the Bonnet-maker's adversary was seen to bestride him, and handle him in the manner described, the armorer could hold out no longer. "Please you, good Master Bailie, I cannot endure to see our townsman beaten and rifled, and like to be murdered before us all. It reflects upon the Fair Town; and if it is neighbor Proudfute's misfortune, it is our shame. I

must to his rescue."

"We will all go to his rescue," answered Bailie Craigdallie; but let no man strike without order from me. We have more feuds on our hands, it is to be feared, than we have strength to bring to good end. And therefore I charge you all, more especially you, Henry of the Wynd, in the name of the Fair City, that you make no stroke but in self-defence." They all advanced, therefore, in a body; and the appearance of such a number drove the plunderer from his booty. He stood at gaze, however, at some distance, like the wolf, which, though it retreats before the dogs, cannot be brought to absolute flight.

Henry, seeing this state of things, spurred his horse and advanced far before the rest of the party, up towards the scene of Oliver Proudfute's misfortune. His first task was to catch Jezabel by the flowing rein, and his next to lead her to meet her discomfited master, who was crippling towards him, his clothes much soiled with his fall, his eyes streaming with tears, from pain as well as mortification, and altogether exhibiting an aspect so unlike the spruce and dapper importance of his ordi-

nary appearance, that the honest Smith felt compassion for the little man, and some remorse at having left him exposed to such disgrace. All men, I believe, enjoy an ill-natured joke. The difference is, that an ill-natured person can drink out to very dregs the amusement which it affords, while the better moulded mind soon loses the sense of the ridiculous in sympathy for the pain of the sufferer.

"Let me pitch you up to your saddle again, neighbor," said the Smith, dismounting at the same time, and assisting Oliver to scramble into his war-saddle, as a monkey might have done.

"May God forgive you, neighbor Smith, for not backing of me! I would not have believed in it, though fifty credible witnesses had sworn it of you."

Such were the first words, spoken in sorrow more than

anger, by which the dismayed Oliver vented his feelings.

"The Bailie kept hold of my horse by the bridle; and besides," Henry continued, with a smile, which even his compassion could not suppress, "I thought you would have accused me of diminishing your honor, if I brought you aid against a single man. But cheer up! the villain took foul odds of you, your horse not being well at command."

"That is true—that is true," said Oliver, eagerly catching

at the apology.

"And yonder stands the faitour, rejoicing at the mischief he has done, and triumphing in your overthrow, like the King in the romance, who played upon a fiddle whilst a city was burning. Come thou with me, and thou shalt see how we will handle

him-Nay, fear not that I will desert thee this time."

So saying, he caught Jezabel by the rein, and galloping alongside of her, without giving Oliver time to express a negative, he rushed towards the Devil's Dick, who had halted on the top of a rising ground at some distance. The gentle Johnstone, however, either that he thought the contest unequal, or that he had fought enough for the day, snapping his fingers, and throwing his hand out with an air of defiance, spurred his horse into a neighboring bog, through which he seemed to flutter like a wild-duck, swinging his lure round his head, and whistling to his bawk all the while, though any other horse and rider must have been instantly bogged up to the saddle-girths.

"There goes a thorough-bred moss-trooper," said the Smith.

"That fellow will fight or flee as suits his humor, and there is no use to pursue him, any more than to hunt a wild-goose. He has got your purse, I doubt me. for they seldom leave off till

they are full-handed."

"Ye—ye—yes," said Proudfute, in a melancholy tone; "he has got my purse—but there is less matter, since he hath left the hawking-bag."

"Nay, the hawking-bag had been an emblem of personal

victory, to be sure—a trophy, as the minstrels call it."

"There is more in it than that, friend," said Oliver signif

icantly.

"Why, that is well, neighbor; I love to hear you speak in your own scholarly tone again. Cheer up, you have seen the villain's back, and regained the trophies you had lost when taken at advantage."

"Ah, Henry Gow-Henry Gow!" said the Bonnet-maker, and stopped short with a deep sigh, nearly amounting to a

groan.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend; "what is it you vex yourself about now?"

"I have some suspicion, my dearest friend, Henry Smith,

that the villain fled for fear of you, not of me!"

"Do not think so," replied the armorer; "he saw two men and fled, and who can tell whether he fled for one or the other? Besides, he knows by experience your strength and activity; we all saw how you kicked and struggled when you were on the ground."

"Did I?" said poor Proudfute; "I do not remember it—but I know it is my best point—I am a strong dog in the loins. But

did they all see it?"

"All as much as I," said the Smith, smothering an inclination to laughter.

"But thou wilt remind them of it?"

"Be assured I will," answered Henry, "and of thy desperate rally even now. Mark what I say to Bailie Craigdallie, and make the best of it."

"It is not that I require any evidence in my favor, for I am as brave by nature as most men in Perth—but only"——Here

the man of valor paused.

"But only what?" inquired the stout armorer.

"But only I am afraid of being killed. To leave my pretty wife and my young family, you know, would be a sad change, Smith. You will know this when it is your own case, and will feel abated in courage."

"It is like that I may," said the armorer, musing.

"Then I am so accustomed to the use of arms, and so well breathed, that few men can match me. It's all here," said the little man, expanding his breast like a trussed fowl, and patting himself with his hands; "here is room for all the wind machinery."

"I dare say you are long-breathed—long-winded—at least

your speech betrays---"

"My speech?—You are a wag—but I have got the stern

post of a dromond brought up the river from Dundee."

"The stern post of a Drummond!" exclaimed the armorer; conscience, man, it will put you in feud with the whole clan

-not the least wrathful in the country, as I take it."

"Saint Andrew, man, you put me out!—I mean a dromond, that is, a large ship. I have fixed this post in my yard, and had it painted and carved something like a Soldan or Saracen, and with him I breathe myself, and will wield my two-handed sword against him, thrust or point, for an hour together."

"That must make you familiar with the use of your weapon,"

said the Smith.

"Ay, marry does it—and sometimes I will place you a bonnet (an old one most likely) on my Soldan's head, and cleave it with such a downright blow, that, in troth, the infidel has but

little of the skull remaining to hit at."

"That is unlucky, for you will lose your practice," said Henry.—"But how say you, Bonnet-maker? I will put on my head-piece and corselet one day, and you shall hew at me, allowing my broadsword to parry and pay back! Eh, what say

you?"

"By no manner of means, my dear friend. I should do you too much evil;—besides, to tell you the truth, I strike far more freely at a helmet or a bonnet, when it is set on my wooden Soldan—then I am sure to fetch it down. But when there is a plume of feathers in it that nod, and two eyes gleaming fiercely from under the shadow of the visor, and when the whole is dancing about here and there, I acknowledge it puts out my hand of fence."

"So, if men would but stand stock still like your Soldan, you would play the tyrant with them, Master Proudfute?"

"In time, and with practice, I conclude I might," answered Oliver. "But here we come upon the rest of them. Bailie Craigdallie looks angry—but it is not his kind of anger that frightens me."

You are to recollect, gentle reader, that as soon as the Bailie, and those who attended him, saw that the Smith had come up to the forlorn Bonnet-maker, and that the stranger had retreated, they gave themselves no trouble about advancing farther to his assistance, which they regarded as quite insured by the presence

of the redoubted Henry Gow. They had resumed their straight road to Kinfauns, desirous that nothing should delay the execution of their mission. As some time had elapsed ere the Bonnet-maker and the Smith rejoined the party, Bailie Craigdallie asked them, and Henry Smith in particular, what they meant by dallying away precious time by riding up hill after the falconer.

"By the mass, it was not my fault, Master Bailie," replied the Smith. "If ye will couple up an ordinary Low-country greyhound with a Highland wolf-dog, you must not blame the first of them for taking the direction in which it pleases the last to drag him on. It was so, and not otherwise, with my neighbor Oliver Proudfute. He no sooner got up from the ground, but he mounted his mare like a flash of lightning, and, enraged at the unknightly advantage which yonder rascal had taken of his stumbling horse, he flew after him like a dromedary. I could not but follow, both to prevent a second stumble, and secure our over-bold friend and champion from the chance of some ambush at the top of the hill. But the villain, who is a follower of some Lord of the Marches, and wears a winged spur for his cognizance, fled from our neighbor like fire from flint."

The senior Bailie of Perth listened with surprise to the legend which it had pleased Gow to circulate; for, though not much caring for the matter, he had always doubted the Bonnet-maker's romancing account of his own exploits, which hereafter he must hold as in some degree orthodox. The shrewd old Glover looked closer into the matter.

"You will drive the poor Bonnet-maker mad," he whispered to Henry, "and set him a-ringing his clapper, as if he were a town-bell on a rejoicing day, when for order and decency it were better he were silent."

"Oh, by Our Lady, father," replied the Smith, "I love the poor little braggadocio, and could not think of his sitting rueful and silent in the Provost's hall, while all the rest of them, and in especial that venomous Pottingar, were telling their mind."

"Thou art even too good-natured a fellow, Henry, "answered Simon. "But mark the difference betwixt these two men. The harmless little Bonnet-maker assumes the airs of a dragon, to disguise his natural cowardice; while the Pottingar wilfully desires to show himself timid, poor-spirited, and humble, to conceal the danger of his temper. The adder is not the less deadly that he creeps under a stone. I tell thee, son Henry, that for all his sneaking looks, and timorous talking, this wretched anat-

omy loves mischief more than he fears danger.—But here we stand in front of the Provost's castle; and a lordly place is Kinfauns, and a credit to the city it is, to have the owner of

such a gallant castle for its chief magistrate."

"A goodly fortalice, indeed," said the Smith, looking at the broad winding Tay, as it swept under the bank on which the castle stood, like its modern successor, and seemed the queen of the valley, although, on the opposite side of the river, the strong walls of Elcho appeared to dispute the pre-eminence. Elcho, however, was in that age a peaceful nunnery, and the walls with which it was surrounded were the barriers of secluded vestals, not the bulwarks of an armed garrison. "Tis a brave castle," said the armorer, again looking at the towers of Kinfauns, "and the breastplate and target of the bonnie course of the Tay. It were worth lipping * a good blade, before wrong were offered to it."

The porter of Kinfauns, who knew from a distance the persons and characters of the party, had already opened the courtyard gate for their entrance, and sent notice to Sir Patrick Charteris, that the eldest Bailie of Perth, with some other good citizens, was approaching the castle. The good knight, who was getting ready for a hawking party, heard the intimation, with pretty much the same feelings that the modern representative of a burgh hears of the menaced visitation of a party of his worthy electors, at a time rather unseasonable for their reception. That is, he internally devoted the intruders to Mahound and Termagant, and outwardly gave orders to receive them with all decorum and civility; commanded the sewers to bring hot venison steaks and cold baked meats into the knightly hall with all despatch, and the butler to broach his casks, and do his duty; for if the Fair City of Perth sometimes filled his cellar, her citizens were always equally ready to assist at emptying his flagons.

The good burghers were reverently marshalled into the hall, where the knight, who was in a riding habit, and booted up to the middle of his thighs, received them with a mixture of courtesy and patronizing condescension; wishing them all the while at the bottom of the Tay, on account of the interruption their arrival gave to his proposed amusement of the morning. He met them in the midst of the hall, with bare head and bonnet in hand, and some such salutation as the following:—"H.! My Master Eldest Bailie, and you, worthy Simon Glover, fathers of the Fair City;—and you, my learned Pottingar;—and you,

^{*} Liffing i. e. making notches in a sword or knife.

stout Smith;—and my slashing Bonnet-maker too, who cracks more skulls than he covers, how come I to have the pleasure of seeing so many friends so early? I was thinking to see my hawks fly, and your company will make the sport more pleasant—(Aside, I trust in Our Lady they may break their necks!)—that is, always, unless the city have any commands to lay on me—Butler Gilbert, despatch, thou knave—But I hope you have no more grave errand than to try if the malvoisie holds its flavor?"

The city delegates answered to their Provost's civilities by inclinations and congees, more or less characteristic, of which the Pottingar's bow was the lowest, and the Smith's the least ceremonious. Probably he knew his own value as a fighting man upon occasion. To the general compliment the elder

Bailie replied.

"Sir Patrick Charteris, and our noble Lord Provost," said Craigdallie, gravely, "had our errand been to enjoy the hospitality with which we have been often regaled here, our manners would have taught us to tarry till your lordship had invited us, as on other occasions. And as to hawking, we have had enough on't for one morning; since a wild fellow, who was flying a falcon hard by on the moor, unhorsed and cudgelled our worthy friend Oliver Bonnet-maker, or Proudfute, as some men call him, merely because he questioned him, in your honor's name, and the town of Perth's, who or what he was that took so much upon him."

"And what account gave he of himself?" said the Provost.

"By St. John! I will teach him to forestall my sport!"

"So please your lordship," said the Bonnet-maker, "he did take me at disadvantage. But I got on horseback again afterwards, and pricked after him gallantly. He calls himself Richard the Devil."

"How, man? he that the rhymes and romances are made on?" said the Provost. "I thought that smaik's name had been Robert."

"I trow they be different, my lord, I only graced this fellow with the full title, for indeed he called himself the Devil's Dick, and said he was a Johnstone, and a follower of the lord of that name. But I put him back into the bog, and recovered my hawking-bag, which he had taken when I was at disadvantage."

Sir Patrick paused for an instant—"We have heard," said he, "of the Lord of Johnstone, and of his followers. Little is to be had by meddling with them.—Smith, tell me, did you en-

dure this?"

"Ay, faith did I, Sir Patrick; having command from my

betters not to help."

"Well, if thou sat'st down with it," said the Provost, "I see not why we should rise up; especially as Master Oliver Proudfute, though taken at advantage first, has, as he has told us, recovered his reputation and that of the burgh. But here comes the wine at length. Fill round to my good friends and guests till the wine leap over the cup. Prosperity to St. Johnston, and a merry welcome to you all, my honest friends! And now sit you to eat a morsel, for the sun is high up, and it must be long since you thrifty men have broken your fast."

"Before we eat, my Lord Provost," said the Bailie, "let us tell you the pressing cause of our coming, which as yet we have

not touched upon."

"Nay, prithee, Bailie," said the Provost, "put it off till thou hast eaten. Some complaint against the rascally jackmen and retainers of the nobles, for playing at football on the streets

of the burgh, or some such goodly matter."

"No, my lord," said Craigdallie, stoutly and firmly. "It is the jackmen's masters of whom we complain, for playing at football with the honor of our families, and using as little ceremony with our daughters' sleeping chambers, as if they were in a bordel at Paris. A party of reiving night-walkers,—courtiers, and men of rank, as there is too much reason to believe,—attempted to scale the windows of Simon Glover's house last night; they stood in their defence with drawn weapons when they were interrupted by Henry Smith, and fought till they were driven off by the rising of the citizens."

"How?" said Sir Patrick, setting down the cup which he was about to raise to his head. "Cocksbody, make that manifest to me, and by the soul of Thomas of Longueville, I will see you righted with my best power, were it to cost me life and land. Who attests this?—Simon Glover, you are held an honest and a cautious man—do you take the truth of this charge

upon your conscience?"

"My lord," said Simon, "understand I am no willing complainer in this weighty matter. No damage has arisen, save to the breakers of the peace themselves. I fear only great power could have encouraged such lawless audacity; and I were unwilling to put feud between my native town and some powerful nobleman on my account. But it has been said, that if I hang back in prosecuting this complaint, it will be as much as admitting that my daughter expected such a visit, which is a direct falsehood. Therefore, my lord, I will tell your lord

ship what happened, so far as I know, and leave further proceeding to your wisdom." He then told, from point to point,

all that he had seen of the attack.

Sir Patrick Charteris, listening with much attention, seemed particularly struck with the escape of the man who had been made prisoner. "Strange," he said, "that you did not secure him when you had him. Did you not look at him so as to know him again?"

"I had but the light of a lantern, my Lord Provost; and as to suffering him to escape, I was alone," said the Glover, "and old. But yet I might have kept him, had I not heard my daughter shriek in the upper room; and ere I had returned from her chamber, the man had escaped through the

garden."

"Now, armorer, as a true man, and a good soldier," said

Sir Patrick, "tell me what you know of this matter."

Henry Gow, in his own decided style, gave a brief but clear

narrative of the whole affair.

Honest Proudfute being next called upon, began his statement with an air of more importance. "Touching this awful and astounding tumult within the burgh, I cannot altogether, it is true, say with Henry Gow, that I saw the very beginning. But it will not be denied that I beheld a great part of the latter end, and especially that I procured the evidence most effectual to convict the knaves."

"And what is it, man?" said Sir Patrick Charteris. "Never

lose time fumbling and prating about it. What is it?"

"I have brought your lordship, in this pouch, what one of the rogues left behind him," said the little man. "It is a trophy which, in good faith and honest truth, I do confess I won not by the blade, but I claim the credit of securing it with that presence of mind which few men possess amidst flashing torches and clashing weapons. I secured it, my lord, and here it is."

So saying, he produced, from the hawking pouch already mentioned, the stiffened hand which had been found on the

scene of the skirmish.

"Nay, Bonnet-maker," said the Provost, "I'll warrant thee man enough to secure a rogue's hand after it is cut from the

body.—What do you look so busily for in your bag?"

"There should have been—there was—a ring, my lord, which was on the knave's finger. I fear I have been forgetful, and left it at home, for I took it off to show to my wife, as she cared not to look upon the dead hand, as women love

not such sights. But yet I thought I had put it on the finger again. Nevertheless it must, I bethink me, be at home. I will ride back for it, and Henry Smith will trot along with me."

"We will all trot with thee," said Sir Patrick Charteris, "since I am for Perth myself. Look you, honest burghers and good neighbors of Perth. You may have thought me unapt to be moved by light complaints and trivial breaches of your privileges, such as small trespasses on your game, the barons' followers playing football on the street, and such like. But, by the soul of Thomas of Longueville, you shall not find Patrick Charteris slothful in a matter of this importance.— This hand," he continued, holding up the severed joint, "belongs to one who hath worked no drudgery. We will put it in a way to be known and claimed of the owner, if his comrades of the revel have but one spark of honor in them.—Hark you, Gerard,—get me some half-score of good men instantly to horse, and let them take jack and spear. Meanwhile, neighbors, if feud arise out of this, as is most likely, we must come to each other's support. If my poor house be attacked, how many men will you bring to my support?"

The burghers looked at Henry Gow, to whom they instinctively turned when such matters were discussed. "I will answer," said he, "for fifty good fellows to be assembled ere the common bell has rung ten minutes; for a thousand, in the

space of an hour."

"It is well," answered the gallant Provost; "and in the case of need, I will come to aid the Fair City with such men as I can make. And now, good friends, let us to horse."

CHAPTER NINTH.

If I know how to manage these affairs, Thus thrust disorderly upon my hands— Never believe me—

RICHARD II.

It was early in the afternoon of St. Valentine's day, that the Prior of the Dominicans was engaged in discharge of his duties as Confessor to a penitent of no small importance. This was an elderly man, of a goodly presence, a florid and health-

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ful cheek, the under part of which was shaded by a venerable white beard, which descended over his bosom. The large and clear blue eyes, with the broad expanse of brow, expressed dignity; but it was of a character which seemed more accustomed to receive honors voluntarily paid, than to enforce them when they were refused. The good nature of the expression was so great as to approach to defenceless simplicity or weakness of character, unfit, it might be inferred, to repel intrusion, * or subdue resistance. Amongst the gray locks of this personage was placed a small circlet or coronet of gold, upon a blue His beads, which were large and conspicuous, were of native gold, rudely enough wrought, but ornamented with Scottish pearls of rare size and beauty. These were his only ornaments; and a long crimson robe of silk, tied by a sash of the same color, formed his attire. His shrift being finished, he arose heavily from the embroidered cushion upon which he kneeled during his confession, and, by the assistance of a crutch-headed staff of ebony, moved, lame and ungracefully, and with apparent pain, to a chair of state, which, surmounted by a canopy, was placed for his accommodation by the chimney of the lofty and large apartment.

This was Robert, third of that name, and the second of the ill-fated family of Stewart who filled the throne of Scotland. He had many virtues, and was not without talent; but it was his great misfortune, that, like others of his devoted line, his merits were not of a kind suited to the part which he was called upon to perform in life. The King of so fierce a people as the Scots then were, ought to have been warlike, prompt, and active, liberal in rewarding services, strict in punishing crimes; one whose conduct should make him feared as well as beloved. The qualities of Robert the Third were the reverse of all these. In youth he had, indeed, seen battles; but, without incurring disgrace, he had never manifested the chivalrous love of war and peril, or the eager desire to distinguish himself by dangerous achievements, which that age expected from all who were

of noble birth, and had claims to authority.

Besides, his military career was very short. Amidst the tumult of a tournament, the young Earl of Carrick, such was then his title, received a kick from the horse of Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith; in consequence of which he was lame for the rest of his life, and absolutely disabled from taking share either in warfare, or in the military sports and tournaments which were its image. As Robert had never testified much predilection for violent exertion, he did not probably much re-

gret the incapacities which exempted him from these active scenes. But his misfortune, or rather its consequences, lowered him in the eyes of a fierce nobility and warlike people. He was obliged to repose the principal charge of his affairs now in one member now in another, of his family; sometimes with the actual rank, and always with the power, of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His paternal affection would have induced him to use the assistance of his eldest son, a young man of spirit and talent, whom in fondness he had created Duke of Rothsay, in order to give him the present possession of a digmity next to that of the throne.* But the young Prince's head was too giddy, and his hand too feeble, to wield with dignity the delegated sceptre. However fond of power, pleasure was the Prince's favorite pursuit; and the court was disturbed, and the country scandalized, by the number of fugitive amours, and extravagant revels practised by him who should have set an example of order and regularity to the youth of the kingdom.

The license and impropriety of the Duke of Rothsay's conduct was the more reprehensible, in the public view, that he was a married person; although some, over whom his youth, gayety, grace, and good temper, had obtained influence, were of opinion that an excuse for his libertinism might be found in the circumstances of the marriage itself. They reminded each other that his nuptials were entirely conducted by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, by whose counsels the infirm and timid King was much governed at the time, and who had the character of managing the temper of his brother and sovereign, so as might be most injurious to the interests and prospects of the young heir. By Albany's machinations, the hand of the heir-apparent was in a manner put up to sale, as it was understood publicly that the nobleman in Scotland who should give the largest dower to his daughter, might aspire to raise her to the bed of the Duke of Rothsay.

In the contest for preference which ensued, George, Earl of Dunbar and March, who possessed, by himself or his vassals, a great part of the eastern frontier, was preferred to other competitors; and his daughter was, with the mutual good-will ot the young couple, actually contracted to the Duke of Rothsay.

But there remained a third party to be consulted, and that was no other than the tremendous Archibald, Earl of Douglas,

This creation, and that of the Dukedom of Albany in favor of the King's brother, were the first instances of ducal rank in Scotland. Buchanan mentions the immovation in terms which may be considered as showing that even he partook in the general prejudice with which that title was viewed in Scotland down to a much later period. It had, indeed, been in almost every case united with heavy misfortunes—not rarely with tragic crimes.

terrible alike from the extent of his lands, from the numerous offices and jurisdictions with which he was invested, and from his personal qualities of wisdom and valor, mingled with indomitable pride, and more than the feudal love of vengeance. The Earl was also nearly related to the throne, having married

the eldest daughter of the reigning Monarch.

After the espousals of the Duke of Rothsay with the Earl of March's daughter, Douglas, as if he had postponed his share in the negotiation to show that it could not be concluded with any one but himself, entered the lists to break off the contract. He tendered a larger dower with his daughter Marjory than the Earl of March had proffered; and, secured by his own cupidity and fear of the Douglas, Albany exerted his influence with the timid Monarch till he was prevailed upon to break the contract with the Earl of March, and wed his son to Marjory Douglas, a woman whom Rothsay could not love. apology was offered to the Earl of March, excepting that the espousals betwixt the Prince and Elizabeth of Dunbar had not been approved by the States of Parliament, and that till such ratification the contract was liable to be broken off. deeply resented the wrong done to himself and his daughter, and was generally understood to study revenge, which his great influence on the English frontier was likely to place within his power.

In the mean time, the Duke of Rothsay, incensed at the sacrifice of his hand and his inclinations to this state intrigue, took his own mode of venting his displeasure, by neglecting his wife, contemning his formidable and dangerous father-in-law, and showing little respect to the authority of the King himself, and none whatever to the remonstrances of Albany, his uncle,

whom he looked upon as his confirmed enemy.

Amid these internal dissensions of his family, which extended themselves through his councils and administration, introducing everywhere the baneful effect of uncertainty and disunion, the feeble Monarch had for some time been supported by the counsels of his Queen Annabella, a daughter of the noble house of Drummond, gifted with a depth of sagacity and firmness of mind, which exercised some restraint over the levities of a son who respected her, and sustained on many occasions the wavering resolution of her royal husband.—But after her death the imbecile Sovereign resembled nothing so much as a vessel drifted from her anchors, and tossed about amidst contending currents. Abstractedly considered, Robert might be said to doat upon his son,—to entertain respect and

awe for the character of his brother Albany, so much more decisive than his own,—to fear the Douglas with a terror which was almost instinctive, and to suspect the constancy of the bold but fickle Earl of March. But his feelings towards these various characters were so mixed and complicated, that from time to time they showed entirely different from what they really were: and according to the interest which had been last exerted over his flexible mind, the King would change from an indulgent, to a strict and even cruel father—from a confiding to a jealous brother—or from a benignant and bountiful, to a grasping and encroaching Sovereign. Like the cameleon, his feeble mind reflected the color of that firmer character upon which at the time he reposed for counsel and assistance. when he disused the advice of one of his family, and employed the counsel of another, it was no unwonted thing to see a total change of measures, equally disreputable to the character of the King, and dangerous to the safety of the state.

It followed, as a matter of course, that the clergy of the Catholic Church acquired influence over a man whose intentions were so excellent, but whose resolutions were so infirm. Robert was haunted, not only with a due sense of the errors he had really committed, but with the tormenting apprehensions of those peccadilloes which beset a superstitious and timid mind. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to add, that the churchmen of various descriptions had no small influence over this easy-tempered prince, though, indeed, theirs was, at that period, an influence from which few or none escaped, however resolute and firm of purpose in affairs of a temporal character.—We now return from this long digression, without which what we have to relate could not perhaps have been well understood.

The King had moved with ungraceful difficulty to the cushioned chair, which, under a state or canopy, stood prepared for his accommodation, and upon which he sank down with enjoyment, like an indolent man, who had been for some time confined to a constrained position. When seated, the gentle and venerable looks of the good old man showed benevolence. The Prior, who now remained standing opposite to the royal seat, with an air of deep deference which cloaked the natural haughtiness of his carriage, was a man betwixt forty and fifty years of age, but every one of whose hairs still retained their natural black color. Acute features, and a penetrating look, attested the talents by which the venerable father had acquired his high station in the community over which he presided; and, we may add, in the councils of the kingdom in whose ser-

vice they were often exercised. The chief objects which his education and habits taught him to keep in view, were the extension of the dominion and the wealth of the Church, and the suppression of heresy, both of which he endeavored to accomplish by all the means which his situation afforded him. But he honored his religion by the sincerity of his own belief, and by the morality which guided his conduct in all ordinary situations. The faults of the Prior Anselm, though they led him into grievous error, and even cruelty, were perhaps rather those of his age and profession—his virtues were his own.

"These things done," said the King, "and the lands I have mentioned secured by my gift to this monastery, you are of opinion, Father, that I stand as much in the good graces of our Holy Mother Church, as to term myself her dutiful son?"

"Surely, my liege," said the Prior; "would to God that all her children brought to the efficacious sacrament of confession as deep a sense of their errors, and as much will to make amends for them. But I speak these comforting words, my liege, not to Robert King of Scotland, but only to my humble and devout penitent, Robert Stewart of Carrick."

"You surprise me, Father," answered the King; "I have little check on my conscience for aught that I have done in my kingly office, seeing that I use therein less mine own opinion

than the advice of the most wise counsellors."

"Even therein lieth the danger, my liege," replied the Prior. "The Holy Father recognizes in your Grace, in every thought, word, and action, an obedient vassal of the Holy Church. But there are perverse counsellors, who obey the instinct of their wicked hearts, while they abuse the good-nature and ductility of their monarch, and under color of serving his temporal interests, take steps which are prejudicial to those that last to eternity."

King Robert raised himself upright in his chair, and assumed an air of authority, which, though it well became him,

he did not usually display.

"Prior Anselm," he said, "if you have discovered anything in my conduct, whether as a king or a private individual, which may call down such censures as your words intimate, it is your

duty to speak plainly, and I command you to do so."

"My liege, you shall be obeyed." answered the Prior, with an inclination of the body. Then raising himself up, and assuming the dignity of his rank in the Church, he said, "Hear from me the words of our Holy Father the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, to whom have descended the keys, both to bind and

to unloose. 'Wherefore, O Robert of Scotland, hast thou not received into the See of Saint Andrews, Henry of Wardlaw, whom the Pontiff hath recommended to fill that See? Why dost thou make profession with thy lips of dutiful service to the Church, when thy actions proclaim the depravity and disobedience of thy inward soul? Obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Sir Prior," said the Monarch, bearing himself in a manner not unbecoming his lofty rank, "we may well dispense with answering you upon this subject, being a matter which concerns us and the Estates of our kingdom, but does not affect our

private conscience."

"Alas," said the Prior, "and whose conscience will it concern at the last day? Which of your belted lords or wealthy burgesses will then step between their King and the penalty which he has incurred, by following of their secular policy in matters ecclesiastical? Know, mighty King, that were all the chivalry of thy realm drawn up to shield thee from the red levin-bolt, they would be consumed like scorched parchment before the blaze of a furnace."

"Good Father Prior," said the King, on whose timorous conscience this kind of language seldom failed to make an impression, "you surely argue over rigidly in this matter. It was during my last indisposition, while the Earl of Douglas held, as Lieutenant-General, the regal authority in Scotland, that the obstruction to the reception of the Primate unhappily arose. Do not, therefore, tax me with what happened when I was unable to conduct the affairs of the kingdom, and compelled to

delegate my power to another."

"To your subject, Sire, you have said enough," replied the Prior. "But if the impediment arose during the lieutenancy of the Earl of Douglas, the Legate of his Holiness will demand wherefore it has not been instantly removed, when the King resumed in his royal hands the reins of authority? The Black Douglas can do much; more perhaps than a subject should have power to do in the kingdom of his sovereign; but he cannot stand betwixt your grace and your own conscience, or release you from the duties to the Holy Church, which your situation as a king imposes upon you."

"Father," said Robert, somewhat impatiently, "you are over peremptory in this matter, and ought at least to wait a reasonable season, until we have time to consider of some remedy. Such disputes have happened repeatedly in the reigns of our predecessors; and our royal and blessed ancestor, Saint David, did not resign his privileges as a monarch without

making a stand in their defence, even though he was involved

in arguments with the Holy Father himself.'

"And therein was that great and good king neither holy nor saintly," said the Prior; "and therefore was he given to be a rout and a spoil to his enemies, when he raised his sword against the banners of St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. John of Beverley, in the war, as it is still called, of the Standard. Well was it for him, that, like his namesake, the son of Jesse, his sin was punished upon earth, and not entered against him at the long and dire day of accounting."

"Well, good Prior—well—enough of this for the present. The Holy See shall, God willing, have no reason to complain of me. I take Our Lady to witness, I would not, for the crown I wear, take the burden of wronging our Mother Church. We have ever feared that the Earl of Douglas kept his eyes too much fixed on the fame and the temporalities of this frail and passing life to feel altogether as he ought the claims that refer

to a future world."

"It is but lately," said the Prior, "that he hath taken up forcible quarters in the Monastery of Aberbrothock, with his retinue of a thousand followers; and the Abbot is compelled to furnish him with all he needs for horse and man, which the Earl calls exercising the hospitality which he hath a right to expect from the foundation to which his ancestors were contributors. Certain it were better to return to the Douglas his lands than to submit to such exaction, which more resembles the masterful license of Highland thiggers and sorners,* than the demeanor of a Christian baron."

"The Black Douglasses," said the King, with a sigh, "are a race which will not be said nay. But, Father Prior, I am myself, it may be, an intruder of this kind; for my sojourning hath been long among you, and my retinue, though far fewer than the Douglas's, are nevertheless enough to cumber you for their daily maintenance; and though our order is to send out purveyors to lessen your charge as much as may be, yet if there be inconvenience, it were fitting we should remove in time."

"Now, Our Lady forbid!" said the Prior, who, if desirous of power, had nothing meanly covetous in his temper, but was ever magnificent in his generous kindness; "certainly the Dominican Convent can afford to her Sovereign the hospitality which the house offers to every wanderer of whatever condition, who will receive it at the hands of the poor servants of our

Thiggers and sorners, i.e., sturdy beggars, the former, however, being, as the word implies, more civil than the latter.

patron. No, my royal liege; come with ten times your present train, they shall neither want a grain of oats, a pile of straw, a morsel of bread, nor an ounce of food, which our convent can supply them. It is one thing to employ the revenues of the Church, which are so much larger than monks ought to need or wish for, in the suitable and dutiful reception of your Royal Majesty, and another to have it wrenched from us by the hands of rude and violent men, whose love of rapine is only limited by the extent of their power."

"It is well, good Prior," said the King; "and now to turn our thoughts for an instant from state affairs, can thy reverence inform us how the good citizens of Perth have begun their Valentine's Day?—Gallantly and merrily, and peacefully, I

hope."

"For gallantly, my liege, I know little of such qualities. For peacefully, there were three or four men, two cruelly wounded, came this morning before daylight to ask the privilege of girth and sanctuary, pursued by a hue and cry of citizens in their shirts, with clubs, bills, Lochaber axes, and two-handed swords, crying kill and slay, each louder than another. Nay, there were not satisfied when our porter and watch told them that those they pursued had taken refuge in the Galilee of the Church,* but continued for some minutes clamoring and striking upon the postern-door, demanding that the men who had oftended should be delivered up to them. I was afraid their rude noise might have broken your Majesty's rest, and raised some surprise."

"My rest might have been broken," said the Monarch;
but that sounds of violence should have occasioned surprise—Alas! reverend Father, there is in Scotland only one place where the shriek of the victim, and threats of the oppressor, are

not heard-and that, Father, is-the grave."

The Prior stood in respectful silence, sympathizing with the feelings of a monarch whose tenderness of heart suited so ill with the condition and manners of his people.

"And what became of the fugitives?" asked Robert, after

a minute's pause.

"Surely, Sire," said the Prior, "they were dismissed, as they desired to be, before daylight; and after we had sent out to be

^{*}The Galiles of a Catholic Cathedral is a small side chapel to which excommunicated persons have access, though they must not enter the body of the church. Mr. Surtees suggests that the name of the place thus appropriated to the consolation of merable penitents, was derived from the text:—"Ite, nunciate fratribus meis ut eant in Galileam: ibi me videbunt." Matth. xxviii. 10.—See History of Durham, vol. i. p. 56. Criminals claiming sanctuary, were, for obvious reasons, accustomed to place themselves in this part of the edifice.

assured that no ambush of their enemies watched them in the vicinity, they went their way in peace."

"You know nothing," inquired the King, "who the men

were, or the cause of their taking refuge with you?"

"The cause," said the Prior, "was a riot with the townsmen; but how arising is not known to us. The custom of our house is to afford twenty-four hours of uninterrupted refuge in the sanctuary of St. Dominic, without asking any question at the poor unfortunates who have sought relief there. If they desire to remain for a longer space, the cause of their resorting to sanctuary must be put upon the register of the convent; and, praised be our holy Saint, many persons escape the weight of the law by this temporary protection, whom, did we know the character of their crimes, we might have found ourselves obliged to render up to their pursuers and persecutors.

As the Prior spoke, a dim idea occurred to the monarch, that the privilege of sanctuary thus peremptorily executed, must prove a severe interruption to the course of justice through his realm. But he repelled the feeling, as if it had been a suggestion of Satan, and took care that not a single word should escape to betray to the churchman that such a profane thought had ever occupied his bosom; on the contrary, he hastened to

change the subject.

"The sun," he said, "moves slowly on the index. After the painful information you have given me, I expected the Lords of my Council ere now, to take order with the ravelled affairs of this unhappy riot. Evil was the fortune which gave me rule over a people, among whom it seems to me I am in my own person the only man who desires rest and tranquillity?"

"The Church always desires peace and tranquillity," added the Prior, not suffering even so general a proposition to escape the poor King's oppressed mind, without insisting on a saving

clause for the Church's honor.

"We meant nothing else," said Robert. "But, Father Prior, you will allow that the Church, in quelling strife, as is doubtbess her purpose, resembles the busy housewife, who puts in motion the dust which she means to sweep away."

To this remark the Prior would have made some reply, but the door of the apartment was opened, and a gentleman-usher

announced the Duke of Albany.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth, who was said yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE Duke of Albany was, like his royal brother, named Robert. The Christian name of the latter had been John, until he was called to the throne; when the superstition of the times observed that the name had been connected with misfortune in the lives and reigns of John of England, John of France, and John Baliol of Scotland. It was therefore agreed, that, to elude the bad omen, the new King should assume the name of Robert, rendered dear to Scotland by the recollections of Robert Bruce. We mention this, to account for the existence of two brothers of the same Christian name in one family, which was not certainly a usual occurrence, more than at the present day.

Albany, also an aged man, was not supposed to be much more disposed for warlike enterprise than the King himself. But if he had not courage, he had wisdom to conceal and cloak over his want of that quality, which, once suspected, would have ruined all the plans which his ambition had formed. He had also pride enough to supply, in extremity, the want of real valor, and command enough over his nerves to conceal their agitation. In other respects, he was experienced in the ways of courts. calm, cool, and crafty, fixing upon the points which he desired to attain, while they were yet far removed, and never losing sight of them, though the winding paths in which he trod might occasionally seem to point to a different direction. his person he resembled the King, for he was noble and majestic both in stature and countenance. But he had the advantage of his elder brother, in being unencumbered with any infirmity, and in every respect lighter and more active. His dress was rich and grave, as became his age and rank, and, like his royal brother, he wore no arms of any kind, a case of small knives supplying at his girdle the place usually occupied by a dagger in absence of a sword.

At the Duke's entrance, the Prior, after making an obeisance, respectfully withdrew to a recess in the apartment, at some distance from the royal seat, in order to leave the con-

versation of the brothers uncontrolled by the presence of a third person. It is necessary to mention, that the recess was formed by a window, placed in the inner front of the monastic buildings, called the Palace, from its being the frequent residence of the Kings of Scotland, but which was, unless on such occasions, the residence of the Prior or Abbot. The window was placed over the principal entrance to the royal apartments, and commanded a view of the internal quadrangle of the convent, formed on the right hand by the length of the magnificent Church, on the left by a building, containing the range of cellars, with the refectory, chapter-house, and other conventual apartments rising above them, for such existed altogether independent of the space occupied by King Robert and his attendants; while a fourth row of buildings, showing a noble outward front to the rising sun, consisted of a large hospitium, for the reception of strangers and pilgrims, and many subordinate offices, warehouses, and places of accommodation, for the ample stores which supplied the magnificent hospitality of the Dominican fathers. A lofty vaulted entrance led through this eastern front into the quadrangle, and was precisely opposite to the window at which Prior Anselm stood, so that he could see underneath the dark arch, and observe the light which gleamed below it from the eastern and open portal; but owing to the height to which he was raised, and the depth of the vaulted archway, his eye could but indistinctly reach the opposite and extended portal. It is necessary to notice these localities. We return to the conversation between the princely relatives.

"My dear brother," said the King, raising the Duke of Albany, as he stooped to kiss his hand; "my dear, dear brother, wherefore this ceremonial? Are we not both sons of the same Stewart of Scotland, and of the same Elizabeth

More?"

"I have not forgot that it is so," said Albany, arising: but I must not omit, in the familiarity of the brother, the

respect that is due to the King."

"Oh, true, most true, Robin," answered the King. "The throne is like a lofty and barren rock, upon which flower or shrub can never take root. All kindly feelings, all tender affections, are denied to a monarch. A king must not fold a brother to his heart—he dare not give way to fondness for a son!"

"Such, in some respects, is the doom of greatness, Sire," answered Albany; "but Heaven, who removed to some distance from your Majesty's sphere the members of your own family, has given you a whole people to be your children."

"Alas! Robert," answered the Monarch, "your heart is better framed for the duties of a sovereign than mine. I see from the height at which fate has placed me, that multitude whom you call my children—I love them, I wish them well—but they are many, and they are distant from me. Alas! even the meanest of them has some beloved being whom he can clasp to his heart, and upon whom he can lavish the fondness of a father! but all that a king can give to a people is a smile, such as the sun bestows on the snowy peaks of the Grampian mountains, as distant and as ineffectual. Alas! Robin, our father used to caress us, and if he chide us it was with a tone of kindness; yet he was a monarch as well as I, and wherefore should not I be permitted, like him, to reclaim my poor prodigal by affection as well as severity?"

"Had affection never been tried, my liege," replied Albany, in the tone of one who delivers sentiments which he grieves to utter, "means of gentleness ought assuredly to be first made use of. Your Grace is best judge whether they have been long enough persevered in, and whether those of discouragement and restraint may not prove a more effectual corrective. It is exclusively in your royal power to take what measures with the Duke of Rothsay you think will be most available to his ultimate

benefit, and that of the kingdom."

"This is unkind, brother," said the King; "you indicate the painful path which you would have me pursue, yet you offer

me not your support in treading it."

"My support your Grace may ever command," replied Albany; "but would it become me, of all men on earth, to prompt to your Grace severe measures against your son and heir? Me—on whom, in case of failure—which Heaven forefend!—of your Grace's family, this fatal crown might descend? Would it not be thought and said by the fiery March and the haughty Douglas, that Albany had sown dissension between his royal brother and the heir to the Scottish throne, perhaps to clear the way for the succession of his own family?—No, my liege—I can sacrifice my life to your service, but I must not place my honor in danger."

"You say true, Robin—you say very true," replied the King, hastening to put his own interpretation upon his brother's words. "We must not suffer these powerful and dangerous lords to perceive that there is aught like discord in the royal family. That must be avoided of all things; and, therefore, we will still try indulgent measures, in hopes of correcting the follies of Rothsay. I behold sparks of hope in him, Robin,

from time to time, that are well worth cherishing. He is young—very young—a prince, and in the hey-day of his blood. We will have patience with him, like a good rider with a hot-tempered horse. Let him exhaust this idle humor, and no one will be better pleased with him than yourself. You have censured me in your kindness for being too gentle, too retired—Rothsay has no such defects."

"I will pawn my life he has not," replied Albany, dryly.

"And he wants not reflection as well as spirit," continued the poor King, pleading the cause of his son to his brother. "I have sent for him to attend council to-day, and we shall see how he acquits himself of his devoir. You yourself allow, Robin, that the Prince wants neither shrewdness nor capacity for affairs, when he is in the humor to consider them."

"Doubtless, he wants neither, my liege," replied Albany,

"when he is in the humor to consider them."

"I say so," answered the King; "and am heartily glad that you agree with me, Robin, in giving this poor bapless young man another trial. He has no mother now to plead his cause with an incensed father. That must be remembered, Albany."

"I trust," said Albany, "the course which is most agreeable to your Grace's feelings will also prove the wisest and the

best."

The Duke well saw the simple stratagem by which the King was endeavoring to escape from the conclusions of his reasoning, and to adopt, under pretence of his sanction, a course of proceedings the reverse of what it best suited him to recommend. But though he saw he could not guide his brother to the line of conduct he desired, he would not abandon the reins, but resolved to watch for a fitter opportunity of obtaining the sinister advantages to which new quarrels betwixt the King and Prince were soon, he thought, likely to give rise.

In the mean time, King Robert, afraid lest his brother should resume the painful subject from which he had just escaped, called aloud to the Prior of the Dominicans; "I hear the trampling of horse. Your station commands the courtyard, reverend father. Look from the window, and tell us who

alights-Rothsay, is it not?"

"The noble Earl of March, with his followers," said the

"Is he strongly accompanied?" said the King. "Do his people enter the inner gate?"

At the same moment, Albany whispered the King, "Fear

nothing—the Brandanes * of your household are under arms."

The King nodded thanks, while the Prior from the window answered the question he had put. "The Earl is attended by two pages, two gentlemen, and four grooms. One page follows him up the main staircase; bearing his lordship's sword. The others halt in the court, and—Benedicite, how is this?—Here is a strolling glee-woman, with her viol, preparing to sing beneath the royal windows, and in the cloister of the Dominicans, as she might in the yard of an hostelrie! I will have her pres-

ently thrust forth."

"Not so, Father," said the King. "Let me implore grace for the poor wanderer. The Joyous Science, as they call it, which they profess, mingles sadly with the distresses to which want and calamity condemn a strolling race; and in that they resemble a King, to whom all men cry, 'All hail!' while he lacks the homage and obedient affection which the poorest yeor...an receives from his family. Let the wanderer remain undisturbed, Father; and let her sing if she will to the yeomen and troopers in the court—it will keep them from quarrelling with each other, belonging, as they do, to such unruly and hostile masters."

So spoke the well-meaning and feeble-minded Prince, and the Prior bowed in acquiescence. As he spoke, the Earl of March entered the hall of audience, dressed in the ordinary riding garb of the time, and wearing his poniard. He had left in the anteroom the page of honor who carried his sword. The Earl was a well-built, handsome man, fair-complexioned, with a considerable profusion of light-colored hair, and bright blue eyes which gleamed like those of a falcon. He exhibited in his countenance, otherwise pleasing, the marks of a hasty and irritable temper, which his situation as a high and powerful feudal lord had given him but too many opportunities of indulging.

"I am glad to see you, my Lord of March," said the King, with a gracious inclination of his person. "You have been

long absent from our councils."

"My liege," answered March, with a deep reverence to the King, and a haughty and formal inclination to the Duke of Albany, "if I have been absent from your Grace's councils, it

The men of the Isle of Buts were called Brandanes; from what derivation is not quite certain, though the strong probability lies with Dr. Leyden, who deduces the name from the patron saint of the islands in the Firth of Clyde, viz., St. Brandin. The territory of Bute was the King's own patrimony, and its natives his personal followers. The noble family of Bute, to whom the island now belongs, are an ancient illegitimate branch of the royal house.

is because my place has been supplied by more acceptable, and I doubt not, abler counsellors. And now I come but to say to your Highness, that the news from the English frontier make it necessary that I should return without delay to my own estates. Your Grace has your wise and politic brother, my Lord of Albany, with whom to consult, and the mighty and warlike Earl of Douglas to carry your counsels into effect. I am of no use save in my own country; and thither, with your Highness's permission, I am purposed instantly to return, to attend my charge, as Warden of the Eastern Marches."

"You will not deal so unkindly with us, cousin," replied the gentle Monarch. "Here are evil tidings on the wind. These unhappy Highland clans are again breaking into general commotion, and the tranquillity even of our own court requires the wisest of our council to advise, and the bravest of our barons to execute, what may be resolved upon. The descendant of Thomas Randolph will not surely abandon the grandson of

Robert Bruce at such a period as this?"

"I leave with him the descendant of the far-famed James of Douglas," answered March. "It is his lordship's boast, that he never puts foot in stirrup but a thousand horse mount with him as his daily lifeguard, and I believe the monks of Aberbrothock * will swear to the fact. Surely, with all the Douglas's chivalry, they are fitter to restrain a disorderly swarm of Highland kerne, than I can be to withstand the archery of England, and power of Henry Hotspur? And then, here is his Grace of Albany, so jealous in his care of your Highness's person, that he calls your Brandanes to take arms, when a dutiful subject like myself approaches the court with a poor half-score of horse, the retinue of the meanest of the petty barons who own a tower and a thousand acres of barren heath. When such precautions are taken where there is not the slightest chance of peril-since I trust none was to be apprehended from me—your royal person will surely be suitably guarded in real danger."

"My Lord of March," said the Duke of Albany, "the meanest of the barons of whom you speak put their followers in arms, even when they receive their dearest and nearest friends within the iron gate of their castle; and, if it please Our Lady, I will not care less for the King's person than they

The complaint of the monks of Arbroath about the too great honor the Earl of Douglas had paid them in becoming their guest with a train of a thousand men, passed into a proverb, and was never forgotten when the old Scots churchmen railed at the nobility, who, in the sequel, demolished the Church, out of that earnest yearning they had long fen for her goods.



do for their own. The Brandanes are the King's immediate retainers and household servants, and an hundred of them is but a small guard round his Grace, when yourself, my lord, as well as the Earl of Douglas, often ride with ten times the number."

"My lord duke," replied March, "when the service of the King requires it, I can ride with ten times as many horse as your Grace has named; but I have never done so either traitorously to entrap the King, or boastfully to overawe other nobles."

"Brother Robert," said the King, ever anxious to be a peace-maker, "you do wrong even to intimate a suspicion of my Lord of March. And you, cousin of March, misconstrue my brother's caution.—But hark—to divert this angry parley—I hear no unpleasing touch of minstrelsy. You know the Gay Science, my Lord of March, and love it well—Step to yonder window, beside the holy Prior, at whom we make no question touching secular pleasures, and you will tell us if the music and lay be worth listening to. The notes are of France, I think—My brother of Albany's judgment is not worth a cockle-shell in such matters—so you, cousin, must report your opinion whether the poor glee-maiden deserves recompense. Our son and the Douglas will presently be here, and then, when our council is assembled, we will treat of graver matters."

With something like a smile on his proud brow, March withdrew into the recess of the window, and stood there in silence beside the Prior, like one who, while he obeyed the King's command, saw through and despised the timid precaution which it implied, as an attempt to prevent the dispute betwixt Albany and himself. The tune, which was played upon a viol, was gay and sprightly in the commencement, with a touch of the wildness of the Troubadour music. But as it proceeded, the faltering tones of the instrument, and of the female voice which accompanied it, became plaintive and interrupted, as if choked by the painful feelings of the minstrel.

The offended Earl, whatever might be his judgment in such matters on which the King had complimented him, paid, it may be supposed, little attention to the music of the female minstrel. His proud heart was struggling between the allegiance he owed his sovereign, as well as the love he still found lurking in his bosom for the person of his well-natured King, and a desire of vengeance arising out of his disappointed ambition, and the disgrace done to him by the substitution of Marjory Douglas to be bride of the heir-apparent, instead of his be-

trothed daughter. March had the vices and virtues of a hasty and uncertain character, and even now, when he came to bid the King adieu, with the purpose of renouncing his allegiance as soon as he reached his own feudal territories, he felt unwilling, and almost unable, to resolve upon a step so criminal and so full of peril. It was with such dangerous cogitations that he was occupied during the beginning of the glee-maiden's lay; but objects which called his attention powerfully as the songstress proceeded, affected the current of his thoughts, and riveted them on what was passing in the court-yard of the monastry. The song was in the Provençal dialect, well understood as the language of poetry in all the courts of Europe, and particularly in Scotland. It was more simply turned, however, than was the general cast of the Sirventes, and rather resembled the las of a Norman Minstrel. It may be translated thus ---

The Say of Post Souise.*

Ah, poor Louise! The livelong day She roams from cot to castle gay; And still her voice and viol say, Ah, maids, beware the woodland way. Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high, It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye, The woodland walk was cool and nigh, Where birds with chiming streamlets vie, To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold She met a huntsman fair and bold; His baldric was of silk and gold, And many a witching tale he told To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine Hadat thou for treasures of the mine; For peace of mind, that gift divine, And spotless innocence, were thine, Ah, poor Louise!

⁹ This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady, whose composition to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verses, Mrs. Robert Arkwright, bora Miss Kemble.

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft! I know not if by force or theft, Or part by violence, part by gift; But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succor have! She will not long your bounty crave, Or the the gay with warning stave— For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave, For poor Louise.

The song was no sooner finished, than, anxious lest the dispute should be revived betwixt his brother and the Earl of March, King Robert called to the latter, "What think you of the minstrelsy, my lord?—Methinks, as I heard it even at this distance, it was a wild and pleasing lay."

"My judgment is not deep, my lord; but the singer may dispense with my approbation, since she seems to have received that of his Grace of Rothsay—the first judge in Scotland."

"How!" said the King in alarm; "is my son below?"

"He is sitting on horseback by the glee-maiden," said March, with a malicious smile on his cheek, "apparently as much interested by her conversation as her music."

"How is this, Father Prior?" said the King. But the Prior

drew back from the lattice.

"I have no will to see, my lord, things which it would pain

me to repeat."

"How is all this?" said the King, who colored deeply, and seemed about to rise from his chair; but changed his mind, as if unwilling, perhaps, to look upon some unbecoming prank of the wild young Prince, which he might not have had heart to punish with necessary severity. The Earl of March seemed to have a pleasure in informing him of that, of which doubtless he desired to remain ignorant.

"My liege," he cried, "this is better and better. The gleemaiden has not only engaged the ear of the Prince of Scotland, as well as of every groom and trooper in the court-yard, but she has riveted the attention of the Black Douglas, whom we have not known as a passionate admirer of the Gay Science. But truly, I do not wonder at his astonishment, for the Prince has honored the fair professor of song and viol with a kiss of approbation."

"How?" cried the King, "is David of Rothsay trifling with a glee-maiden, and his wife's father in presence?—Go, my good Father Abbot, call the Prince here instantly—Go, my dearest brother."—And when they had both left the room, the King

continued, "Go, good cousin of March—there will be mischief, I am assured of it. I pray you go, cousin, and second my Lord

Prior's prayers with my commands."

"You forget, my liege," said March, with the voice of a deeply offended person; "the father of Elizabeth of Dunbar were but an unfit intercessor between the Douglas and his royal son-in-law."

"I crave your pardon, cousin," said the gentle old man.
"I own you have had some wrong—but my Rothsay will be

murdered-I must go myself."

"But as he arose precipitately from his chair, the poor King missed a footstep, stumbled and fell heavily to the ground, in such a manner, that his head striking the corner of the seat from which he had risen, he became for a minute insensible. The sight of the accident at once overcame March's resentment, and melted his heart. He ran to the fallen Monarch, and replaced him in his seat, using, in the tenderest and most respectful manner, such means as seemed most fit to recall animation. Robert opened his eyes, and gazed around with uncertainty.

"What has happened?—are we alone?—who is with us?"

"Your dutiful subject, March," replied the Earl.

"Alone with the Earl of March," repeated the King, his still disturbed intellects receiving some alarm from the name of a powerful chief, whom he had reason to believe he had mortally offended.

"Yes, my gracious liege, with poor George of Dunbar; of whom many have wished your Majesty to think ill, though he will be found truer to your royal person at the last than they

will."

"Indeed, cousin, you have had too much wrong; and, be-

lieve me, we shall strive to redress-"

"If your Grace thinks so, it may yet be righted," interrupted the Earl, catching at the hopes which his ambition suggested; "the Prince and Marjory Douglas are nearly related—the dispensation from Rome was informally granted—their marriage cannot be lawful—the Pope, who will do much for so godly a Prince, can set aside this unchristian union, in respect of the pre-contract. Bethink you well, my liege," continued the Earl, kindling with a new train of ambitious thoughts, to which the unexpected opportunity of pleading his cause personally had given rise,—"bethink you how you choose betwixt the Douglas and me. He is powerful and mighty, I grant. But George of Dunbar wears the keys of Scotland at his belt, and could bring

an English army to the gates of Edinburgh, ere Douglas could leave the skirts of Cairntable to oppose them. Your royal son loves my poor deserted girl, and hates the haughty Marjory of Douglas. Your Grace may judge the small account in which he holds her, by his toying with a common glee-maiden even in the presence of her father."

The King had hitherto listened to the Earl's argument with the bewildered feelings of a timid horseman, borne away by an impetuous steed, whose course he can neither arrest nor direct. But the last words awakened in is recollection the sense of his

son's immediate danger.

"Oh, ay, most true—my son—the Douglas. Oh, my dear cousin, prevent blood, and all shall be as you will,—Hark, there

is a tumult—that was the clash of arms!"

"By my coronet—by my knightly faith, it is true!" said the Earl, looking from the window upon the inner square of the convent, now filled with armed men and brandished weapons, and resounding with the clash of armor. The deep-vaulted entrance was crowded with warriors at its farthest extremity, and blows seemed to be in the act of being exchanged betwixt some who were endeavoring to shut the gate, and others who contended to press in.

"I will go instantly," said the Earl of March, "and soon quell this sudden broil—Humbly, I pray your Majesty to think

on what I have had the boldness to propose."

"I will, I will, fair cousin," said the King, scarce knowing to what he pledged himself—"Do but prevent tumult and bloodshed!"

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair,—
Sumy at distance gleams her smile;
Approach—the cloud of woful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the wille.
LUCINDA, A BALLAD.

We must here trace, a little more correctly, the events which had been indistinctly seen from the window of the royal apartments, and yet more indistinctly reported by those who witnessed them. The glee-maiden, already mentioned, had planted herself, where a rise of two large, broad steps, giving access to the main gateway of the royal apartments, gained her an advantage of a foot and a half in height over those in the court, of

whom she hoped to form an audience. She wore the dress of her calling, which was more gaudy than rich, and showed the, person more than did the garb of other females. She had laid aside an upper mantle, and a small basket which contained her stender stock of necessaries, and a little French spaniel dog sat beside them, as their protector. An azure-blue jacket, embroidered with silver, and sitting close to the person, was open in front, and showed several waistcoats of different colored silks, calculated to set off the symmetry of the shoulders and bosom, and remaining open at the throat. A small silver chain worn around her neck, involved itself among these brilliant colored waistcoats, and was again produced from them to display a medal of the same metal, which intimated, in the name of some court or guild of minstrels, the degree she had taken in the Gay or Joyous Science. A small scrip, suspended over her shoulders by a blue silk ribbon, hung on her left side.

Her sunny complexion, snow-white teeth, brilliant black eyes, and raven locks, marked her country lying far in the south of France, and the arch smile and dimpled chin bore the same character. Her luxuriant raven locks, twisted around a small gold bodkin, were kept in their position by a net of silk and gold. Short petticoats, deep-laced with silver, to correspond with the jacket, red stockings which were visible so high as near the calf of the leg, and buskins of Spanish leather, completed her adjustment, which, though far from new, had been saved as an untarnished holiday suit, which much care had kept in good order. She seemed about twenty-five years old; but perhaps fatigue and wandering had anticipated the touch

of time, in obliterating the freshness of early youth.

We have said the glee-maiden's manner was lively, and we may add, that her smile and repartee were ready. But her gayety was assumed as a quality essentially necessary to her trade, of which it was one of the miseries, that the professors were obliged frequently to cover an aching heart with a compelled smile. This seemed to be the case with Louise, who, whether she was actually the heroine of her own song, or whatever other cause she might have for sadness, showed at times a strain of deep melancholy thought, which interfered with and controlled the natural flow of lively spirits, which the practice of the Joyous Science especially required. She lacked also, even in her gayest sallies, the decided boldness and effrontery of her sisterhood, who were seldom at a loss to retort a hearty jest, or turn the laugh against any who interrupted or interfered with them.

It may be here remarked, that it was impossible that this class of women, very numerous in that age, could bear a character generally respectable. They were, however, protected by the manners of the time; and such were the immunities they possessed by the rights of chivalry, that nothing was more rare than to hear of such errant damsels sustaining injury or wrong, and they passed and repassed safely, where armed travellers would probably have encountered a bloody opposition. But though licensed and protected in honor of their tuneful art, the wandering minstrels, male or female, like similar ministers to the public amusement, the itinerant musicians for instance, and strolling comedians of our own day, led a life too irregular and precarious, to be accounted a creditable part of society. Indeed, among the stricter Catholics, the profession was considered as unlawful.

Such was the damsel, who, with viol in hand, and stationed on the slight elevation we have mentioned, stepped forward to the bystanders and announced herself as a mistress of the Gay Science, duly qualified by a brief from a Court of Love and Music held at Aix, in Provence, under the countenance of the flower of chivalry, the gallant Count Aymer; who now prayed that the cavaliers of merry Scotland, who were known over the wide world for bravery and courtesy, would permit a poor stranger to try whether she could afford them any amusement by her art.—The love of song was like the love of fight, a common passion of the age, which all at least affected, whether they were adually possessed by it or no; therefore the acquiescence in Louise's proposal was universal. At the same time, an aged, dark-browed monk, who was among the bystanders, thought it necessary to remind the glee-maiden, that, since she was tolerated within these precincts, which was an unusual grace, he trusted nothing would be sung or said inconsistent with the holy character of the place.

The glee-maiden bent her head low, shook her sable locks, and crossed herself reverentially, as if she disclaimed the possibility of such a transgression, and then began the song of Poor Louise, which we gave at length in the last chapter.

Just as she commenced, she was stopped by a cry of "Room

-room-place for the Duke of Rothsay!"

"Nay, hurry no man on my score," said a gallant young cavalier, who entered on a noble Arabian horse, which he managed with exquisite grace, though by such slight handling of the reins, such imperceptible pressure of the limbs and sway of the body, that to any eye save that of an experienced horse-

man; the animal seemed to be putting forth his paces for his own amusement, and thus gracefully bearing forward a rider who was too indolent to give himself any trouble about the matter.

The Prince's apparel, which was very rich, was put on with slovenly carelessness. His form, though his stature was low, and his limbs extremely slight, was elegant in the extreme; and his features no less handsome. But there was on his brow a haggard paleness, which seemed the effect of care or of dissipation, or of both these wasting causes combined. His eyes were sunk and dim, as from late indulgence in revelry on the preceding evening, while his cheek was inflamed with unnatural red, as if either the effect of the Bacchanalian orgies had not passed away from the constitution, or a morning draught had been resorted to, in order to remove the effects of the night's debauchery.

Such was the Duke of Rothsay, and heir of the Scottish crown, a sight at once of interest and compassion. All unbonneted, and made way for him, while he kept repeating carelessly, "No haste—no haste—I shall arrive soon enough at the place I am bound for.—How's this—a damsel of the Joyous Science? Ay, by St. Giles! and a comely wench to boot. Stand still, my merry-men; never was minstrelsy marred for me.—A good voice by the mass! Begin me that lay again, sweetheart."

Louise did not know the person who addressed her; but the general respect paid by all around, and the easy and indifferent manner in which it was received, showed her she was addressed by a man of the highest quality. She recommenced her lay, and sung her best accordingly; while the young Duke seemed thoughtful and rather affected towards the close of the ditty. But it was not his habit to cherish such melancholy affections. "This is a plaintive ditty, my nut-brown maid," said he, chucking the retreating glee-maiden under the chin, and detaining her by the collar of her dress, which was not difficult, as he sat on horseback so close to the steps on which she stood. "But I warrant me you have livelier notes at will, ma bella tenebrosa; ay, and canst sing in bower as well as wold, and by night as well as day."

"I am no nightingale, my lord," said Louise, endeavoring to escape a species of gallantry which ill suited the place and circumstances, a discrepancy to which he who addressed it to her seemed contemptuously indifferent.

"What hast thou there, darling?" he added, removing his hold from her collar, to the scrip which she carried.

Glad was Louise to escape his grasp, by slipping the knot of the ribbon, and leaving the little bag in the Prince's hand, as, retiring back beyond his reach, she answered, "Nuts, my lord, of the last season."

The Prince pulled out a handful of nuts accordingly. "Nuts, child! — they will break thine ivory teeth — hurt thy pretty voice," said Rothsay, cracking one with his teeth, like a village schoolbov.

"They are not the walnuts of my own sunny clime, my lord," said Louise; "but they hang low, and are within the reach of

the poor."

"You shall have something to afford you better fare, poor wandering ape," said the Duke, in a tone in which feeling predominated more than in the affected and contemptuous gallantry

of his first address to the glee-maiden.

At this moment, as he turned to ask an attendant for his purse, the Prince encountered the stern and piercing look of a tall black man, seated on a powerful iron-gray horse, who had entered the court with attendants while the Duke of Rothsay was engaged with Louise, and now remained stupefied and almost turned to stone by his surprise and anger at this unseemly spectacle. Even one who had never seen Archibald, Earl of Douglas, called the Grim, must have known him by his swart complexion, his gigantic frame, his buff-coat of bull's-hide, and his air of courage, firmness, and sagacity, mixed with indominable pride. The loss of an eye in battle, though not perceptible at first sight, as the ball of the injured organ remained similar to the other, gave yet a stern immovable glare to the whole aspect.

The meeting of the royal son-in-law with his terrible stepfather, was in circumstances which arrested the attention of all present; and the bystanders waited the issue with silence and suppressed breath, lest they should lose any part of what was to ensue.

When the Duke of Rothsay saw the expression which occupied the stern features of Douglas, and remarked that the Earl did not make the least motion towards respectful or even civil salutation, he seemed determined to show him how little respect he was disposed to pay to his displeased looks. He took his purse from his chamberlain.

"Here, pretty one," he said, "I give thee one gold piece for the song thou hast sung me, another for the nuts I have stolen from thee, and a third, for the kiss thou art about to give me. For know, my pretty one, that when fair lips (and thine for fault of better may be called so) make sweet music for my pleasure, I am sworn to Saint Valentine to press them to mine."

"My song is recompensed nobly"—said Louise, shrinking back; "my nuts are sold to a good market—farther traffic, my lord, were neither befitting you nor becoming me."

"What! you coy it, my nymph of the highway?" said the Prince, contemptuously. "Know, damsel, that one asks you a

grace who is unused to denial."

"It is the Prince of Scotland"—"the Duke of Rothsay,"—said the courtiers around to the terrified Louise, pressing forward the trembling young woman; "you must not thwart his humor."

"But I cannot reach your lordship," she said timidly, "you

sit so high on horseback."

"If I must alight," said Rothsay, "there shall be the heavier penalty—What does the wench tremble for? Place thy foot on the toe of my boot, give me hold of thy hand—Gallantly done!" He kissed her as she stood thus suspended in the air, perched upon his foot, and supported by his hand; saying, "There is thy kiss, and there is my purse to pay it; and to grace thee farther, Rothsay will wear thy scrip for the day." He suffered the frightened girl to spring to the ground, and turned his looks from her to bend them contemptuously on the Earl of Douglas, as if he had said, "All this I do in despite of you and of your daughter's claims."

"By St. Bride of Douglas!" said the Earl, pressing towards the Prince, "this is too much, unmannered boy, as void of sense as honor! You know what considerations restrain the hand of

Douglas, else had you never dared---"

"Can you play at spang-cockle, my lord?" said the Prince, placing a nut on the second joint of his forefinger, and spinning it off by a smart application of the thumb. The nut struck on Douglas's broad breast, who burst out into a dreadful exclamation of wrath, inarticulate, but resembling the growl of a lion in depth and sternness of expression. "I cry your pardon, most mighty lord," said the Duke of Rothsay, scornfully, while all around trembled; "I did not conceive my pellet could have wounded you, seeing you wear a buff-coat. Surely, I trust, it did not hit your eye?"

The Prior, despatched by the King, as we have seen in the last chapter, had by this time made way through the crowd, and laying hold on Douglas's rein, in a manner that made it impossible for him to advance, reminded him that the

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Prince was the son of his Sovereign, and the husband of his

daughter.

"Fear not, sir Prior," said Douglas, "I despise the childish boy too much to raise a finger against him. But I will return insult for insult.—Here any of you who love the Douglas,—spurn me this quean from the Monastery gates; and let her be so scourged that she may bitterly remember to the last day of her life, how she gave means to an unrespective boy to affront the Douglas!"

Four or five retainers instantly stepped forth to execute commands which were seldom uttered in vain, and heavily would Louise have atoned for an offence of which she was alike the innocent, unconscious, and unwilling instrument, had not the

Duke of Rothsay interfered.

"Spurn the poor glee-woman!" he said in high indignation; "scourge her for obeying my commands!—Spurn thine own oppressed vassals, rude Earl—scourge thine own faulty hounds—but beware how you touch so much as a dog that Rothsay hath patted on the head, far less a female whose lips he hath kissed."

Before Douglas could give an answer which would certainly have been in defiance, there arose that great tumult at the outward gate of the Monastery, already noticed, and men both on horseback and on foot began to rush headlong in, not actually fighting with each other, but certainly in no peaceable manner.

One of the contending parties, seemingly, were partisans of Douglas, known by the recognizance of the Bloody Heart, the others were composed of citizens of the town of Perth. It appeared they had been skirmishing in earnest when without the gates, but, out of respect to the sanctified ground, they lowered their weapons when they entered, and confined their strife to a war of words and mutual abuse.

The tumult had this good effect, that it forced asunder, by the weight and press of numbers, the Prince and Douglas, at a moment when the levity of the former and the pride of the latter were urging both to the utmost extremity. But now peacemakers interfered on all sides. The Prior and the Monks threw themselves among the multitude, and commanded peace in the name of Heaven, and reverence to their sacred walls, under penalty of excommunication; and their expostulations began to be listened to. Albany, who was despatched by his royal brother at the beginning of the fray, had not arrived till now on the scene of action. He instantly applied himself to Douglas, and in his ear conjured him to temper his passion.

"By St. Bride of Douglas, I will be avenged," said the Earl.
"No man shall brook life after he has passed an affront on

Douglas."

"Why so you may be avenged in fitting time," said Albany, "but let it not be said, that, like a peevish woman, the great Douglas could choose neither time nor place for his vengeance. Bethink you, all that we have labored at is like to be upset by an accident. George of Dunbar hath had the advantage of an audience with the old man; and though it lasted but five minutes, I fear it may endanger the dissolution of your family match, which we brought about with so much difficulty. The authority from Rome has not yet been obtained."

"A toy!" answered Douglas, haughtily,—" they dare not

dissolve it."

"Not while Douglas is at large and in possession of his power," answered Albany. "But, noble Earl, come with me,

and I will show you at what disadvantage you stand."

Douglas dismounted, and followed his wily accomplice in silence. In a lower hall they saw the ranks of the Brandanes drawn up, well-armed, in caps of steel and shirts of mail Their Captain, making an obeisance to Albany, seemed to desire to address him.

"What now, MacLouis?" said the Duke.

"We are informed the Duke of Rothsay has been insulted,

and I can scarce keep the Brandanes within door."

"Gallant MacLouis," said Albany, "and you, my trusty Brandanes, the Duke of Rothsay, my princely nephew, is as well as a hopeful gentleman can be. Some scuffle there has been, but all is appeased." He continued to draw the Earl of Douglas forward. "You see, my lord," he said in his ear, "that if the word arrest was to be once spoken, it would be soon obeyed, and you are aware your attendants are few for resistance."

Douglas seemed to acquiesce in the necessity of patience for the time. "If my teeth," he said, "should bite through my

lips, I will be silent till it is the hour to speak out."

George of March, in the meanwhile, had a more easy task of pacifying the Prince. "My Lord of Rothsay," he said, approaching him with grave ceremony, "I need not tell you that you owe me something for reparation of honor, though I blame not you personally for the breach of contract which has destroyed the peace of my family. Let me conjure you, by what observance your Highness may owe an injured man, to forego for the present this scandalous dispute."

"My lord, I owe you much," replied Rothsay; "but this haughty and all-controlling Lord has wounded mine honor."

"My lord, I can but add, your royal father is ill—hath

swooned with terror for your Highness's safety."

"Ill!" replied the prince—"the kind, good old man—swooned, said you, my lord of March?—I am with him in an instant."

The Duke of Rothsay sprung from his saddle to the ground, and was dashing into the palace like a grayhound, when a feeble grasp was laid on his cloak, and the faint voice of a kneeling female exclaimed—" Protection, my noble Prince!—Protection for a helpless stranger!"

"Hands off, stroller!" said the Earl of March, thrusting

the suppliant glee-maiden aside.

But the gentler Prince paused. "It is true," he said, "I have brought the vengeance of an unforgiving devil upon this helpless creature. O Heaven, what a life is mine, so fatal to all who approach me!—What to do in the hurry?—She must not go to my apartments—And all my men are such born reprobates.—Ha! thou at mine elbow, honest Harry Smith? What dost thou here?"

"There has been something of a fight, my lord," answered our acquaintance the Smith, "between the townsmen and the Southland loons who ride with the Douglas; and we have

swinged them as far as the Abbey-Gate."

"I am glad of it—I am glad of it. And you beat the

knaves fairly?"

"Fairly, does your highness ask?" said Henry. "Why, ay! We were stronger in numbers, to be sure; but no men ride better armed than those who follow the Bloody Heart. And so in a sense we beat them fairly; for, as your Highness knows, it is the Smith who makes the man-at-arms, and men with good weapons are a match for great odds."

While they thus talked, the Earl of March, who had spoken with some one near the palace-gate, returned in anxious haste.

"My Lord Duke!—My Lord Duke!—Your father is recovered, and if you haste not speedily, my Lord of Albany and

the Douglas will have possession of his royal ear."

"And if my royal father is recovered," said the thoughtless Prince, "and is holding, or about to hold, council with my gracious uncle and the Earl of Douglas, it befits neither your lordship nor me to intrude till we are summoned. So there is time for me to speak of my little business with mine honest armorer here."

"Does your Highness take it so?" said the Earl, whose sanguine hopes of a change of favor at court had been too hastily excited, and were as speedily checked,—"Then so let

it be for George of Dunbar."

He glided away with a gloomy and displeased aspect; and thus out of the two most powerful noblemen in Scotland, at a time when the aristocracy so closely controlled the throne, the reckless heir-apparent had made two enemies; the one by scornful defiance, and the other by careless neglect. He heeded not the Earl of March's departure, however, or rather he felt relieved from his importunity.

The Prince went on in indolent conversation with our armorer, whose skill in his art had made him personally

known to many of the great lords about the court.

"I had something to say to thee, Smith-Canst thou take

up a fallen link in my Milan hauberk?"

"As well, please your Highness, as my mother could take up a stitch in the nets she wove—The Milaner shall not know

my work from his own."

"Well, but that was not what I wished of thee just now," said the Prince, recollecting himself; "this poor glee-woman, good Smith, she must be placed in safety. Thou art man enough to be any woman's champion, and thou must conduct her to some place of safety."

Henry Smith was, as we have seen, sufficiently rash and daring when weapons were in question. But he had also the pride of a decent burgher, and was unwilling to place himself in what might be thought equivocal circumstances by the sober

part of his fellow-citizens.

"May it please your Highness," he said, "I am but a poor craftsman. But though my arm and sword are at the King's service, and your Highness's, I am, with reverence, no squire of dames. Your Highness will find, among your own retinue, knights and lords willing enough to play Sir Pandarus of Troy—it is too knightly a part for poor Hal of the Wynd."

"Umph—ha!"—said the Prince. "My purse, Edgar,"— (his attendant whispered him,)—"True, true, I gave it to the poor wench.—I know enough of your craft, Sir Smith, and of craftsmen in general, to be aware that men lure not hawks with empty hands; but I suppose my word may pass for the price of a good armor, and I will pay it thee, with thanks to boot, for this slight service."

"Your Highness may know other craftsmen," said the Smith; "but, with reverence, you know not Henry Gow. He

will obey you in making a weapon, or in wielding one, but he

knows nothing of this petticoat service."

"Hark thee, thou Perthshire mule," said the Prince, yet smiling while he spoke, at the sturdy punctilio of the honest burgher,—"the wench is as little to me as she is to thee. But in an idle moment, as you may learn from those about thee, if thou sawest it not thyself, I did her a passing grace, which is likely to cost the poor wretch her life. There is no one here whom I can trust to protect her against the discipline of belt and bowstring, with which the Border brutes who follow Douglas will beat her to death, since such is his pleasure."

"If such be the case, my liege, she has a right to every honest man's protection; and since she wears a petticoat,—though I would it were longer, and of a less fanciful fashion,—I will answer for her protection as well as a single man may.—

But where am I to bestow her?"

"Good faith, I cannot tell," said the Prince. "Take her to Sir John Ramorny's lodging—But, no—no—he is ill at ease, and besides, there are reasons—take her to the devil if thou wilt, but place her in safety, and oblige David of Rothsay."

"My noble Prince," said the Smith, "I think—always with reverence—that I would rather give a defenceless woman to the care of the devil than of Sir John Ramorny. But though the devil be a worker in fire like myself, yet I know not his haunts, and with aid of Holy Church hope to keep him on terms of defiance. And, moreover, how I am to convey her out of this crowd, or through the streets, in such a mumming habit, may be well made a question."

"For the leaving the convent," said the Prince, "this good monk" (seizing upon the nearest by his cowl), "Father Nich-

olas or Boniface-"

"Poor brother Cyprian, at your Highness's command," said the father.

"Ay, ay, brother Cyprian," continued the Prince, "yes. Brother Cyprian shall let you out at some secret passage which he knows of, and I will see him again to pay a Prince's thanks for it."

The churchman bowed in acquiescence, and poor Louise, who, during this debate, had looked from the one speaker to the other, hastily said, "I will not scandalize this good man with my foolish garb—I have a mantle for ordinary wear."

"Why, there, Smith, thou hast a friar's hood and a woman's mantle to shroud thee under. I would all my frailties were as well shrouded!—Farewell, honest fellow, I will thank thee

hereafter."

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Then, as if afraid of farther objection on the Smith's part

he hastened into the palace.

Henry Gow remained stupefied at what had passed, and at finding himself involved in a charge at once inferring much danger, and an equal risk of scandal, both which, joined to a principal share which he had taken, with his usual forwardness, in the fray, might, he saw, do him no small injury in the suit he pursued most anxiously. At the same time, to leave a defenceless creature to the ill-usage of the barbarous Galwegians, and licentious followers of the Douglas, was a thought which his

manly heart could not brook for an instant.

He was roused from his reverie by the voice of the Monk. who, sliding out his words with the indifference which the holy fathers entertained, or affected, towards all temporal matters, desired them to follow him. The Smith put himself in motion, with a sigh much resembling a groan, and, without appearing exactly connected with the Monk's motions, he followed him into a cloister, and through a postern-door, which, after looking once behind him, the priest left ajar. Behind them followed Louise, who had hastily assumed her small bundle, and calling her little four-legged companion, had eagerly followed in the path which opened an escape from what had shortly before seemed a great and inevitable danger.

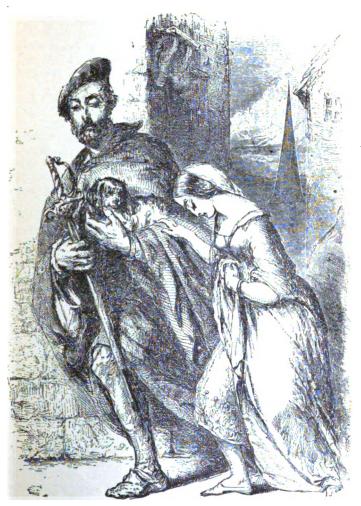
CHAPTER TWELFTH.

Then up and spak the auld gudewife, And wow! but she was grim:

'Had e'er your father done the like,
It had been ill for him."

LUCKY TRUMBULL

THE party were now, by a secret passage, admitted within the church, the outward doors of which, usually left open, had been closed against every one in consequence of the recent tumult, when the rioters of both parties had endeavored to rush into it for other purposes than those of devotion. ersed the gloomy aisles, whose arched roof resounded to the heavy tread of the armorer, but was silent under the sandal'd foot of the Monk, and the light step of poor Louise, who trembled excessively, as much from fear as cold. She saw that neither her spiritual nor temporal conductor looked kindly upon her. The former was an austere man, whose aspect



HARRY SMITH ESCORTING THE GLEE MAIDEN.

seemed to hold the luckless wanderer in some degree of horror, as well as contempt; while the latter, though, as we have seen, one of the best-natured men living, was at present grave to the pitch of sternness, and not a little displeased with having the part he was playing forced upon him, without, as he was con-

strained to feel, a possibility of his declining it.

His dislike at his task extended itself to the innocent object of his protection, and he internally said to himself, as he surveyed her scornfully,—"A proper queen of beggars to walk the streets of Perth with, and I a decent burgher! This tawdry minion must have as ragged a reputation as the rest of her sisterhood, and I am finely sped if my chivalry in her behalf comes to Catharine's ears. I had better have slain a man, were he the best in Perth; and, by hammer and nails, I would have done it on provocation, rather than convoy this baggage through the city."

Perhaps Louise suspected the cause of her conductor's anxiety, for she said, timidly and with hesitation, "Worthy sir, were it not better I should stop one instant in that chapel, and

don my mantle?"

"Umph, sweetheart, well proposed," said the armorer; but the Monk interfered, raising at the same time the finger of interdiction.

"The Chapel of Holy St. Madox is no tiring-room for jugglers and strollers to shift their trappings in. I will presently

show thee a vestiary more suited to thy condition."

The poor young woman hung down her humbled head, and turned from the chapel door which she had approached, with the deep sense of self-abasement. Her little spaniel seemed to gather from his mistress's looks and manner, that they were unauthorized intruders on the holy ground which they trod, and hung his ears, and swept the pavement with his tail, as he trotted slowly and close to Louise's heels.

The Monk moved on without a pause. They descended a broad flight of steps, and proceeded through a labyrinth of subterranean passages, dimly lighted. As they passed a low-arched door, the Monk turned, and said to Louise, with the same stern voice as before,—"There, daughter of folly, there is a robing room where many before you have deposited their

vestments!"

Obeying the least signal with ready and timorous acquiescence, she pushed the door open, but instantly recoiled with terror. It was a charnel-house, half filled with dry skulls and bones.

"I fear to change my dress there, and alone—But if you,

father, command it, be it as you will."

"Why, thou child of vanity, the remains on which thou lookest are but the earthly attire of those who, in their day, led or followed in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. And such shalt thou be, for all thy mincing and ambling, thy piping and thy harping; thou and all such ministers of frivolous and worldly pleasure, must become like these poor bones, whom thy idle nicety fears and loathes to look upon."

"Say not with idle nicety, reverend father," answered the glee-maiden, "for heaven knows, I covet the repose of these poor bleached relics; and if by stretching my body upon them, I could, without sin, bring my state to theirs, I would choose that charnel-heap for my place of rest, beyond the fairest and

softest couch in Scotland."

"Be patient, and come on," said the Monk, in a milder tone; "the reaper must not leave the harvest-work till sunset

gives the signal that the day's toil is over."

They walked forward. Brother Cyprian, at the end of a long gallery, opened the door of a small apartment, or perhaps, a chapel, for it was decorated with a crucifix, before which burned four lamps. All bent and crossed themselves; and the priest said to the minstrel maiden, pointing to the crucifix, "What says that emblem?"

"That HE invites the sinner as well as the righteous to

approach."

"Ay, if the sinner put from him his sin," said the Monk, whose tone of voice was evidently milder. "Prepare thyself

here for thy journey."

Louise remained an instant or two in the chapel, and presently reappeared in a mantle of coarse gray cloth, in which she had closely muffled herself, having put such of her more gaudy habiliments as she had time to take off, in the little

basket which had before held her ordinary attire.

The Monk presently afterwards unlocked a door which led to the open air. They found themselves in the garden which surrounded the Monastery of the Dominicans. "The southern gate is on the latch, and through it you can pass unnoticed," said the Monk. "Bless thee, my son; and bless thee too, un happy child. Remembering where you put off your idle trinkets, may you take care how you again resume them!"

"Alas, father!" said Louise, "if the poor foreigner could supply the mere wants of life by any more creditable occupation, she has small wish to profess her idle art. But—"

But the Monk had vanished, nay, the very door through which she had just passed appeared to have vanished also, so curiously was it concealed beneath a flying buttress, and among the profuse ornaments of Gothic architecture. "Here is a woman let out by this private postern, sure enough," was Henry's reflection. "Pray Heaven the good fathers never let any in! The place seems convenient for such games at bopeep. But, benedicite, what is to be done next? I must get rid of this quean as fast as I can; and I must see her safe. For let her be at heart what she may, she looks too modest, now she is in decent dress, to deserve the usage which the wild Scot of Galloway, or the Devil's legion from the Liddell, are like to afford her."

Louise stood as if she waited his pleasure which way to go. Her little dog, relieved by the exchange of the dark subterranean vault for the open air, sprung in wild gambols through the walks, and jumped upon its mistress; and even, though more timidly, circled close round the Smith's feet, to express

its satisfaction to him also, and conciliate his favor.

"Down, Charlot, down!" said the glee-maiden. "You are glad to get into the blessed sunshine; but where shall we rest

at night, my poor Charlot!"

"And now, mistress," said the Smith—not churlishly, for it was not in his nature, but bluntly, as one who is desirous to finish a disagreeable employment,—"which way lies your road?"

Louise looked on the ground, and was silent. On hang again urged to say which way she desired to be conducted, she

again looked down and said she could not tell.

"Come, come," said Henry, "I understand all that—I have been a galliard—a reveller in my day—but it's best to be plain. As matters are with me now, I am an altered man for these many, many months; and so, my quean, you and I must part sooner than perhaps a light-o'-love such as you expected to part with—a likely young fellow."

Louise wept silently, with her eyes still cast on the ground, as one who felt an insult which she had not a right to complain of. At length, perceiving that her conductor was grown impa-

tient, she faltered out, "Noble sir-"

"Sir is for a knight," said the impatient burgher, "and noble is for a baron. I am Harry of the Wynd, an honest mechanic and free of my guild."

"Good craftsman, then," said the minstrel woman, "you judge me harshly, but not without seeming cause. I would

relieve you immediately of my company, which, it may be, brings little credit to good men, did I but know which way

to go."

"To the next wake or fair, to be sure," said Henry, roughly, having no doubt that this distress was affected for the purpose of palming herself upon him, and perhaps dreading to throw himself into the way of temptation; "and that is the feast of St. Madox, at Auchterarder. I warrant thou wilt find the way thither well enough."

"Aftr—Auchter—" repeated the glee-maiden, her southern tongue in vain attempting the Celtic accentuation. "I am told my poor lays will not be understood if I go nearer to you dread-

ful range of mountains."

"Will you abide, then, in Perth?"

"But where to lodge?" said the wanderer.

"Why, where lodged you last night?" replied the Smith.
"You know where you came from surely, though you seem doubtful where you are going?"

"I slept in the hospital of the Convent. But I was only admitted upon great importunity, and I was commanded not

to return."

"Nay, they will never take you in with the ban of the Douglas upon you, that is even too true. But the Prince mentioned Sir John Ramorny's—I can take you to his lodgings through by-streets—though it is short of an honest burgher's office, and my time presses."

"I will go anywhere—I know I am a scandal and encumbrance. There was a time when it was otherwise—But this

Ramorny, who is he?"

"A courtly knight, who lives a jolly bachelor's life, and is Master of the Horse, and privado, as they say, to the young Prince."

"What! to the wild, scornful young man who gave occasion to yonder scandal?"—Oh, take me not thither, good friend!—Is there no Christian woman, who would give a poor creature rest in her cow-house, or barn, for one night? I will be gone with early day-break. I will repay her richly. I have gold—and I will repay you too, if you will take me where I may be safe from that wild reveller, and from the followers of that dark Baron, in whose eye was death."

"Keep your gold for those who lack it, mistress," said Henry, "and do not offer to honest hands the money that is won by violing, and tabouring, and toe-tripping, and perhaps worse pastimes. I tell you plainly, mistress, I am not to be fooled. I

am ready to take you to any place of safety you can name, for my promise is as strong as an iron shackle. But you cannot persuade me that you do not know what earth to make for. You are not so young in your trade as not to know there are hostelries in every town, much more in a city like Perth, where such as you may be harbored for your money, if you cannot find some gulls, more or fewer, to pay your lawing.—If you have money, mistress, my care about you need be the less; and truly, I see little but pretence in all that excessive grief, and fear of being left alone, in one of your occupation."

Having thus, as he conceived, signified that he was not to be deceived by the ordinary arts of a glee-maiden, Henry walked a few paces sturdily, endeavoring to think he was doing the wisest and most prudent thing in the world. Yet he could not help looking back to see how Louise bore his departure, and was shocked to observe that she had sunk upon a bank, with her arms resting on her knees, and her head on her arms, in

a situation expressive of the utmost desolation.

The Smith tried to harden his heart. "It is all a sham," he said; "the gouge * knows her trade—I'll be sworn, by Saint

Ringan."

At the instant, something pulled the skirts of his cloak; and, looking round, he saw the little spaniel, who immediately, as if to plead his mistress's cause, got on his hind-legs, and began to dance, whimpering at the same time, and looking back to Louise, as if to solicit compassion for his forsaken owner.

"Poor thing," said the Smith, "there may be a trick in this too, for thou dost but as thou art taught.—Yet, as I promised to protect this poor creature, I must not leave her in a swoon,

if it be one, were it but for manhood's sake."

Returning, and approaching his troublesome charge, he was at once assured, from the change of her complexion, either that she was actually in the deepest distress, or had a power of dissimulation beyond the comprehension of man—or woman either.

"Young woman," he said, with more of kindness than he had hitherto been able even to assume, "I will tell you frankly how I am placed. This is St. Valentine's Day, and, by custom, I was to spend it with my fair Valentine. But blows and quarrels have occupied all the morning, save one poor half-hour. Now, you may well understand where my heart and my thoughts are, and where, were it only in mere courtesy, my body ought to be."

^{*} Gouge, in old French, is almost equivalent to wench.

The glee-maiden listened, and appeared to comprehend him.

"If you are a true lover, and have to wait upon a chaste Valentine, God forbid that one like me should make a disturbance between you! Think about me no more. I will ask of that great river to be my guide to where it meets the ocean, where I think they said there was a seaport; I will sail from thence to La Belle France, and will find myself once more in a country in which the roughest peasant would not wrong the poorest female."

"You cannot go to Dundee to-day," said the Smith. "The Douglas people are in motion on both sides of the river, for the alarm of the morning has reached them ere now; and all this day and the next, and the whole night which is between, they will gather to their leader's standard, like Highlandmen at the fiery cross.—Do you see yonder five or six men who are riding so wildly on the other side of the river? These are Annandale men; I know them by the length of their lances, and by the way they hold them. An Annandale man never slopes his spear backwards, but always keeps the point upright, or pointed forward."

"And what of them?" said the glee-maiden. "They are men-at-arms, and soldiers:—They would respect me for my

viol and helplessness."

"I will say them no scandal," answered the Smith. "If you were in their own glens, they would use you hospitably, and you would have nothing to fear; but they are now on an expedition. All is fish that comes to their net. There are amongst them who would take your life for the value of your gold ear-rings. Their whole soul is settled in their eyes to see prey, and in their hands to grasp it. They have no ears either to hear lays of music, or listen to prayers for mercy. Besides, their leader's order is gone forth concerning you, and it is of a kind sure to be obeyed. Ay, great lords are sooner listened to if they say, 'Burn a church,' than if they say, 'Build one.'"

"Then," said the glee-woman, "I were best sit down and

die."

"Do not say so," replied the Smith. "If I could but get you a lodging for the night, I would carry you the next morning to Our Lady's Stairs, from whence the vessels go down the river for Dundee, and would put you on board with some one bound that way, who should see you safely lodged where you would have fair entertainment and kind usage."

"Good-excellent-generous man!" said the glee-maiden,

"do this, and if the prayers and blessings of a poor unfortunate should ever reach Heaven, they will rise thither in thy behalf. We will meet at yonder postern-door, at whatever time the boats take their departure."

"That is at six in the morning, when the day is but young."
"Away with you, then, to your Valentine; and if she loves

you, oh, deceive her not."

"Alas, poor damsel! I fear it is deceit hath brought thee to this pass. But I must not leave you thus unprovided. I must

know where you are to pass the night."

"Care not for that," replied Louise—" the heavens are clear—there are bushes and baskets enough by the river side; Charlot and I can well make a sleeping room of a green arbor for one night; and to-morrow will, with your promised aid, see me out of reach of injury and wrong. Oh, the night soon passes away when there is hope for to-morrow!—Do you still linger, with your Valentine waiting for you? Nay, I shall hold you but a loitering lover, and you know what belongs to a minstrel's reproaches."

"I cannot leave you, damsel," answered the armorer, now completely melted. "It were mere murder to suffer you to pass the night exposed to the keenness of a Scottish blast in February. No, no—my word would be ill kept in this manner; and if I should incur some risk of blame, it is but just penance for thinking of thee, and using thee, more according to my own prejudices, as I now well believe, than thy merits. Come with me, damsel—thou shalt have a sure and honest lodging for the night, whatsoever may be the consequence. It would be an evil compliment to my Catharine, were I to leave a poor creature to be starved to death that I might enjoy her company an hour sooner."

So saying, and hardening himself against all anticipations of the ill consequences or scandal which might arise from such a measure, the manly-hearted Smith resolved to set evil report at defiance, and give the wanderer a night's refuge in his own house. It must be added, that he did this with extreme reluctance, and in a sort of enthusiasm of benevolence.

Ere our stout son of Vulcan had fixed his worship on the Fair Maid of Perth, a certain natural wildness of disposition had placed him under the influence of Venus, as well as that of Mars; and it was only the effect of a sincere attachment which had withdrawn him entirely from such licentious pleasures. He was, therefore, justly jealous of his newly-acquired reputation for constancy, which his conduct to this poor wanderer must

expose to suspicion—a little doubtful, perhaps, of exposing himself too venturously to temptation,—and, moreover, in despair to lose so much of St. Valentine's Day which custom not only permitted but enjoined him to pass beside his mate for the season. The journey to Kinfauns, and the various transactions which followed had consumed the day, and it was now

nearly even-song time.

As if to make up by a speedy pace for the time he was compelled to waste upon a subject so foreign to that which he had most at heart, he strode on through the Dominican's gardens, entered the town, and casting his cloak around the lower part of his face, and pulling down his bonnet to conceal the upper, he continued the same celerity of movement through by-streets and lanes, hoping to reach his own house in the Wynd without being observed. But when he had continued his rate of walking for ten minutes, he began to be sensible it might be too rapid for the young woman to keep up with him. He accordingly looked behind him with a degree of angry impatience, which soon turned into compunction, when he saw that she was almost utterly exhausted by the speed which she had exerted.

"Now, marry, hang me up for a brute," said Henry to himself. "Was my own haste ever so great, could it give that poor creature wings? And she loaded with baggage too! I am an ill-nurtured beast, that is certain, wherever women are in question; and always sure to do wrong when I have the best will to act right.—Hark thee, damsel; let me carry these things for thee. We shall make better speed that I do so."

Poor Louise would have objected, but her breath was too much exhausted to express herself; and she permitted her good-natured guardian to take her little basket, which when the dog beheld, he came straight before Henry, stood up, and shook his forepaws, whining gently, as if he too wanted to be carried.

"Nay, then I must needs lend thee a lift too," said the

Smith, who saw the creature was tired.

"Fie, Charlot!" said Louise; "thou knowest I will carry thee myself."

She endeavored to take up the little spaniel, but it escaped from her; and going to the other side of the Smith, renewed

its supplication that he would take it up.

"Charlot's right," said the Smith; "he knows best who is ablest to bear him. This lets me know, my pretty one, that you have not been always the bearer of your own mail—Charlot can tell tales."

So deadly a hue came across the poor glee-maiden's countenance as Henry spoke, that he was obliged to support her, lest she should have dropped to the ground. She recovered again, however, in an instant or two, and with a feeble voice

requested her guide would go on.

"Nay, nay," said Henry, as they began to move, "keep hold of my cloak, or my arm, if it helps you forward better. A fair sight we are; and had I but a rebeck or a guitar at my back, and a jackanapes on my shoulder, we should seem as joyous a brace of strollers as ever touched string at a castle gate.—'Snails!" he ejaculated internally, "were any neighbor to meet me with this little harlotry's basket at my back, her dog under my arm, and herself hanging on my cloak, what would they think but that I had turned mumper in good earnest? I would not for the best harness I ever had laid hammer on, that any of our long-tongued neighbors met me in this guise; it were a jest would last from St. Valentine's Day to next Candlemas."

Stirred by these thoughts, the Smith, although at the risk of making much longer a route which he wished to traverse as swiftly as possible, took the most indirect and private course which he could find in order to avoid the main streets, still crowded with people, owing to the late scene of tumult and agitation. But unhappily his policy availed him nothing; for, in turning into an alley, he met a man with his cloak muffled around his face, from a desire like his own to pass unobserved. though the slight, insignificant figure, the spindle-shanks, which showed themselves beneath the mantle, and the small dull eye that blinked over its upper folds, announced the Pottingar as distinctly as if he had carried his sign in front of his bonnet. His unexpected and most unwelcome presence overwhelmed the Smith with confusion. Ready evasion was not the property of his bold, blunt temper; and knowing this man to be a curious observer, a malignant tale-bearer, and by no means well disposed to himself in particular, no better hope occurred to him, than that the worshipful apothecary would give him some pretext to silence his testimony, and secure his discretion, by twisting his neck round.

But, far from doing or saying anything which could warrant such extremities, the Pottingar, seeing himself so close upon his stalwart townsman that recognition was inevitable, seemed determined it should be as slight as possible; and without appearing to notice anything particular in the company or circumstances in which they met, he barely slid out these words as he passed him, without even a glance towards his companion after the first instant of their meeting.—"A merry holiday to you once more, stout Smith. What! thou art bringing thy cousin, pretty Mistress Joan Letham, with her mail from the waterside—fresh from Dundee, I warrant? I heard she was expected at the old cordwainer's."

As he spoke thus, he looked neither right nor left; and exchanging a "Save you!" with a salute of the same kind which the Smith rather muttered than uttered distinctly, he glided

forward on his way like a shadow.

"The foul fiend catch me, if I can swallow that pill," said Henry Smith, "how well soever it may be gilded. The knave has a shrewd eye for a kirtle, and knows a wild duck from a tame, as well as e'er a man in Perth.—He were the last in the Fair City to take sour plums for pears, or my roundabout cousin Joan for this piece of fantastic vanity. I fancy his bearing was as much as to say, 'I will not see what you might wish me blind to '—and he is right to do so, as he might easily purchase himself a broken pate by meddling with my matters—and so he will be silent for his own sake.—But whom have we next?—By St. Dunstan! the chattering, bragging, cowardly knave, Oliver Proudfute!"

It was, indeed, the bold Bonnet-maker whom they next encountered, who, with his cap on one side, and trolling the ditty of

"Thou art over-long at the pot, Tom, Tom,"

gave plain intimation that he had made no dry meal.

"Ha! my jolly Smith," he said, "have I caught thee in the manner?—What, can the true steel bend?—Can Vulcan, as the minstrel says, pay Venus back in her own coin?—Faith, thou wilt be a gay Valentine before the year's out, that begins with the holiday so jollily."

"Hark ye, Oliver," said the displeased Smith, "shut your eyes, and pass on, crony. And hark ye again, stir not your tongue about what concerns you not, as you value having an

entire tooth in your head."

"I betray counsel?—I bear tales, and that against my brother martialist?—I scorn it—I would not tell it even to my timber Soldan!—Why, I can be a wild galliard in a corner as well as thou, man—And now I think on't, I will go with thee somewhere, and we will have a rouse together, and thy Dalilah shall give us a song. Ha! said I not well?"

"Excellently," said Henry, longing the whole time to knock

his brother martialist down, but wisely taking a more peaceful way to rid himself of the incumbrance of his presence—"Excellently well!—I may want thy help, too—for here are five or six of the Douglasses before us—they will not fail to try to take the wench from a poor burgher like myself, so I will be glad of the assistance of a tearer such as thou art."

"I thank ye—I thank ye," answered the Bonnet-maker; but were I not better run, and cause ring the common bell, and get my great sword?"

"Ay, ay—run home as fast as you can, and say nothing of

what you have seen."

"Who, I?—Nay, fear me not. Pah! I scorn a tale-bearer."

"Away with you, then; I hear the clash of armor."

This put life and mettle into the heels of the Bonnetmaker, who, turning his back on the supposed danger, set off at a pace which the Smith never doubted would speedily bring him to his own house.

"Here is another chattering jay to deal with," thought the Smith; "but I have a hank over him too. The minstrels have a fabliau of a daw with borrowed feathers, why, this Oliver is the very bird, and, by St. Dunstan, if he lets his chattering tongue run on at my expense, I will so pluck him as never hawk

plumed a partridge. And this he knows."

As these reflections thronged on his mind, he had nearly reached the end of his journey; and with the glee-maiden still hanging on his cloak, exhausted partly with fear, partly with fatigue, he at length arrived at the middle of the Wynd, which was honored with his own habitation, and from which, in the uncertainty that then attended the application of surnames, he derived one of his own appellatives. Here, on ordinary days, his furnace was seen to blaze, and four half-stripped knaves stunned the neighborhood with the clang of hammer and stithy. But St. Valentine's holiday was an excuse for these men of steel having shut the shop, and for the present being absent on their own errands of devotion and pleasure. The house which adjoined to the smithy called Henry its owner; and though it was small, and situated in a narrow street, yet, as there was a large garden with fruit-trees behind it, it constituted upon the whole a pleasant dwelling. The Smith, instead of knocking or calling, which would have drawn neighbors to doors and windows, drew out a pass-key of his own fabrication, then a great and envied curiosity, and opening the door of his house, introduced his companion into his habitation.

The apartment which received Henry and the glee-maiden

was the kitchen, which served amongst those of the Smith's station for the family sitting-room, although one or two individuals, like Simon Glover, had an eating-room apart from that in which their victuals were prepared. In the corner of this apartment, which was arranged with an unusual attention to cleanliness, sat an old woman, whose neatness of attire, and the precision with which her scarlet plaid was drawn over her head, so as to descend to her shoulders on each side, might have indicated a higher rank than that of Luckie Shoolbred, the Smith's housekeeper. Yet such and no other was her designation; and not having attended mass in the morning, she was quietly reposing herself by the side of the fire, her beads, half told, hanging over her left arm; her prayers, half said, loitering upon her tongue; hex eyes, half closed, resigning themselves to slumber, while she expected the return of her foster-son, without being able to guess at what hour it was likely to happen. She started up at the sound of his entrance, and bent her eye upon his companion, at first with a look of the utmost surprise, which gradually was exchanged for one expressive of great displeasure.

"Now, the Saints bless mine eyesight, Henry Smith!"—

she exclaimed, very devoutly.

"Amen, with all my heart.—Get some food ready presently, good nurse, for I fear me this traveller hath dined but lightly."

"And again I pray that our Lady would preserve my eye-

sight from the wicked delusions of Satan!"

"So be it, I tell you, good woman. But what is the use of all this pattering and prayering? Do you not hear me? or will

you not do as I bid you?"

"It must be himself, then, whatever is of it! But oh! it is more like the foul Fiend in his likeness, to have such a baggage hanging upon his cloak.—O Harry Smith, men called you a wild lad for less things! But who would ever have thought that Harry would have brought a light leman under the roof that sheltered his worthy mother, and where his own nurse has dwelt for thirty years."

"Hold your peace, old woman and be reasonable," said the smith. "This glee-woman is no leman of mine, nor of any other person that I know of; but she is going off for Dundee to-morrow by the boats, and we must give her quarters till

then."

"Quarters!" said the old woman. "You may give quarters to such cattle if you like it yourself, Harry Wynd; but the same house shall not quarter that trumpery quean and me, and of that you may assure yourself."

"Your mother is angry with me," said Louise, misconstruing the connection of the parties. "I will not remain to give her any offence. If there is a stable or a cowhouse, an empty stall will be bed enough for Charlot and me."

"Ay ay; I am thinking it is the quarters you are best used

to," said Dame Shoolbred.

"Hark ye, Nurse Shoolbred," said the Smith. "You know I love you for your own sake, and for my mother's; but by St. Dunstan, who was a saint of my own craft, I will have the command of my own house; and if you leave me without any better reason but your own nonsensical suspicions you must think how you will have the door opened to you when you return; for you shall have no help of mine, I promise you."

Aweel, my bairn, and that will never make me risk the honest name I have kept for sixty years. It was never your mother's custom, and it shall never be mine, to take up with ranters, and jugglers, and singing women; and I am not so far to seek for a dwelling, that the same roof should cover me and

a tramping princess like that."

With this the refractory gouvernante began in great hurry to adjust her tartan mantle for going abroad, by pulling it so far forwards as to conceal the white linen cap, the edges of which bordered her shrivelled but still fresh and healthful countenance. This done, she seized upon a staff, the trusty companion of her journeys, and was fairly trudging towards the door, when the Smith stepped between her and the passage.

"Wait at least, old woman, till we have cleared scores. I

owe you for fee and bountith."

"An' that's e'en a dream of your own fool's head. What fee or bountith am I to take from the son of your mother that fed, clad, and bielded me as if I had been a sister?"

"And well you repay it nurse, leaving her only child at his

utmost need."

This seemed to strike the obstinate old woman with compunction. She stopped and looked at her master and the minstrel alternately; then shook her head, and seemed about to resume her motion towards the door.

"I only receive this poor wanderer under my roof," urged the Smith, "to save her from the prison and the scourge."

"And why should you save her?" said the inexorable Dame Shoolbred. "I dare say she has deserved them both as well as ever thief deserved a hempen collar."

"For aught I know she may, or she may not. But she cannot deserve to be scourged to death, or imprisoned till she is starved to death; and that is the lot of them that the Black

Douglas bears maltalent against."

"And you are going to thraw the Black Douglas for the sake of a glee-woman? This will be the worst of your feuds yet.—O Henry Gow, there is as much iron in your head as in your anvil!"

"I have sometimes thought this myself, Mistress Shoolbred; but if I do get a cut or two on this new argument, I wonder who is to cure them, if you run away from me like a scared wild-goose? Ay, and moreover, who is to receive my bonny bride, that I hope to bring up the Wynd one of these days?"

"Ah, Harry, Harry," said the old woman, shaking her head, "this is not the way to prepare an honest man's house for a young bride—you should be guided by modesty and discretion,

and not by chambering and wantonness."

"I tell you again, this poor creature is nothing to me. I wish her only to be safely taken care of; and I think the boldest Border-man in Perth will respect the bar of my door as much as the gate of Carlisle Castle—I am going down to Sim Glover's—I may stay there all night, for the Highland cub is run back to the hills, like a wolf-whelp as he is, and so there is a bed to spare, and father Simon will make me welcome to the use of it. You will remain with this poor creature, feed her, and protect her during the night, and I will call on her before day; and thou mayest go with her to the boat thyself an thou wilt, so thou wilt set the last eyes on her at the same time I shall."

"There is some reason in that," said Dame Shoolbred; "though why you should put your reputation in risk for a creature that would find a lodging for a silver twopence and less matter, is a mystery to me."

"Trust me with that, old woman, and be kind to the girl."

"Kinder than she deserves, I warrant you; and truly, though I little like the company of such cattle, yet I think I am less like to take harm from her than you—unless she be a witch, indeed, which may well come to be the case, as the devil is very powerful with all his wayfaring clanjamfray."

"No more a witch than I am a warlock," said the honest Smith; "a poor broken-hearted thing, that, if she hath done evil, has dreed a sore weird for it. Be kind to her—And you, my musical damsel—I will call on you to-morrow morning, and carry you to the water-side. This old woman will treat you kindly, if you say nothing to her but what becomes honest ears."

The poor minstrel had listened to this dialogue, without understanding more than its general tendency; for though she spoke English well, she had acquired the language in England itself, and the northern dialect was then, as now, of a broader and harsher character. She saw, however, that she was to remain with the old lady, and meekly folding her arms on her bosom, bent her head with humility. She next looked towards the Smith with a strong expression of thankfulness, then raising her eyes to heaven, took his passive hand, and seemed about to kiss the sinewy fingers, in token of deep and affectionate gratitude. But Dame Shoolbred did not give license to the stranger's mode of expressing her feelings. She thrust in between them; and, pushing poor Louise aside, said, "No, no, I'll have none of that work. Go into the chimney-nook, mistress, and when Harry Smith's gone, if you must have hands to kiss, you shall kiss mine as long as you like.—And you, Harry, away down to Sim Glover's, for if pretty Mistress Catharine hears of the company you have brought home, she may chance to like them as little as I do.—What's the matter now?—is the man demented-are you going out without your buckler, and the whole town in misrule?"

"You are right, dame," said the armorer; and throwing the buckler over his broad shoulders, he departed from his house

without abiding further question.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the fierce native daring which instils The stirring memory of a thousand years.

We must now leave the lower parties in our historical drama, to attend to the incidents which took place among

those of a higher rank and greater importance.

We pass from the hut of an armorer to the council-room of a monarch; and resume our story just when, the tumult beneath being settled, the angry chieftains were summoned to the royal presence. They entered, displeased with and lowering upon each other, each as exclusively filled with his own fancied in-

juries, as to be equally unwilling and unable to attend to reason or argument. Albany alone, calm and crafty, seemed prepared to use their dissatisfaction for his own purposes, and turn each incident, as it should occur, to the furtherance of his own indirect ends.

The King's irresolution, although it amounted even to timidity, did not prevent his assuming the exterior bearing becoming his situation. It was only when hard pressed, as in the preceding scene, that he lost his apparent composure. In general, he might be driven from his purpose, but seldom from his dignity of manner. He received Albany, Douglas, March, and the Prior (those ill-assorted members of his motley council), with a mixture of courtesy and loftiness, which reminded each haughty peer that he stood in the presence of his Sovereign, and compelled him to do the beseeming reverence.

Having received their salutations, the King motioned them to be seated; and they were obeying his commands when Rothsay entered. He walked gracefully up to his father, and, kneeling at his footstool, requested his blessing. Robert, with an aspect in which fondness and sorrow were ill disguised, made an attempt to assume a look of reproof, as he laid his hand on the youth's head, and said, with a sigh, "God bless thee, my thoughtless boy, and make thee a wiser man in thy future

years."

"Amen, my dearest father!" said Rothsay, in a tone of feeling such as his happier moments often evinced. He then kissed the royal hand, with the reverence of a son and a subject; and instead of taking a place at the council board, remained standing behind the King's chair, in such a position that he might, when he choose, whisper into his father's ear.

The King next made a sign to the Prior of St. Dominic to take his place at the table, on which there were writing materials, which, of all the subjects present, Albany excepted, the churchman was alone able to use.* The King then opened the purpose of their meeting by saying, with much dignity,

"Our business, my lords, respected these unhappy dissensions in the Highlands, which, we learn by our latest messengers, are about to occasion the waste and destruction of the country, even within a few miles of this our own court. But near as this trouble is, our ill fate, and the instigations of

Mr. Chrystal Croftangry had not, it must be confessed, when he indited this sentence, exactly recollected the character of Rothsay, as given by the Prior of Lock-leave.

[&]quot;A seemly person in stature, Cunnand into letterature." B. ix. cap. 23.

wicked men, have raised up one yet nearer, by throwing strife and contention among the citizens of Perth and those attendants who follow your lordships, and others our knights and nobles. I must first, therefore, apply to yourselves, my lords, to know why our court is disturbed by such unseemly contendings, and by what means they ought to be repressed?—Brother of Albany, do you tell us first your sentiments on this matter."

"Sir, our royal Sovereign and brother," said the Duke, being in attendance on your Grace's person when the fray be-

gan, I am not acquainted with its origin."

"And for me," said the Prince, "I heard no worse war-cry than a minstrel wench's ballad, and saw no more dangerous

bolts flying than hazel-nuts."

"And I," said the Earl of March, "could only perceive that the stout citizens of Perth had in chase some knaves who had assumed the Bloody Heart on their shoulders. They ran too fast to be actually the men of the Earl of Douglas."

Douglas understood the sneer, but only replied to it by one of those withering looks with which he was accustomed to intimate his mortal resentment. He spoke, however, with

haughty composure.

"My liege," he said, "must of course know it is Douglas who must answer to this heavy charge; for when was there strife or bloodshed in Scotland, but there were foul tongues to asperse a Douglas or a Douglas's man, as having given cause to them. We have here goodly witnesses. I speak not of my Lord of Albany, who has only said that he was, as well becomes him, by your Grace's side. And I say nothing of my Lord of Rothsay, who, as befits his rank, years, and understanding, was cracking nuts with a strolling musician.—He smiles—Here he may say his pleasure—I shall not forget a tie which he seems to have forgotten. But here is my Lord of March, who saw my followers flying before the clowns of Perth! I can tell that Earl, that the followers of the Bloody Heart advance or retreat, when their chieftain commands, and the good of Scotland requires."

"And I can answer"—exclaimed the equally proud Earl of March, his blood rushing into his face, when the King inter-

rupted him-

"Peace! angry lords," said the King, "and remember in whose presence you stand!—And you, my Lord of Douglas, tell us, if you can, the cause of this mutiny, and why your followers, whose general good services we are most willing to acknowledge, were thus active in private brawl!"

"I obey, my lord," said Douglas, slightly stooping a head that seldom bent. "I was passing from my lodgings in the Carthusian Convent, through the High Street of Perth, with a few of my ordinary retinue, when I beheld some of the baser sort of citizens crowding around the Cross, against which there was nailed this placard, and that which accompanies it."

He took from a pocket in the bosom of his buff-coat a human hand and a piece of parchment. The King was

shocked and agitated.

"Read," he said, "good Father Prior, and let that ghastly spectacle be removed."

The Prior read a placard to the following purpose:—

"Inasmuch as the house of a citizen of Perth was assaulted last night, being St. Valentine's Eve, by a sort of disorderly night-walkers, belonging to some company of the strangers now resident in the Fair City: And whereas this hand was struck from one of the lawless limmers in the fray that ensued, the Provost and Magistrates have directed that it should be nailed to the Cross, in scorn and contempt of those by whom such brawl was occasioned. And if anyone of knightly degree shall say that this our act is wrongfully done, I, Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, knight, will justify this cartel in knightly weapons, within the barrace; or, if anyone of meaner birth shall deny what is here said, he shall be met with by a citizen of the Fair City of Perth, according to his degree. And so God and St. John protect the Fair City!"

"You will not wonder, my lord," resumed Douglas, "that when my almoner had read to me the contents of so insolent a scroll, I caused one of my squires to pluck down a trophy so disgraceful to the chivalry and nobility of Scotland. Whereupon, it seems, some of these saucy burghers took license to hoot and insult the hindmost of my train, who wheeled their horses on them, and would soon have settled the feud, but for my positive command that they should follow me in as much peace as the rascally vulgar would permit. And thus they arrived here in the guise of flying men, when, with my command to repel force by force, they might have set fire to the four corners of this wretched borough, and stifled the insolent churls, like malicious fox-cubs in a burning brake of

furze."

There was a silence when Douglas had done speaking, until the Duke of Rothsay answered, addressing his father,—

"Since the Earl of Douglas possesses the power of burning the town where your Grace holds your court, so soon as the Provost and he differ about a night riot, or the terms of a cartel, I am sure we ought all to be thankful that he has not the will to do so."

"The Duke of Rothsay," said Douglas, who seemed resolved to maintain command of his temper, "may have reason to thank Heaven in a more serious tone than he now uses, that the Douglas is as true as he is powerful. This is a time when the subjects in all countries rise against the law. We have heard of the insurgents of the Jacquerie in France; and of Jack Straw, and Hob Miller, and Parson Ball, among the Southron, and we may be sure there is fuel enough to catch such a flame, were it spreading to our frontiers. When I see peasants challenging noblemen, and nailing the hands of the gentry to their city Cross, I will not say I fear mutiny—for that would be false—but I foresee, and will stand well prepared for it."

"And what does my Lord Douglas say," answered the Earl of March, "that this cartel has been done by churls? I see Sir Patrick Charteris's name there, and he, I ween, is of no churl's blood. The Douglas himself, since he takes the matter so warmly, might lift Sir Patrick's gauntlet without soiling of

his honor."

"My Lord of March," replied Douglas, "should speak but of what he understands. I do no injustice to the descendants of the Red Rover when I say, he is too slight to be weighed with the Douglas. The heir of Thomas Randolph might have a better claim to his answer."

"And, by my honor, it shall not miss for want of my asking

the grace," said the Earl of March, pulling his glove off.

"Stay, my lord," said the King. "Do us not so gross an injury as to bring your feud to mortal defiance here; but rather offer your ungloved hand in kindness to the noble Earl, and embrace in token of your mutual fealty to the crown of Scotland."

"Not so, my liege," answered March; "Your Majesty may command me to return my gauntlet, for that and all the armor it belongs to are at your command, while I continue to hold my Earldom of the crown of Scotland—but when I clasp Douglas it must be with a mailed hand. Farewell, my liege. My counsels here avail not, nay, are so unfavorably received, that perhaps farther stay were unwholesome for my safety. May God keep your highness from open enemies and treacherous friends!—I am for my Castle of Dunbar, from whence I think you will soon hear news. Farewell to you, my Lords

of Albany and Douglas; you are playing a high game, look you play it fairly—Farewell, poor thoughtless Prince, who are sporting like a fawn within spring of a tiger!—Farewell, all—George of Dunbar sees the evil he cannot remedy.—Adieu, all."

The King would have spoken, but the accents died on his tongue, as he received from Albany a look cautioning him to forbear. The Earl of March left the apartment, receiving the mute salutations of the members of the council whom he had severally addressed, excepting from Douglas alone, who returned to his farewell speech a glance of contemptuous defiance.

"The recreant goes to betray us to the Southron," he said; "his pride rests on his possessing that sea-worn Hold * which can admit the English into Lothian.—Nay, look not alarmed, my liege, I will hold good what I say—nevertheless, it is yet time. Speak but the word, my liege—say but 'Arrest him,' and March shall not yet cross the Earn on his traitorous journey."

"Nay, gallant Earl," said Albany, who wished rather that the two powerful lords should counterbalance each other, than that one should obtain a decisive superiority, "that were too hasty counsel. The Earl of March came hither on the King's warrant of safe-conduct, and it may not consist with my royal brother's honor to break it. Yet, if your lordship can bring

any detailed proof---"

Here they were interrupted by a flourish of trumpets.

"His Grace of Albany is unwontedly scrupulous to day," said Douglas; "but it skills not wasting words—the time is past—these are March's trumpets, and I warrant me he rides at flight-speed so soon as he passes the South Port. We shall hear of him in time; and if it be as I have conjectured, he shall be met with though all England backed his treachery."

"Nay, let us hope better of the noble Earl," said the King, no way displeased that the quarrel betwixt March and Douglas had seemed to obliterate the traces of the disagreement betwixt Rothsay and his father-in-law; "he hath a fiery but not a sullen temper—In some things he has been—I will not say wronged—but disappointed—and something is to be allowed to the resentment of high blood armed with great power. But thank Heaven, all of us who remain are of one sentiment, and, I may say, of one house; so that, at least, our councils cannot now be thwarted with disunion.—Father Prior, I pray

[•] The Castle of Dunbar.

you take your writing materials, for you must as usual be our clerk of council.—And now to business, my lords—and our first object of consideration must be this Highland cumber."

"Between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele," said the Prior; "which, as our last advices from our brethren at Dunkeld inform us, is ready to break out into a more formidable warfare than has yet taken place between these sons of Belial, who speak of nothing else than of utterly destroying one another. Their forces are assembling on each side, and not a man, claiming in the tenth degree of kindred, but must repair to the Brattach* of his tribe, or stand to the punishment of fire and sword. The fiery cross hath flitted about like a meteor in in every direction, and awakened strange and unknown tribes beyond the distant Murray Firth-may Heaven and St. Dominic be our protection! But if your lordships cannot find a remedy for the evil, it will spread broad and wide, and the patrimony of the Church must in every direction be exposed to the fury of these Amalekites, with whom there is as little devotion to Heaven, as there is pity or love to their neighbors-may Our Lady be our guard!-We hear some of them are yet utter heathens, and worship Mahound and Termagaunt."

"My lords and kinsmen," said Robert, "ye have heard the urgency of this case, and may desire to know my sentiments before you deliver what your own wisdom shall suggest. And, in sooth, no better remedy occurs to me than to send two commissioners, with full power from us to settle such debates as be among them; and at the same time to charge them, as they shall be answerable to the law, to lay down their arms, and forbear all practices of violence against each other."

"I approve of your Grace's proposal," said Rothsay; "and I trust the good Prior will not refuse the venerable station of envoy upon this peace-making errand. And his reverend brother, the Abbot of the Carthusian convent, must contend for an honor, which will certainly add two most eminent recruits to the large army of martyrs, since the Highlanders little regard the distinction betwixt clerk and layman, in the ambassadors whom you send to them."

"My royal Lord of Rothsay," said the Prior, "if I am destined to the blessed crown of martyrdom, I shall be doubt-

Standard—literally cloth. The Lowland language still retains the word brat, which, however, is only now applicable to a child's pinafore, or a coarse towel. To such mean effices may words descend.

less directed to the path by which I am to attain it. Meantime, if you speak in jest, may Heaven pardon you, and give you light to perceive that it were better buckle on your arms to guard the possessions of the Church, so perilously endangered, than to employ your wit in taunting her ministers and servants."

"I taunt no one, Father Prior," said the youth, yawning; "nor have I much objection to taking arms, excepting that they are a somewhat cumbrous garb, and in February a furred mantle is more suiting to the weather than a steel corselet. And it irks me the more to put on cold harness in this nipping weather, that, would but the Church send a detachment of their saints (and they have some Highland ones well known in this district, and, doubtless, used to the climate), they might fight their own battles, like merry St. George of England. But I know not how it is, we hear of their miracles when they are propitiated, and of their vengeance, if anyone trespasses on their patrimonies, and these are urged as reasons for extending their lands by large largesses; and yet if there come down but a band of twenty Highlanders, bell, book, and candle make no speed, and the belted baron must be fain to maintain the Church in possession of the lands which he has given to her, as much as if he himself still enjoyed the fruits of them."

"Son David," said the King, "you give an undue license

to your tongue."

"Nay, sir, I am mute," replied the Prince. "I had no purpose to disturb your Highness, or displease the Father Prior, who, with so many miracles at his disposal, will not face,

as it seems, a handful of Highland caterans."

"We know," said the Prior, with suppressed indignation, "from what source these vile doctrines are derived, which we hear with horror from the tongue that now utters them. When princes converse with heretics, their minds and manners are alike corrupted. They show themselves in the streets as the companions of maskers and harlots, and in the council as the scorners of the Church, and of holy things."

"Peace, good Father!" said the King. "Rothsay shall make amends for what he has idly spoken. Alas! let us take counsel in friendly fashion, rather than resemble a mutinous crew of mariners in a sinking vessel, when each is more intent on quarrelling with his neighbors, than in assisting the exertions of the forlorn master for the safety of the ship.—My Lord of Douglas, your house has been seldom to lack, when the crown

of Scotland desired either wise counsel or manly achievement;

I trust you will help us in this strait?"

"I can only wonder that the strait should exist, my lord," answered the haughty Douglas. "When I was intrusted with the lieutenancy of the kingdom, there were some of these wild clans came down from the Grampians. I troubled not the council about the matter, but made the Sheriff, Lord Ruthven, get to horse with the forces of the Carse—the Hays, the Lindsays, the Ogilvies, and other gentlemen. By St. Bride! when it was steel coat to frieze mantle, the thieves knew what lances were good for, and whether swords had edges or no. There were some three hundred of their best bonnets, besides that of their chief, Donald Cormac,* left on the Moor of Thorn, and in Rochinroy wood; and as many were gibbeted at Houghman Stairs, which has still the name from the hangman work that was done there. This is the way men deal with thieves in my country; and if gentler methods will succeed better with these Earish knaves, do not blame Douglas for speaking his mind.— You smile, My Lord of Rothsay. May I ask how I have a second time become your jest, before I have replied to the first which you passed on me?

"Nay, be not wrathful, my good Lord of Douglas," answered the Prince; "I did but smile to think how your princely retinue would dwindle, if every thief were dealt with as the poor

Highlanders at Houghman Stairs."

The King again interfered, to prevent the Earl from giving an angry reply. "Your lordship," said he to Douglas, "advises wisely, that we should trust to arms when these men come out against our subjects on the fair and level plain; but the difficulty is to put a stop to their disorders while they continue to lurk within their mountains. I need not tell you that the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele are great confederacies, consisting each of various tribes, who are banded together, each to support their own separate league, and who of late have had dissensions which have drawn blood wherever they have met, whether individually or in bands. The whole country is torn to pieces by their restless feuds."

"I cannot see the evil of this," said the Douglas; "the ruffians will destroy each other, and the deer of the Highlands will increase as the men diminish. We shall gain as hunters

the exercise we lose as warriors."

"Rather say, that the wolves will increase as the men diminish," replied the King.

Some authorities place this skirmish to late as 1443.

"I am content," said Douglas;—" better wild wolves than wild Caterans.—Let there be strong forces maintained along the Earish frontier, to separate the quiet from the disturbed country. Confine the fire of civil war within the Highlands; let it spend its uncontrolled fury, and it will be soon burnt out for want of fuel. The survivors will be humbled, and will be more obedient to a whisper of your Grace's pleasure, than their fathers, or the knaves that now exist, have been to your strictest commands."

"This is wise but ungodly counsel," said the Prior, shaking his head; "I cannot take it upon my conscience to recommend it. It is wisdom, but it is the wisdom of Ahithophel, crafty at

once and cruel."

"My heart tells me so"—said the King, laying his hand on his breast; "my heart tells me that it will be asked of me at the awful day, 'Robert Stewart, where are the subjects I have given thee?' it tells me, that I must account for them all, Saxon and Gael, Lowland, Highland, and Border man; that I will not be required to answer for those alone who have wealth and knowledge, but for those also who were robbers because they were poor, and rebels because they were ignorant."

"Your Highness speaks like a Christian King," said the Prior: "but you bear the sword as well as the sceptre, and this

present evil is of a kind which the sword must cure."

"Hark ye, my lords," said the Prince, looking up as if a gay thought had suddenly struck him,—" Suppose we teach these savage mountaineers a strain of chivalry? It were no hard matter to bring these two great commanders, the captain of the Clan Chattan, and the chief of the no less doughty race of the Clan Quhele, to defy each other to mortal combat. They might fight here in Perth—we would lend them horse and armor: thus their feud would be stanched by the death of one, or probably both, of the villains (for I think both would break their necks in the first charge), my father,'s godly desire of saving blood would be attained, and we should have the pleasure of seeing such a combat between two savage knights, for the first time in their lives wearing breeches, and mounted on horses, as has not been heard of since the days of King Arthur."

"Shame upon you, David!" said the King. "Do you make the distress of your native country, and the perplexity of our

councils, a subject for buffoonery?"

"If you will pardon me, royal brother," said Albany, "I think, that though my princely nephew hath started this thought

in a jocular manner, there may be something wrought out of it,

which might greatly remedy this pressing evil."

"Good brother," replied the King, "it is unkind to expose Rothsay's folly by pressing further his ill-timed jest. We know the Highland clans have not our customs of chivalry, nor the

habit or mode of doing battle which these require."

"True, your Grace," answered Albany; "yet I speak not in scorn, but in serious earnest. True, the mountainzers have not our forms and mode of doing battle in the lists, but they have those which are as effectual to the destruction of human life; and so that the mortal game is played, and the stake won and lost, what signifies it whether these Gael fight with sword and lance, as becomes belted knights, or with sand-bags, like the crestless churls of England, or butcher each other with knives and skeans, in their own barbarous fashion? Their habits, like our own, refer all disputed rights and claims to the decision of battle. They are as vain, too, as they are fierce; and the idea that these two clans would be admitted to combat in presence of your Grace and of your court, will readily induce them to refer their difference to the fate of battle, even were such rough arbitrament less familiar to their customs, and that in any such numbers as shall be thought most convenient. must take care that they approach not the court, save in such a fashion and number that they shall not be able to surprise us; and that point being provided against, the more that shall be admitted to combat upon either side, the greater will be the slaughter among their bravest and most stirring men, and the more the chance of the Highlands being quiet for some time to come."

"This were a bloody policy, brother," said the King; "and again I say, that I cannot bring my conscience to countenance the slaughter of these rude men, that are so little better than so

many benighted heathens."

"And are the ir lives more precious," asked Albany, "than those of nobles and gentlemen who by your Grace's license are so frequently admitted to fight in barrace, either for the satisfy-

ing of disputes at law, or simply to acquire honor?"

The King, thus hard pressed, had little to say against a custom so engrafted upon the laws of the realm and the usages of chivalry, as the trial by combat; and he only replied, "God knows, I have never granted such license as you urge me with, unless with the greatest repugnance; and that I never saw mea have strife together to the effusion of blood, but I could have wished to appease it with the shedding of my own."

"But, my gracious lord," said the Prior, "it seems that if

we follow not some such policy as this of my Lord of Albany, we must have recourse to that of the Douglas; and, at the risk of the dubious event of battle, and with the certainty of losing many excellent subjects, do, by means of the Lowland swords, that which these wild mountaineers will otherwise perform with their own hand.—What says my Lord of Douglas to the policy of his Grace of Albany?"

"Douglas," said the haughty lord, "never counselled that to be done by policy which might be attained by open force. He remains by his opinion, and is willing to march at the head of his own followers, with those of the Barons of Perthshire and the Carse; and either bring these Highlanders to reason or subjection, or leave the body of a Douglas among their savage

wildernesses."

"It is nobly spoken, my Lord of Douglas," said Albany; "and well might the King rely upon thy undaunted heart, and the courage of thy resolute followers. But see you not how soon you may be called elsewhere, where your presence and services are altogether indispensable to Scotland and her Monarch? Marked you not the gloomy tone in which the fiery March limited his allegiance and faith to our Sovereign here present, to that space for which he was to remain King Robert's vassal? And did not you yourself suspect that he was plotting a transference of his allegiance to England?—Other chiefs, of subordinate power and inferior fame, may do battle with the Highlanders; but if Dunbar admit the Percys and their Englishmen into our frontiers, who will drive them back if the Douglas be elsewhere?"

"My sword," answered Douglas, "is equally at the service of his Majesty, on the frontier, or in the deepest recesses of the Highlands. I have seen the backs of the proud Percy and George of Dunbar ere now, and I may see them again. And if it is the king's pleasure I should take measures against this probable conjunction of stranger and traitor, I admit that, rather than trust to an inferior or feeble hand the important task of settling the Highlands, I would be disposed to give my opinion in favor of the policy of my Lord of Albany, and suffer those savages to carve each other's limbs, without giving barons and knights the trouble of hunting them down."

"My Lord of Douglas," said the Prince, who seemed determined to omit no opportunity to gall his haughty father-in-law, does not choose to leave to us Lowlanders even the poor crumbs of honor which might be gathered at the expense of the Highland kerne, while he, with his Border chivalry, reaps

the full harvest of victory over the English. But Percy hath seen men's backs as well as Douglas; and I have known as great wonders as that he who goes forth to seek such wool should come back shorn."

"A phrase," said Douglas, "well becoming a prince, who speaks of honor with a wandering harlot's scrip in his bonnet

by way of favor."

"Éxcuse it, my lord," said Rothsay; "men who have matched unfittingly become careless in the choice of those whom they love par amours. The chained dog must snatch at the nearest bone."

"Rothsay, my unhappy son!" exclaimed the King, "art thou mad? or wouldst thou draw down on thee the full storm of a king and father's displeasure?"

"I am dumb," returned the Prince, "at your Grace's com-

mand."

"Well, then, my Lord of Albany," said the King, "since such is your advice, and since Scottish blood must flow, how, I pray you, are we to prevail on these fierce men to refer their

quarrel to such a combat as you propose?"

"That, my liege," said Albany, "must be the result of more mature deliberation. But the task will not be difficult. Gold will be needful to bribe some of the bards and principal counsellors and spokesmen. The chiefs, moreover, of both these leagues must be made to understand that, unless they agree to this amicable settlement—"

"Amicable, brother !" said the King, with emphasis.

"Ay, amicable, my liege," replied his brother, "since it is better the country were placed in peace, at the expense of losing a score or two of highland kernes, than remain at war till as many thousands are destroyed by sword, fire, famine, and all the extremities of mountain battle. To return to the purpose; I think that the first party to whom the accommodation is proposed will snatch at it eagerly; that the other will be ashamed to reject an offer to rest the cause on the swords of their bravest men; that the national vanity, and factious hate to each other, will prevent them from seeing our purpose in adopting such a rule of decision; and that they will be more eager to cut each other to pieces, than we can be to halloo them on.—And now, as our councils are finished, so far as I can aid, I will withdraw."

"Stay yet a monent," said the Prior, "for I also have a grief to disclose, of a nature so black and horrible, that your Grace's pious heart will hardly credit its existence; and I state it mourn fully, because, as certain as that I am an unworthy servent of St. Dominic, it is the cause of the displeasure of Heaven against this poor country; by which our victories are turned into defeat, our gladness into mourning, our councils distracted with disunion, and our country devoured by civil war."

"Speak, reverend Prior," said the King; "assuredly if the cause of such evils be in me, or in my house, I will take instant

care to their removal."

He uttered these words with a faltering voice, and eagerly waited for the Prior's reply, in the dread, no doubt, that it might implicate Rothsay in some new charge of folly or vice. His apprehensions perhaps deceived him, when he thought he saw the churchman's eye rest for a moment on the Prince before he said in a solemn tone—"Heresy, my noble and gracious liege, heresy is among us. She snatches soul after soul from the congregation, as wolves steal lambs from the sheepfold."

"There are enough of shepherds to watch the fold," answered the Duke of Rothsay. "Here are four convents of regular monks alone around this poor hamlet of Perth, and all the secular clergy besides. Methinks a town so well garrisoned should

be fit to keep out an enemy."

"One traitor in a garrison, my lord," answered the Prior, can do much to destroy the security of a city which is guarded by legions; and if that one traitor is, either from levity, or love of novelty, or whatever other motive, protected and fostered by those who should be most eager to expel him from the fortress, his opportunities of working mischief will be incalculably increased."

"Your words seem to aim at some one in this presence, Father Prior," said the Douglas; "if at me, they do me foul wrong. I am well aware that the Abbot of Aberbrothock hath made some ill-advised complaints, that I suffered not his beeves to become too many for his pastures, or his stock of grain to burst the girnels of the Monastery, while my followers lacked beef, and their horses corn. But bethink you, the pastures and corn-fields which produced that plenty were bestowed by my ancestors on the house of Aberbrothock, surely not with the purpose that their descendant should starve in the midst of it; and neither will he, by St. Bride! But for heresy and false docrine," he added, striking his large hand heavily on the counciltable, "who is it that dare tax the Douglas? I would not have poor men burned for silly thoughts; but my hand and sword are ever ready to maintain the Christian faith."

"My lord, I doubt it not," said the Prior; "so hath it ever

been with your most noble house. For the Abbot's complaints, they may pass to a second day. But what we now desire, is a commission to some noble lord of state, joined to others of Holy Church, to support by strength of hand, if necessary, the inquiries which the reverend official of the bounds, and other grave prelates, my unworthy self being one, are about to make into the cause of the new doctrines, which are now deluding the simple, and depraving the pure and precious faith, approved by the Holy Father and his reverend predecessors."

"Let the Earl of Douglas have a royal commission to this effect," said Albany; "and let there be no exception whatever from his jurisdiction, saving the royal person. For my own part, although conscious that I have neither in act nor thought received or encouraged a doctrine which Holy Church hath not sanctioned, yet I should blush to claim an immunity under the blood-royal of Scotland, lest I should seem to be seeking refuge

against a crime so horrible."

"I will have nought to do with it," said Douglas; "to march against the English, and the Southron traitor March, is task enough for me. Moreover, I am a true Scotsman, and will not give way to aught that may put the Church of Scotland's head farther into the Roman yoke, or make the baron's coronet stoop to the mitre and cowl. Do you, therefore, most noble Duke of Albany, place your own name in the commission; and I pray your Grace so to mitigate the zeal of the men of Holy Church, who may be associated with you, that there be no over zealous dealings; for the smell of a fagot on the Tay would bring back the Douglas from the walls of York."

The Duke hastened to give the Earl assurance that the com-

mission should be exercised with lenity and moderation.

"Without a question," said King Robert, "the commission must be ample; and, did it consist with the dignity of our crown, we would not ourselves decline its jurisdiction. But we trust, that while the thunders of the Church are directed against the vile authors of these detestable heresies, there shall be measures of mildness and compassion taken with the unfortunate victims of their delusions."

"Such is ever the course of Holy Church, my lord," said

the Prior of St. Dominic's.

"Why, then, let the commission be expedited with due care, in name of our brother Albany, and such others as shall be deemed convenient," said the King.—"And now once again let us break up our council; and, Rothsay, come thou with me, and lend me thine arm—I have matter for thy private ear."

"Ho, la!"—here exclaimed the Prince, in the tone in which he would have addressed a managed horse.

"What means this rudeness, boy?" said the King; "wilt

thou never learn reason and courtesy?"

"Let me not be thought to offend, my liege," said the Prince; "but we are parting without learning what is to be done in the passing strange adventure of the dead hand, which the Douglas hath so gallantly taken up. We shall sit but uncomfortable here at Perth, if we are at variance with the citizens."

"Leave that to me," said Albany. "With some little grant of lands and money, and plenty of fair words, the burghers may be satisfied for this time; but it were well that the barons and their followers, who are in attendance on the court, were

warned to respect the peace within burgh."

"Surely we would have it so," said the King; "let strict

orders be given accordingly."

"It is doing the churls but too much grace," said the Douglas; "but be it at your Highness's pleasure. I take leave to retire."

"Not before you taste a flagon of Gascon wine, my lord!"

said the King.

"Pardon," replied the Earl, "I am not athirst; and I drink not for fashion, but either for need or for friendship." So say-

ing he departed.

The King, as if relieved by his absence, turned to Albany, and said, "And now, my lord, we should chide this truant Rothsay of ours; yet he hath served us so well at council, that we must receive his merits as some atonement for his follies."

"I am happy to hear it," answered Albany, with a countenance of pity and incredulity, as if he knew nothing of the sup-

posed services.

"Nay, brother, you are dull," said the King, "for I will not think you envious. Did you not note that Rothsay was the first to suggest the mode of settling the Highlands, which your experience brought indeed into better shape, and which was generally approved of—and even now we had broken up, leaving a main matter unconsidered, but that he put us in mind of the affray with the citizens?"

"I nothing doubt, my liege," said the Duke of Albany, with the acquiescence which he saw was expected, "that my royal

nephew will soon emulate his father's wisdom."

"Or," said the Duke of Rothsay, "I may find it easier to borrow from another member of my family, that happy and

comtortable cloak of hypocrisy which covers all vices, and then

it signifies little whether they exist or not."

"My Lord Prior," said the Duke, addressing the Dominican, "we will for a moment pray your reverence's absence. The King and I have that to say to the Prince, which must have no further audience, not even yours."

The Dominican bowed and withdrew.

When the two royal brothers and the Prince were left together, the King seemed in the highest degree embarrassed and distressed; Albany sullen and thoughtful; while Rothsay himself endeavored to cover some anxiety under his usual appearance of levity. There was a silence of a minute. At length Albany spoke-

"Royal brother," he said, "my princely nephew entertains with so much suspicion any admonition coming from my mouth, that I must pray your Grace yourself to take the trouble of

telling him what it is most fitting he should know."

"It must be some unpleasant communication, indeed, which my Lord of Albany cannot wrap up in honeyed words," said the Prince.

"Peace with thine effrontery, boy," answered the King, passionately. "You asked but now of the quarrel with the citizens.—Who caused that quarrel, David?—what men were those who scaled the window of a peaceful citizen and liegeman, alarmed the night with torch and outcry, and subjected our subjects to danger and affright?"

"More fear than danger, I fancy," answered the Prince; but how can I of all men tell who made this nocturnal dis-

turbance?"

"There was a follower of thine own there," continued the King; "a man of Belial, whom I will have brought to condign punishment."

"I have no follower, to my knowledge, capable of deserving

your Highness's displeasure," answered the Prince.

"I will have no evasions, boy—Where wert thou on St. Valentine's Eve?"

"It is to be hoped that I was serving the good Saint, as a man of mould might," answered the young man, carelessly.

"Will my royal nephew tell us how his Master of the Horse was employed upon that holy eve?" said the Duke of Albany.

"Speak, David—I command thee to speak," said the King.
"Ramorny was employed in my service——I think that

answer may satisfy my uncle."

"But it will not satisfy me," said the angry father. "God knows I never coveted man's blood, but that Ramorny's head I will have, if law can give it. He has been the encourager and partaker of all thy numerous vices and follies. I will take care he shall be so no more.—Call MacLouis with a guard!"

"Do not injure an innocent man," interposed the Prince, desirous at every sacrifice to preserve his favorite from the menaced danger—"I pledge my word that Ramorny was employed in business of mine, therefore could not be engaged in

this brawl."

"False equivocator that thou art!" said the King, presenting to the Prince a ring, "behold the signet of Ramorny, lost in the infamous affray! It fell into the hands of a follower of the Douglas, and was given by the Earl to my brother. Speak not for Ramorny, for he dies; and go thou from my presence, and repent the flagitious counsels which could make thee stand before me with a falsehood in thy mouth.—Oh, shame, David, shame! as a son, thou hast lied to thy father; as a knight, to the head of thy order."

The Prince stood mute, conscience-struck, and self-con victed. He then gave way to the honorable feelings which at bottom he really possessed, and threw himself at his father's feet.

"The false knight," he said, "deserves degradation, the disloyal subject death; but, oh! let the son crave from the father pardon for the servant who did not lead him into guilt, but who reluctantly plunged himself into it at his command! Let me bear the weight of my own folly, but spare those who have been my tools rather than my accomplices. Remember, Ramorny was preferred to my service by my sainted mother."

"Name her not, David, I charge thee!" said the King; she is happy that she never saw the child of her love stand

before her doubly dishonored, by guilt and by falsehood."

"I am indeed unworthy to name her," said the Prince; and yet, my dear father, in her name I must petition for Ra-

morny's life."

"If I might offer my counsel," said the Duke of Albany, who saw that a reconciliation would soon take place betwirt the father and son, "I would advise that Ramorny be dismissed from the Prince's household and society, with such farther penalty as his imprudence may seem to merit. The public will be contented with his disgrace, and the matter will be easily accommodated or stifled, so that his Highness do not attempt to screen his servant."

"Wilt thou, for my sake, David," said the King, with a faltering voice, and the tear in his eye, "dismiss this dangerous man? for my sake, who could not refuse thee the heart out of my bosom?"

"It shall be done, my father—done instantly," the Prince replied; and seizing the pen, he wrote a hasty dismissal of Ramorny from his service, and put it into Albany's hands. "I would I could fulfil all your wishes as easily, my royal father," he added, again throwing himself at the King's feet, who raised him up, and fondly folded him in his arms.

Albany scowled, but was silent; and it was not till after the space of a minute or two, that he said, "This matter being so happily accommodated, let me ask if your Majesty is pleased to attend the Even-song service in the chapel?"

"Surely," said the King. "Have I not thanks to pay to God, who has restored union to my family? You will go with

us, brother?"

"So please your Grace to give me leave of absence—No," said the Duke. "I must concert with the Douglas, and others, the manner in which we may bring these Highland vultures to our lure."

Albany retired to think over his ambitious projects, while the father and son attended divine service, to thank God for their happy reconciliation.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Will you go to the Hielands, Lizzy Lyndesay, Will you go to the Hielands wi' me? Will you go to the Hielands, Lizzy Lyndesay, My bride and my darling to be?

OLD BALLAD.

A FORMER chapter opened in the royal confessional; we are now to introduce our readers to a situation somewhat similar, though the scene and persons were very different. Instead of a Gothic and darkened apartment in a monastery, one of the most beautiful prospects in Scotland lay extended beneath the hill of Kinnoul, and at the foot of a rock which commanded the view in every direction, sat the Fair Maid of Perth, listening in an attitude of devout attention to the instructions of a Carthusian Monk, in his white gown and scapular, who con-

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cluded his discourse with prayer, in which his proselyte de-

voutly joined.

When they had finished their devotions, the priest sat for some time with his eyes fixed on the glorious prospect, of which even the early and chilly season could not conceal the beauties, and it was some time ere he addressed his attentive companion.

"When I behold," he said at length, "this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my daughter, whether most to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers and ruffians."

"Yet surely, my Father, there is room for comfort," replied Catharine, "even in the very prospect we look upon. Yonder four goodly convents, with their churches, and their towers, which tell the citizens, with brazen voice, that they should think on their religious duties;—their inhabitants, who have separated themselves from the world, its pursuits and its pleasures, to dedicate themselves to the service of Heaven,—all bear witness, that if Scotland be a bloody and a sinful land, she is yet alive and sensible to the claims which religion demands of the human race."

"Verily, daughter," answered the priest, "what you say seems truth; and yet, nearly viewed, too much of the comfort you describe will be found delusive. It is true, there was a period in the Christian world, when good men, maintaining themselves by the work of their hands, assembled together, not that they might live easily or sleep softly, but that they might strengthen each other in the Christian faith, and qualify themselves to be teachers of the word to the people. Doubtless there are still such to be found in the holy edifices on which we now look. But it is to be feared that the love of many has waxed cold. Our churchmen have become wealthy, as well by the gifts of pious persons as by the bribes which wicked men have given in their ignorance, imagining that they can purchase that pardon by endowments to the Church, which Heaven has only offered to sincere penitents. And thus, as the Church waxeth rich, her doctrines have unhappily become dim and obscure, as a light is less seen if placed in a lamp of chased gold than beheld through a screen of glass. God knows, if I see these things and mark them, it is from no wish of singularity, or desire to make myself a teacher in Israel; but because

the fire burns in my bosom, and will not permit me to be sileut. I obey the rules of my order, and withdraw not myself from its austerities. Be they essential to our salvation, or be they mere formalities, adopted to supply the want of real penitence and sincere devotion, I have promised, nay, vowed, to observe them; and they shall be respected by me the more, that otherwise I might be charged with regarding my bodily ease, when Heaven is my witness how lightly I value what I may be called on to act or suffer, if the purity of the Church could be restored, or the discipline of the priesthood replaced in its primitive simplicity."

"But, my Father," said Catharine, "even for these opinions men term you a Lollard and a Wickliffite, and say it is your desire to destroy churches and cloisters, and restore the religion

of Heathenesse."

"Even so, my daughter, am I driven to seek refuge in hills and rocks, and must be presently contented to take my flight amongst the rude Highlanders, who are thus far in a more gracious state than those I leave behind me, that theirs are crimes of ignorance, not of presumption. I will not omit to take such means of safety and escape from their cruelty, as Heaven may open to me; for while such appear, I shall account it a sign that I have still a service to accomplish. But when it is my Master's pleasure, He knows how willingly Clement Blair will lay down a vilified life upon earth, in humble hope of a blessed exchange hereafter.—But wherefore dost thou look northward so anxiously, my child?—thy young eyes are quicker than mine—dost thou see anyone coming?"

"I look, Father, for the Highland youth, Conachar, who will be thy guide to the hills, where his father can afford thee a safe, if a rude retreat. This he has often promised, when we spoke of you and of your lessons—I fear he is now in company

where he will soon forget them."

"The youth hath sparkles of grace in him," said Father Clement; "although those of his race are usually too much devoted to their own fierce and savage customs, to endure with patience either the restraints of religion or those of the social law.—Thou hast never told me, daughter, how, contrary to all the usages either of the burgh or of the mountains, this youth came to reside in thy father's house?"

"All I know touching that matter," said Catharine, "is, that his father is a man of consequence among those hill men, and that he desired as a favor of my father, who hath had dealings with them in the way of his merchandise, to keep

this youth for a certain time; and that it is only two days since they parted, as Conachar was to return home to his own mountains."

"And why has my daughter," demanded the priest, "maintained such a correspondence with this Highland youth, that she should know how to send for him when she desired to use his services in my behalf? Surely this is much influence for a maiden to possess over such a wild colt as this youthful mountaineer."

Catharine, blushed and answered with hesitation, "If I have had any influence with Conachar, Heaven be my witness, I have only exerted it to enforce upon his fiery temper compliance with the rules of civil life. It is true, I have long expected that you, my Father, would be obliged to take to flight, and I, therefore, had agreed with him that he should meet me at this place, as soon as he should receive a message from me, with a token which I yesterday despatched. The messenger was a light-footed boy of his own clan, whom he used sometimes to send on errands into the Highlands."

"And am I then to understand, daughter, that this youth, so fair to the eye, was nothing more dear to you, than as you desired to enlighten his mind and reform his manners?"

"It is so, my Father, and no otherwise," answered Catharine; "and perhaps I did not do well to hold intimacy with him, even for his instruction and improvement. But my discourse never led farther."

"Then have I been mistaken, my daughter; for I thought I had seen in thee of late some change of purpose, and some wishful regards looking back to this world, of which you were at one time resolved to take leave."

Catharine hung down her head, and blushed more deeply than ever, as she said, "Yourself, Father, were used to remon-

strate against my taking the veil."

"Nor do I now approve of it, my child," said the priest.
"Marriage is an honorable state appointed by Heaven as the regular means of continuing the race of man; and I read not in the Scriptures, what human inventions have since affirmed, concerning the superior excellence of a state of celibacy. But I am jealous of thee, my child, as a father is of his only daughter, lest thou shouldst throw thyself away upon some one unworthy of thee. Thy parent, I know, less nice in thy behalf than I am, countenances the addresses of that fierce and riotous reveller, whom they call Henry of the Wynd. He is rich, it may be; but a haunter of idle and debauched company—a

common prize-fighter, who has shed human blood like water. Can such a one be a fit mate for Catharine Glover?—And yet

report says they are soon to be united."

The Fair Maid of Perth's complexion changed from red to pale, and from pale to red, as she hastily replied, "I think not of him; though it is true some courtesies have passed betwixt us of late, both as he is my father's friend, and as being, accord-

ing to the custom of the time, my Valentine."

"Your Valentine, my child?" said Father Clement. "And can your modesty and prudence have trifled so much with the delicacy of your sex, as to place yourself in such a relation to such a man as this artificer?—Think you that this Valentine, a godly saint and Christian bishop, as he is said to have been, ever countenanced a silly and unseemly custom, more likely to have originated in the heathen worship of Flora or Venus, when mortals gave the names of deities to their passions, and studied to excite instead of restraining them?"

"Father," said Catharine, in a tone of more displeasure than she had ever before assumed to the Carthusian, "I know not upon what ground you tax me thus severely for complying with a general practice, authorized by universal custom, and sanctioned by my father's authority. I cannot feel it kind

that you put such misconstruction upon me."

"Forgive me, daughter," answered the priest, mildly, "if I have given you offence. But this Henry Gow, or Smith, is a forward licentious man, to whom you cannot allow any uncommon degree of intimacy and encouragement, without exposing yourself to worse misconstruction,—unless, indeed, it be your purpose to wed him, and that very shortly."

"Say no more of it, my Father," said Catharine. "You give me more pain than you would desire to do; and I may be provoked to answer otherwise than as becomes me. Perhaps I have already had cause enough to make me repent my compliance with an idle custom. At any rate, believe that Henry Smith is nothing to me; and that even the idle intercourse

arising from St. Valentine's Day is utterly broken off."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, my daughter," replied the Car thusian; "and must now prove you on another subject, which renders me most anxious on your behalf. You cannot yourself be ignorant of it, although I could wish it were not necessary to speak of a thing so dangerous, even before these surround ing rocks, cliffs, and stones. But it must be said.—Catharine, you have a lover in the highest rank of Scotland's sons of honor!"

"I know it, Father," answered Catharine, composedly. "I

would it were not so."

"So would I also," said the priest, "did I see in my daughter only the child of folly, which most young women are at her age, especially if possessed of the fatal gift of beauty. But as thy charms, to speak the language of an idle world, have attached to thee a lover of such high rank, so I know that thy virtue and wisdom will maintain the influence over the Prince's

mind which thy beauty hath acquired."

"Father," replied Catharine, "the Prince is a licentious gallant, whose notice of me tends only to my disgrace and ruin. Can you, who seemed but now afraid that I acted imprudently in entering into an ordinary exchange of courtesies with one of my own rank, speak with patience of the sort of correspondence which the heir of Scotland dares to fix upon me? Know, that it is but two nights since he, with a party of his debauched followers, would have carried me by force from my father's house, had I not been rescued by that same rash-spirited Henry Smith,—who, if he be too hasty in venturing on danger on slight occasion, is always ready to venture his life in behalf of innocence, or in resistance of oppression. It is well my part to do him that justice."

"I should know something of that matter," said the monk, "since it was my voice that sent him to your assistance. I had seen the party as I passed your door, and was hastening to the civil power in order to raise assistance, when I perceived a man's figure coming slowly towards me. Apprehensive it might be one of the ambuscade, I stepped behind the buttresses of the chapel of St. John, and seeing, from a nearer view, that it was Henry Smith, I guessed which way he was bound, and raised my voice in an exhortation, which made him

double his speed."

"I am beholden to you, Father," said Catharine; "but all this, and the Duke of Rothsay's own language to me, only show that the Prince is a profligate young man, who will scruple no extremities which may promise to gratify an idle passion, at whatever expense to its object. His emissary, Ramorny, has even had the insolence to tell me, that my father shall suffer for it, if I dare to prefer being the wife of an honest man, to becoming the loose paramour of a married prince. So I see no other remedy than to take the veil, or run the risk of my own ruin and my poor father's. Were there no other reason, the terror of these threats, from a man so notoriously capable of keeping his word, ought as much to prevent my becoming the

bride of any worthy man, as it should prohibit me from unlatching his door to admit murderers.—Oh, good Father! what a lot is mine! and how fatal am I likely to prove to my affectionate parent, and to any one with whom I might ally my

unhappy fortunes!"

"Be yet of good cheer, my daughter," said the monk; "there is comfort for thee even in this extremity of apparent distress. Ramorny is a villain, and abuses the ear of his patron. The Prince is unhappily a dissipated and idle youth; but, unless my gray hairs have been strangely imposed on, his character is beginning to alter. He hath been awakened to Ramorny's baseness, and deeply regrets having followed his evil advice. I believe, nay, I am well convinced, that his passion for you has assumed a nobler and purer character, and that the lessons he has heard from me on the corruptions of the Church, and of the times, will, if enforced from your lips, sink deeply into his heart, and perhaps produce fruits for the world to wonder as well as rejoice at. Old prophecies have said that Rome shall fall by the speech of a woman."

"These are dreams, Father," said Catharine; "the visions of one whose thoughts are too much on better things, to admit his thinking justly upon the ordinary affairs of earth. When we have looked long at the sun, everything else can only be

seen indistinctly."

"Thou art over hasty, my daughter," said Clement, "and thou shalt be convinced of it. The prospects which I am to open to thee were unfit to be exposed to one of a less firm sense of virtue, or a more ambitious temper. Perhaps it is not fit that, even to you, I should display them; but my confidence is strong in thy wisdom and thy principles. Know, then, that there is much chance that the Church of Rome will dissolve the union which she has herself formed, and release the Duke of Rothsay from his marriage with Marjory Douglas."

Here he paused.

"And if the Church hath power and will to do this," replied the maiden, "what influence can the divorce of the Duke from his wife produce on the fortunes of Catharine Glover?"

She looked at the priest anxiously as she spoke, and he had some apparent difficulty in framing his reply, for he looked on the ground while he answered her.

"What did beauty do for Margaret Logie? Unless our fathers have told us falsely, it raised her to share the throne of

David Bruce."

"Did she live happy, or die regretted, good Father?" asked Catharine, in the same calm and steady tone.

"She formed her alliance, from temporal, and perhaps criminal ambition," replied Father Clement; "and she found ner reward in vanity and vexation of spirit. But had she wedded with the purpose that the believing wife should convert the unbelieving, or confirm the doubting, husband, what then had been her reward? Love and honor upon earth, and an inheritance in Heaven with Queen Margaret, and those heroines who have been the nursing mother of the Church."

Hitherto Catharine had sat upon a stone beside the priest's feet, and looked up to him as she spoke or listened; but now, as if animated by calm, yet settled feelings of disapprobation, she rose up, and extending her hand towards the monk as she spoke, addressed him with a countenance and voice which might have become a cherub, pitying, and even as much as possible sparing, the feelings of the mortal whose errors he is

commissioned to rebuke.

"And is it even so?" she said; "and can so much of the wishes, hopes, and prejudices of this vile world, affect him who may be called to-morrow to lay down his life for opposing the corruptions of a wicked age and backsliding priesthood? Can it be the severely virtuous Father Clement, who advises his child to aim at, or even to think of, the possession of a throne and a bed, which cannot become vacant but by an act of crying injustice to the present possessor? Can it be the wise reformer of the Church who wishes to rest a scheme, in itself so unjust, upon a foundation so precarious? Since when is it, good Father, that the principal libertine has altered his morals so much, to be likely to court in honorable fashion the daughter of a Perth artisan? Two days must have wrought this change: for only that space has passed since he was breaking into my father's house at midnight, with worse mischief in his mind than that of a common robber. And think you, that if Rothsay's heart could dictate so mean a match, he could achieve such a purpose without endangering both his succession and his life, assailed by the Douglas and March at the same time, for what they must receive as an act of injury and insult to both their houses? Oh! Father Clement, where was your principle, where your prudence, when they suffered you to be bewildered by so strange a dream, and placed the meanest of your disciples in the right thus to reproach you?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears, as Catharine, visibly and painfully affected by what she had said, became at length

silent.

"By the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said, "hatb

He rebuked those who would seem wise in their generation. I thank heaven, that hath taught me better thoughts than my own vanity suggested, through the medium of so kind a monitress.—Yes, Catharine, I must not hereafter wonder or exclaim, when I see those whom I have hitherto judged too harshly, struggling for temporal power, and holding all the while the language of religious zeal. I thank thee, daughter, for thy salutary admonition, and I thank Heaven that sent it by thy

lips, rather than those of a sterner reprover."

Catharine had raised her head to reply, and bid the old man. whose humiliation gave her pain, be comforted, when her eyes were arrested by an object close at hand. Among the crags and cliffs which surrounded this place of seclusion, there were two who stood in such close contiguity, that they seemed to have been portions of the same rock, which, rended by lighting, or by an earthquake, now exhibited a chasm of about four feet in breadth, betwixt the masses of stone. Into this chasm an oak-tree had thrust itself, in one of the fantastic frolics which vegetation often exhibits in such situations. stunted and ill-fed, had sent its roots along the face of the rock in all directions to seek for supplies, and they lay like military lines of communication, contorted, twisted, and knotted like the immense snakes of the Indian archipelago. As Catharine's look fell upon the curious complication of knotty branches and twisted roots, she was suddenly sensible that two large eyes were visible among them, fixed and glaring at her, like those of a wild animal in ambush. She started, and without speaking, pointed out the object to her companion, and looking herself with more strict attention, could at length trace out the bushy red hair and shaggy beard, which had hitherto been concealed by the drooping branches and twisted roots of the tree.

When he saw himself discovered, the Highlander, for such he proved, stepped forth from his lurking-place, and, stalking forward, displayed a colossal person, clothed in a purple, red, and green-checked plaid, under which he wore a jacket of bull's hide. His bow and arrows were at his back, his head was bare, and a large quantity of tangled locks, like the glibbs of the Irish, served to cover the head, and supplied all the purposes of a bonnet. His belt bore a sword and dagger, and he had in his hand a Danish pole-axe, more recently called a Lochaberaxe. Through the same rude portal advanced, one by one, four men more, of similar size, and dressed and armed in the

same manner.

Catharine was too much accustomed to the appearance of

the inhabitants of the mountains so near to Perth, to permit herself to be alarmed, as another Lowland maiden might have been on the same occasion. She saw with tolerable composure these gigantic forms arrange themselves in a semicircle around and in front of the monk and herself, all bending upon them in silence their large fixed eyes, expressing, as far as she could judge, a wild admiration of her beauty. She inclined her head to them, and uttered imperfectly the usual words of a Highland salutation. The elder and leader of the party returned the greeting, and then again remained silent and motionless. monk told his beads; and even Catharine began to have strange fears for her personal safety, and anxiety to know whether they were to consider themselves at personal freedom. She resolved to make the experiment, and moved forward as if to descend the hill; but when she attempted to pass the line of Highlanders, they extended their pole-axes betwixt each other, so as effectually to occupy each opening through which she could have passed.

Somewhat disconcerted, yet not dismayed, for she could not conceive that any evil was intended, she sat down upon one of the scattered fragments of rock, and bade the monk, standing by

her side, be of good courage.

"If I fear," said Father Clement, "it is not for myself; for whether I be brained with the axes of these wild men, like an ox when, worn out by labor, he is condemned to the slaughter, or whether I am bound with their bow-strings, and delivered over to those who will take my life with more cruel ceremony, it can but little concern me, if they suffer thee, dearest daughter, to escape uninjured."

"We have neither of us," replied the Maiden of Perth, "any cause for apprehending evil; and here comes Conachar, to

assure us of it."

Yet as she spoke she almost doubted her own eyes; so altered were the manner and attire of the handsome, stately, and almost splendidly dressed youth, who, springing like a roebuck from a cliff of considerable height, lighted just in front of her. His dress was of the same tartan worn by those who had first made their appearance, but closed at the throat and elbows with a necklace and armlets of gold. The hauberk which he wore over his person, was of steel, but so clearly burnished, that it shone like silver. His arms were profusely ornamented, and his bonnet, besides the eagle's feather marking the quality of chief, was adorned with a chain of gold, wrapt several times around it, and secured by a large clasp, glistening with

pearls. His brooch, by which the tartan mantle, or plaid, as it is now called, was secured on the shoulder, was also of gold, large and curiously carved. He bore no weapon in his hand, excepting a small sapling stick, with a hooked head. His whole appearance and gait, which used formerly to denote a sullen feeling of conscious degradation, was now bold, forward, and haughty; and he stood before Catharine with smil ing confidence, as if fully conscious of his improved appearance, and waiting till she should recognize him.

"Conachar," said Catharine, desirous to break this state

of suspense, "are these your father's men?"
"No, fair Catharine," answered the young man. "Conachar is no more, unless in regard to the wrongs he has sustained, and the vengeance which they demand. I am Ian Eachin MacIan, son to the chief of the Clan Quhele. moulted my feathers, as you see, when I changed my name. And for these men, they are not my father's followers, but mine. You see only one-half of them collected; they form a band, consisting of my foster father and eight sons, who are my bodyguard, and the children of my belt, who breathe but to do my will. But Conachar," he added, in a softer tone of voice, "lives again so soon as Catharine desires to see him; and while he is the young Chief of the Clan Ouhele to all others. he is to her as humble and obedient as when he was Simon Glover's apprentice. See, here is the stick I had from you when we nutted together in the sunny braes of Lednoch, when Autumn was young in the year that is gone. I would not exchange it, Catharine, for the truncheon of my tribe."

While Eachin thus spoke, Catharine began to doubt in her own mind whether she had acted prudently in requesting the assistance of a bold young man, elated, doubtless, by his sudden elevation from a state of servitude, to one which she was aware gave him extensive authority over a very lawless body of

adherents.

"You do not fear me, fair Catharine?" said the young Chief, taking her hand. "I suffered my people to appear before me for a few minutes, that I might see how you could endure their presence; and methinks you regarded them as if you were born to be a chieftain's wife."

"I have no reason to fear wrong from Highlanders," said Catharine, firmly; "especially as I thought Conachar was with them. Conachar has drunk of our cup, and eaten of our bread; and my father has often had traffic with Highlanders, and never was there wrong or quarrel betwixt him and them."

"No?" replied Hector, for such is the Saxon equivalent for Eachin, "what! never when he took the part of the Gow Chrom" (the bandy-legged Smith) "against Eachin MacIan?—Say nothing to excuse it, and believe it will be your own fault if I ever again allude to it. But you had some command to lay upon me—speak, and you shall be obeyed."

Catharine hastened to reply; for there was something in the young Chief's manner and language, which made her desire

to shorten the interview.

"Eachin," she said, "since Conachar is no longer your name, you ought to be sensible that in claiming, as I honestly might, a service from my equal, I little thought that I was addressing a person of such superior power and consequence. You, as well as I, have been obliged to the religious instruction of this good man. He is now in great danger; wicked men have accused him with false charges, and he is desirous to remain in safety and concealment till the storm shall pass away."

"Ha! the good Clerk Clement! Ay, the worthy Clerk did much for me, and more than my rugged temper was capable to profit by. I will be glad to see anyone in the town of Perth persecute one who hath taken hold of MacIan's mantle!"

"It may not be safe to trust too much to that," said Catharine. "I nothing doubt the power of your tribe, but when the Black Douglas takes up a feud, he is not to be scared by the shaking of a Highland plaid."

The Highlander disguised his displeasure at this speech

with a forced laugh.

"The sparrow," he said, "that is next the eye, seems larger than the eagle that is perched on Bengoile. You fear the Douglasses most, because they sit next to you. But be it as you will—You will not believe how wide our hills, and vales, and forests, extend beyond the dusky barrier of yonder mountains, and you think all the world lies on the banks of the Tay. But this good Clerk shall see hills that could hide him were all the Douglasses on his quest—ay, and he shall see men enough also, to make them glad to get once more southward of the Grampians.—And wherefore should you not go with the good man? I will send a party to bring him in safety from Perth, and we will set up the old trade beyond Loch Tay—only no more cutting out of gloves for me. I will find your father in hides, but I will not cut them, save when they are on the creatures' backs."

My father will come one day and see your housekeeping,

Conachar—I mean, Hector.—But times must be quieter, for there is feud between the town's-people and the followers of the noblemen, and there is speech of war about to break out in the

Highlands."

"Yes, by Our Lady, Catharine! and were it not for that same Highland war, you should not thus put off your Highland visit, my pretty mistress. But the race of the hills are no longer to be divided into two nations. They will fight like men for the supremacy, and he who, gets it will deal with the King of Scotland as an equal, not as a superior. Pray that the victory may fall to MacIan, my pious St. Catharine, for thou shalt pray for one who loves thee dearly."

"I will pray for the right," said Catharine; "or rather, I will pray that there be peace on all sides.—Farewell, kind and excellent Father Clement; believe I shall never forget thy lessons—remember me in thy prayers.—But how wilt thou be

able to sustain a journey so toilsome?"

"They shall carry him if need be," said Hector, "if we go far without finding a horse for him. But you, Catharine—it is far from hence to Perth. Let me attend you thither as I was wont."

"If you were as you were wont, I would not refuse your escort. But gold brooches and bracelets are perilous company when the Liddesdale and Annandale lancers are riding as throng upon the highway as the leaves at Hallowmass; and there is no safe meeting between Highland tartans and steel jackets."

She hazarded this remark, as she somewhat suspected, that, in casting his slough, young Eachin had not entirely surmounted the habits which he had acquired in his humbler state, and that though he might use bold words, he would not be rash enough to brave the odds of numbers, to which a descent into the vicinity of the city would be likely to expose him. It appeared that she judged correctly; for, after a farewell, in which she compounded for the immunity of her lips, by permitting him to kiss her hand, she returned towards Perth, and could obtain at times, when she looked back, an occasional glance of the Highlanders, as winding through the most concealed and impracticable paths, they bent their way towards the North.

She felt in part relieved from her immediate anxiety, as the distance increased betwixt her and these men, whose actions were only directed by the will of their chief, and whose chief was a giddy and impetuous boy. She apprehended no insult on her return to Perth from the soldiery of any party whom she

might meet; for the rules of chivalry were in those days a surer protection to a maiden of decent appearance, than an escort of armed men, whose cognizance might not be acknowledged as friendly by any other party whom they might chance to encounter. But more remote dangers pressed on her apprehension. The pursuit of the licentious Prince was rendered formidable by threats which his unprincipled counsellor, Ramorny, had not shunned to utter against her father, if she persevered in her coyness. These menaces, in such an age, and from such a character, were deep grounds for alarm; nor could she consider the pretensions to her favor which Conachar had scarce repressed during his state of servitude, and seemed now to avow boldly, as less fraught with evil, since there had been repeated incursions of the Highlanders into the very town of Perth, and citizens had, on more occasions than one, been made prisoners and carried off from their own houses, or had fallen by the claymore in the very streets of their city. She feared, too, her father's importunity on behalf of the Smith, of whose conduct on St. Valentine's Day unworthy reports had reached her; and whose suit, had he stood clear in her good opinion, she dared not listen to while Ramorny's threats of revenge upon her father rung on her ear. She thought on these various dangers with the deepest apprehension, and an earnest desire to escape from them and herself, by taking refuge in the cloister; but saw no possibility of obtaining her father's consent to the only course from which she expected peace and protection.

In the course of these reflections we cannot discover that she very distinctly regretted that her perils attended her because she was the Fair Maid of Perth; this was one point which marked that she was not yet altogether an angel; and perhaps it was another, that in despite of Henry Smith's real or supposed delinquencies, a sigh escaped from her bosom,

when she thought upon St. Valentine's dawn.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

O for a draught of power to steep
The soul of agony in sleep!
BERTHA.

We have shown the secrets of the confessional; those of the sick chamber are not hidden from us. In a darkened apartment, where salves and medicines showed that the leech had

been busy in his craft, a tall thin form lay on a bed, arrayed on a nightgown belted around him, with pain on his brow, and a thousand stormy passions agitating his bosom. Everything in the apartment indicated a man of opulence and of expense. Henbane Dwining, the apothecary, who seemed to have the care of the patient, stole with a crafty and cat-like step from one corner of the room to another, busying himself with mixing medicines and preparing dressings. The sick man groaned once or twice, on which the leech, advancing to his bedside, asked whether these sounds were a token of the pain of his body, or of the distress of his mind.

"Of both, thou poisoning varlet," said Sir John Ramorny;

"and of being encumbered with thy accursed company."

"If that is all, I can relieve your knighthood of one of these ills, by presently removing myself elsewhere. Thanks to the feuds of this boisterous time, had I twenty hands instead of these two poor servants of my art" (displaying his skinny palms), there is enough of employment for them; well-requited employment, too, where thanks and crowns contend which shall best pay my services; while you, Sir John, wreak upon your chirurgeon the anger you ought only to bear against the author of your wound."

"Villain, it is beneath me to reply to thee," said the patient; but every word of thy malignant tongue is a dirk, inflicting wounds which set all the medicines of Arabia at defiance."

"Sir John, I understand you not; but if you give way to these tempestuous fits of rage, it is impossible but fever and inflammation must be the result."

"Why then dost thou speak in a sense to chafe my blood? Why dost thou name the supposition of thy worthless self having more hands than nature gave thee, while I, a knight

and gentleman, am mutilated like a cripple?"

"Sir John," replied the chirurgeon, "I am no divine, nor a mainly obstinate believer in some things which divines tell us. Yet I may remind you that you have been kindly dealt with; for if the blow which has done you this injury had lighted on your neck, as it was aimed, it would have swept your head from your shoulders instead of amputating a less considerable member."

"I wish it had, Dwining—I wish it had lighted as it was addressed. I should not then have seen a policy, which had spun a web so fine as mine, burst through by the brute force of a drunken churl.—I should not have been reserved to see horses which I must not mount—lists which I must no longer

enter—splendors which I cannot hope to share—or battles which I must not take part in. I should not with a man's passions for power and for strife, be set to keep place among the women, despised by them, too, as a miserable impotent cripple,

unable to aim at obtaining the favor of the sex."

"Supposing all this to be so, I will yet pray of your knight-hood to remark," replied Dwining, still busying himself with arranging the dressing of the wounds, "that your eyes, which you must have lost with your head, may, being spared to you, present as rich a prospect of pleasure as either ambition or victory in the lists or in the field, or the love of woman itself, could have proposed to you."

"My sense is too dull to catch thy meaning, leech," replied Ramorny. "What is this precious spectacle reserved to me in

such a shipwreck?"

"The dearest that mankind knows," replied Dwining; and then in the accent of a lover who utters the name of his beloved mistress, and expresses his passion for her in the very

tone of his voice, he added the word "REVENGE!"

The patient had raised himself on his couch to listen with some anxiety for the solution of the physician's enigma. He laid himself down again as he heard it explained, and after a short pause, asked, "In what Christian college learned you this

morality, good Master Dwining?"

"In no Christian college," answered his physician; "for though it is privately received in most, it is openly and manfully adopted in none. But I have studied among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts high his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy's blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though, coward-like, he dare not name it."

"Thou art, then, a more high-souled villain than I deemed

thee," said Ramorny.

"Let that pass," answered Dwining. "The waters that are the stillest, are also the deepest; and the foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till he strikes. You knights and men-at-arms go straight to your purpose with sword in hand. We, who are clerks, win our access with a noiseless step and an indirect approach, but obtain our object not less surely."

"And I," said the knight, "who have trod to my revenge with a mailed foot, which made all echo around it, must now

use such a slipper as thine? Ha!"

"He who lacks strength," said the wily mediciner, "must attain his purpose by skill."

"And tell me sincerely, mediciner, wherefore thou wouldst read me these devil's lessons? Why wouldst thou thrust mefaster or farther on to my vengeance, than I may seem to thee ready to go of my own accord? I am old in the ways of the world, man; and I know that such as thou do not drop words in vain, or thrust themselves upon the dangerous confidence of men like me, save with the prospect of advancing some purpose of their own. What interest hast thou in the road, whether peaceful or bloody, which I may pursue on these occurrents?"

"In plain dealing, Sir Knight, though it is what I seldom use," answered the leech, "my road to revenge is the same with

yours."

"With mine, man!" said Ramorny, with a tone of scornful surprise. "I thought it had been high beyond thy reach.

Thou aim at the same revenge with Ramorny!"

"Ay, truly," replied Dwining; "for the smithy churl under whose blow you have suffered, has often done me despite and injury. He has thwarted me in council, and despised me in action. His brutal and unhesitating bluntness is a living reproach to the subtlety of my natural disposition. I fear him, and I hate him."

"And you hope to find an active coadjutor in me?" said Ramorny, in the same supercilious tone as before. "But know. the artisan fellow is too low in degree to be to me either the object of hatred or of fear. Yet he shall not escape. We hate not the reptile that has stung us, though we might shake it off the wound, and tread upon it. I know the ruffian of old as a stout man-at-arms, and a pretender, as I have heard, to the favor of the scornful puppet, whose beauties, forsooth, spurred us to our wise and hopeful attempt.—Fiends, that direct this nether world! by what malice have ye decided that the hand which has couched a lance against the bosom of a prince should be struck off like a sapling, by the blow of a churl, and during the turmoil of a midnight riot?—Well, mediciner, thus far our courses hold together, and I bid thee well believe that I will crush for thee this reptile mechanic. But do not thou think to escape me when that part of my revenge is done, which will be most easily and speedily accomplished."

"Not, it may be, altogether so easily accomplished," said the apothecary; "for, if your knighthood will credit me, there will be found small ease or security in dealing with him. He is the strongest, boldest, and most skilful swordsman in Perth,

and all the country around it."

"Fear nothing; he shall be met with had he the strength

But, then, mark me! Hope not thou to escape my vengeance, unless thou become my passive agent in the scene which is to follow. Mark me, I say once more. I have studied at no Moorish college, and lack some of thy unbounded appetite for revenge, but yet I will have my share of vengeance. -Listen to me, mediciner, while I shall thus far unfold myself; but beware of treachery, for, powerful as thy fiend is, thou hast taken lessons from a meaner devil than mine. Hearken—the master whom I have served through vice and virtue, with too much zeal for my own character perhaps, but with unshaken fidelity to him—the very man to soothe whose frantic folly I have incurred this irreparable loss, is, at the prayer of his doating father, about to sacrifice me, by turning me out of his favor, and leaving me at the mercy of the hypocritical relative, with whom he seeks a precarious reconciliation at my expense. If he perseveres in this most ungrateful purpose, thy fiercest Moors, were their complexion swarthy as the smoke of hell, shall blush to see their revenge outdone! But I will give him one more chance for honor and safety, before my wrath shall descend on him in unrelenting and unmitigated fury.—There, then, thus far thou hast my confidence.—Close hands on our bargain—close hands, did I say?—where is the hand that should be the pledge and representative of Ramorny's plighted word! is it nailed on the public pillory, or flung as offal to the houseless dogs, who are even now snarling over it? Lay thy finger on the mutilated stump then, and swear to be a faithful actor in my revenge, as I shall be in yours.—How now, Sir Leech, look you pale—you, who say to Death, stand back or advance, can you tremble to think of him or to hear him named? I have not mentioned your fee, for one who loves revenge for itself requires no deeper bribe-yet, if broad lands and large sums of gold can increase thy zeal in a brave cause, believe me, these shall not be lacking."

"They tell for something in my humble wishes," said Dwining; "the poor man in this bustling world is thrust down like a dwarf in a crowd, and so trodden under foot—the rich and powerful rise like giants above the press, and are at ease, while

all is turmoil around them."

"Then shalt thou rise above the press, mediciner, as high as gold can raise thee. This purse is weighty, yet it is but an earnest of thy guerdon."

"And this Smith? my noble benefactor"—said the leech as he pouched the gratuity—"This Henry of the Wynd, or whatever is his name—would not the news that he hath paid

the penalty of his action, assuage the pain of thy knighthood's wound better than the balm of Mecca with which I have salved it?"

"He is beneath the thoughts of Ramorny; and I have no more resentment against him than I have ill-will at the senseless weapon which he swayed. But it is just thy hate should be vented upon him. Where is he chiefly to be met with?"

"That also I have considered," said Dwining. "To make the attempt by day in his own house, were too open and dangerous, for he hath five servants who work with him at the stithy, four of them strong knaves, and all loving to their master. By night were scarce less desperate, for he hath his door strongly secured with bolt of oak and bar of iron, and ere the fastenings of his house could be forced, the neighborhood would rise to his rescue, especially as they are still alarmed by

the practice on Saint Valentine's Even."

"O ay, true, mediciner," said Ramorny, "for deceit is thy nature even with me—thou knewest my hand and signet, as thou saidst, when that hand was found cast out on the street, like the disgusting refuse of a shambles,—why, having such knowledge, went'st thou with these jolter-headed citizens to consult that Patrick Charteris, whose spurs should be hacked off from his heels for the communion which he holds with paltry burghers, and whom thou brought'st here with the fools to do dishonor to the lifeless hand, which, had it held its wonted place, he was not worthy to have touched in peace, or faced in war?"

"My noble patron, as soon as I had reason to know you had been the sufferer, I urged them with all the powers of persuasion to desist from prosecuting the feud, but the swaggering Smith, and one or two other hot heads, cried out for vengeance. Your knighthood must know this fellow calls himself bachelor to the Fair Maiden of Perth, and stands upon his honor to follow up her father's quarrel; but I have forestalled his market in that quarter, and that is something in earnest of

revenge."

"How mean you by that, Sir Leech?" said the patient.

"Your knighthood shall conceive," said the mediciner, "that this Smith doth not live within compass, but is an outlier and a galliard. I met him myself on Saint Valentine's Day, shortly after the affray between the townsfolk and the followers of Douglas. Yes, I met him sneaking through the lanes and by-passages with a common minstrel wench, with her messan and her viol on his one arm, and her buxom self hanging

upon the other. What thinks your honor? Is not this a trim squire to cross a prince's love with the fairest girl in Perth, strike off the hand of a knight and baron, and become gentleman-usher to a strolling glee-woman, all in the course of the

same four-and-twenty hours?"

"Marry, I think the better of him that he is so much of a gentleman's humor, clown though he be," said Ramorny. "I would he had been a precisian instead of a galliard, and I should have had better heart to aid thy revenge;—and such revenge! revenge on a smith—in the quarrel of a pitiful manufacturer of rotten chevrons? Pah!—And yet it shall be taken in full. Thou hast commenced it, I warrant me, by thine own manœuvres."

"In a small degree only," said the apothecary;—"I took care that two or three of the most notorious gossips in Curfew Street, who liked not to hear Catharine called the Fair Maid of Perth, should be possessed of this story of her faithful Valentine. They opened on the scent so keenly, that, rather than doubt had fallen on the tale, they would have vouched for it as if their own eyes had seen it. The lover came to her father's within an hour after, and your worship may think what a reception he had from the angry Glover, for the damsel herself would not be looked upon. And thus your honor sees I had a foretaste of revenge. But I trust to receive the full draught from the hands of your lordship, with whom I am in a brotherly league, which—"

"Brotherly!" said the knight, contemptuously. "But be it so; the priests say we are all of one common earth. I cannot tell—there seems to me some difference; but the better mould shall keep faith with the baser, and thou shalt have thy

revenge. Call thou my page hither."

A young man made his appearance from the anteroom

upon the physician's summons.

"Eviot," said the knight, "does Bonthron wait? and is he

sober?"

"He is as sober as sleep can make him after a deep drink," answered the page.

"Then fetch him hither, and do thou shut the door."

A heavy step presently approached the apartment, and a man entered, whose deficiency of height seemed made up in breadth of shoulders and strength of arm.

"There is a man thou must deal upon, Bonthron," said the

knight.

The man smoothed his rugged features, and grinned a smile of satisfaction.

"That mediciner will show thee the party.—Take such advantage of time, place, and circumstance, as will insure the result; and mind you come not by the worst, for the man is the fighting Smith of the Wynd."

"It will be a tough job," growled the assassin; "for if I miss my blow, I may esteem myself but a dead man. All Perth

rings with the Smith's skill and strength."

"Take two assistants with thee," said the knight.

"Not I," said Bonthron. "If you double anything, let it be the reward."

"Account it doubled," said his master; "but see thy work be thoroughly executed."

"Trust me for that, Sir Knight-seldom have I failed."

"Use this sage man's directions," said the wounded knight, pointing to the physician. "And hark thee, await his coming forth—and drink not till the business be done."

"I will not," answered the dark satellite; "my own life depends on my blow being steady and sure. I know whom I

have to deal with."

"Vanish then, till he summons you, and have axe and dagger in readiness."

Bonthron nodded and withdrew.

"Will your knighthood venture to intrust such an act to a single hand?" said the mediciner, when the assassin had left the room. "May I pray you to remember that yonder party

did, two nights since, baffle six armed men?"

"Question me not, Sir Mediciner; a man like Bonthron, who knows time and place, is worth a score of confused revelers.—Call Eviot—thou shalt first exert thy powers of healing, and do not doubt that thou shalt, in the farther work, be aided by one who will match thee in the art of sudden and unex-

pected destruction."

The page Eviot again appeared at the mediciner's summons, and at his master's sign assisted the chirurgeon in removing the dressings from Sir John Ramorny's wounded arm. Dwining viewed the naked stump with a species of professional satisfaction, enhanced, no doubt, by the malignant pleasure which his evil disposition took in the pain and distress of his fellow-creatures. The knight just turned his eye on the ghastly spectacle, and uttered, under the pressure of badily pain or mental agony, a groan which he would fain have repressed.

"You groan, sir," said the leech, in his soft insinuating tone of voice, but with a sneer of enjoyment, mixed with scorn,

curling upon his lip, which his habitual dissimulation could not altogether disguise—"You groan, but be comforted. This Henry Smith knows his business—his sword is as true to its aim as his hammer to the anvil. Had a common swordsman struck this fatal blow, he had harmed the bone and damaged the muscles, so that even my art might not have been able to repair them. But Henry Smith's cut is clean, and as sure as that with which my own scalpel could have made the amputation. In a few days you will be able, with care and attention to the ordinances of medicine, to stir abroad."

"But my hand—the loss of my hand—"

"It may be kept secret for a time," said the mediciner. "I have possessed two or three tattling fools, in deep confidence, that the hand which was found was that of your knighthood's groom, Black Quentin, and your knighthood knows that he has parted for Fife, in such sort as to make it generally believed."

"I know well enough," said Ramorny, "that the rumor may stifle the truth for a short time. But what avails this

brief delay?"

"It may be concealed till your knighthood retires for a time from the court, and then when new accidents have darkened the recollection of the present stir, it may be imputed to a wound received from the shivering of a spear, or from a cross-bow bolt. Your slave will find a suitable device, and stand for the truth of it."

"The thought maddens me," said Ramorny, with another groan of mental and bodily agony. "Yet I see no better

remedy."

"There is none other," said the leech, to whose evil nature his patron's distress was delicious nourishment. "In the meanwhile it is believed you are confined by the consequences of some bruises, aiding the sense of displeasure at the Prince's having consented to dismiss you from his household, at the remonstrance of Albany; which is publicly known."

"Villain, thou rack'st me!" exclaimed the patient.

"Upon the whole, therefore," said Dwining, "your knight-hood has escaped well, and saving the lack of your hand, a mischance beyond remedy, you ought rather to rejoice than complain; for no barber-chirurgeon in France or England could have more ably performed the operation than this churl with one downright blow."

"I understand my obligation fully," said Ramorny, struggling with his anger, and affecting composure; "and if Bonthron pays him not with a blow equally downright, and rendering the aid of the leech unnecessary, say that John of Ramorny

cannot requite an obligation."

"That is spoke like yourself, noble knight!" answered the mediciner. "And let me further say, that the operator's skill must have been vain, and the hemorrhage must have drained your life veins, but for the bandages, the cautery, and the styptics, applied by the good monks, and the poor services of your humble vassal, Henbane Dwining."

"Peace," exclaimed the patient, "with thy ill-omened voice, and worse-omened name!—Methinks, as thou mentionest the tortures I have undergone, my tingling nerves stretch and contract themselves as if they still actuated the fingers

that once could clutch a dagger!"

"That," explained the leech, "may it please your knight-hood, is a phenomenon well known to our profession. There have been those among the ancient sages who have thought that there still remained a sympathy between the several nerves, and those belonging to the amputated limb; and that the several fingers are seen to quiver and strain, as corresponding with the impulse which proceeds from their sympathy with the energies of the living system. Could we recover the hand from the cross, or from the custody of the Black Douglas, I would be pleased to observe this wonderful operation of occult sympathies. But I fear me, one might as safely go to wrest the joint from the talons of a hungry eagle."

"And thou mayst as safely break thy malignant jests on a wounded lion, as on John of Ramorny!" said the knight, raising himself in uncontrollable indignation. "Caitiff, proceed to thy duty; and remember, that if my hand can no

longer clasp a dagger, I can command a hundred."

"The sight of one drawn and brandished in anger were sufficient," said Dwining, "to consume the vital powers of your chirurgeon. But who then," he added, in a tone partly insinuating, partly jeering, "who would then relieve the fiery and scorching pain which my patron now suffers, and which renders him exasperated even with his poor servant for quoting the rules of healing, so contemptible, doubtless, compared with the power of inflicting wounds?"

Then, as daring no longer to trifle with the mood of his dangerous patient, the leech addressed himself seriously to salving the wound, and applied a fragrant balm, the odor of which was diffused through the apartment, while it communicated a refreshing coolness, instead of the burning heat; a change so gratifying to the fevered patient, that, as he had be-

fore groaned with agony, he could not now help sighing for pleasure, as he sank back on his couch to enjoy the ease which

the dressing bestowed.

"Your knightly lordship now knows who is your friend," said Dwining; "had you yielded to a rash impulse, and said. 'Slay me this worthless quacksalver,' where, within the four seas of Britain, would you have found the man to have ministered to you as much comfort?"

"Forget my threats, good leech," said Ramorny, "and be ware how you tempt me. Such as I brook not jests upon our agony. See thou keep thy scoffs, to pass upon misers * in the

hospital."

Dwining ventured to say no more, but poured some drops from a phial, which he took from his pocket, into a small cup of wine allayed with water.

"This draught," said the man of art, "is medicated to

produce a sleep which must not be interrupted."

"For how long will it last?" asked the knight.

"The period of its operation is uncertain—perhaps till morning."

"Perhaps forever," said the patient. "Sir Mediciner,

taste me that liquor presently, else it passes not my lips."

The leech obeyed him, with a scornful smile. "I would drink the whole with readiness; but the juice of this Indian gum will bring sleep on the healthy man as well as upon the patient, and the business of the leech requires me to be a watcher."

"I crave your pardon, Sir Leech," said Ramorny, looking

downwards, as if ashamed to have manifested suspicion.

"There is no room for pardon where offence must not be taken," answered the mediciner. "An insect must thank a giant that he does not tread on him. Yet, noble knight, insects have their power of harming as well as physicians. What would it have cost me, save a moment's trouble, so to have drugged that balm, as should have made your arm rot to the shoulder-joint, and your life-blood curdle in your veins to corrupted jelly? What is there that prevented me to use means yet more subtle, and to taint your room with essences, before which the light of life twinkles more and more dimly, till it expires, like a torch amidst the foul vapors of some subter ranean dungeon? You little estimate my power, if you know not that these, and yet deeper modes of destruction, stand at

That is, miserable persons, as used in Spenser, and other writers of his time; though the sense is now restricted to those who are covetous.

command of my art.* But a physician slays not the patient by whose generosity he lives, and far less will he, the breath of whose nostrils is the hope of revenge, destroy the vowed ally, who is to favor his pursuit of it.—Yet one word;—should a necessity occur for rousing yourself—for who in Scotland can promise himself eight hours' uninterrupted repose?—then smell at the strong essence contained in this pouncet-box.—And now, farewell, Sir Knight; and if you cannot think of me as a man of nice conscience, acknowledge me at least as one of reason and of judgment."

So saying, the mediciner left the room; his usual mean and shuffling gait elevating itself into something more noble, as

conscious of a victory over his imperious patient.

Sir John Ramorny remained sunk in unpleasing reflections, until he began to experience the incipent effects of his soporific draught. He then roused himself for an instant, and summoned his page.

"Eviot! what ho! Eviot!-I have done ill to unbosom my-

self so far to this poisonous quacksalver—Eviot!"

The page entered.

"Is the mediciner gone forth?"
"Yes, so please your knighthood."

"Alone, or accompanied?"

"Bonthron spoke apart with him, and followed him almost immediately—by your lordship's command, as I understood him."

"Lack-a-day, yes!—he goes to seek some medicaments—he will return anon. If he be intoxicated, see he comes not near my chamber, and permit him not to enter into converse with any one. He raves when drink has touched his brain. He was a rare fellow, before a Southron bill laid his brain pan bare; but since that time he talks gibberish whenever the cup has crossed his lips.—Said the leech aught to you, Eviot?"

"Nothing, save to reiterate his commands that your honor

be not disturbed."

"Which thou must surely obey," said the knight. "I feel the summons to rest, of which I have been deprived since this unhappy wound—at least, if I have slept it has been but for a snatch. Aid me to take off my gown, Eviot."

The extent to which the science of poisoning was carried in the middle ages on the Continent is well known. The hateful practice was more and more refined, and still more generally adopted afterwards; and we are told, among other instances of diabolical cunning, of gloves which could not be put on without inflicting a mortal disease, of letters which on being opened diffused a fatal vapor, etc., etc. Voltaire justly and candidly mentions it as a distinguishing characteristic of the British, that political poisonings make little if any figure in their history.

"May God and the saints send you good rest, my lord," said the page, retiring after he had rendered his wounded master the assistance required.

As Eviot left the room, the knight, whose brain was becoming more and more confused, muttered over the page's de-

parting salutation.

"God—saints—I have slept sound under such a benison. But now—methinks if I awake not to the accomplishment of my proud hopes of power and revenge, the best wish for me is, that the slumbers which now fall around my head, were the forerunners of that sleep which shall return my borrowed powers to their original non-existence—I can argue it no farther."

Thus speaking, he fell into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

On Fastern's E'en when we war fou-

SCOTS SONG.

The night which sunk down on the sick-bed of Ramorny was not doomed to be a quiet one. Two hours had passed since curfew-bell, then rung at seven o'clock at night, and in those primitive times, all were retired to rest, excepting such whom devotion, or duty, or debauchery, made watchers; and the evening being that of Shrovetide, or, as it was called in Scotland, Fastern's E'en,* the vigils of gayety were by far the most frequented of the three.

The common people had, throughout the day, toiled and struggled at football; the nobles and gentry had fought cocks, and hearkened to the wanton music of the minstrel; while the citizens had gorged themselves upon pancakes fried in lard, and brose, or brewis—the fat broth, that is, in which salted beef had been boiled, poured upon highly-toasted oatmeal, a dish which even now is not ungrateful to simple old-fashioned Scottish palates. These were all exercises and festive dishes proper to the holiday. It was no less a solemnity of the even-

^{*} Fastern's E'en, the evening before the commencement of the fast—Anglice—Shrowatide, the season of being shriven, or of confession and absolution, before beginning the penance of Lent. The cockfights, etc., still held at this period, are relics of the Catholise carnival that preceded the weeks of abstinence.

ing, that the devout Catholic should drink as much good ale and wine as he had means to procure; and, if young and able, that he should dance at the ring, or figure among the morrice-dancers, who, in the city of Perth, as elsewhere, wore a peculiarly fantastic garb, and distinguished themselves by their address and activity. All this gayety took place under the prudential consideration that the long term of Lent, now approaching, with its fasts and deprivations, rendered it wise for mortals to cram as much idle and sensual indulgence as they could into the brief space which intervened before its commencement.

The usual revels had taken place, and in most parts of the city were succeeded by the usual pause. A particular degree of care had been taken by the nobility to prevent any renewal of discord betwixt their followers and the citizens of the town; so that the revels had proceeded with fewer casualties than usual, embracing only three deaths, and certain fractured limbs, which, occurring to individuals of little note, were not accounted worth inquiring into. The Carnival was closing quietly in general, but in some places the sport was still kept up.

One company of revellers, who had been particularly noticed and applauded, seemed unwilling to conclude their frolic. The Entry, as it was called, consisted of thirteen persons, habited in the same manner, having doublets of chamois leather sitting close to their bodies, curiously slashed and laced. They wore green caps with silver tassels, red ribbons, and white shoes, had bells hung at their knees and around their ankles, and naked swords in their hands. This gallant party, having exhibited a sword-dance before the King, with much clashing of weapons, and fantastic interchange of postures, went on gallantly to repeat their exhibition before the door of Simon Glover, where, having made a fresh exhibition of their agility, they caused wine to be served round to their own company and the bystanders, and with a loud shout drank to the health of the Fair Maid of Perth. This summoned old Simon to the door of his habitation, to acknowledge the courtesy of his countrymen, and in his turn to send the wine around in honor of the Merry Morrice-dancers of Perth.

"We thank thee, Father Simon," said a voice, which strove to drown in an artificial squeak the pert conceited tone of Oliver Proudfute. "But a sight of thy lovely daughter had been more sweet to us young bloods, than a whole vintage of

Malvoisie."

"I thank you, neighbors, for your good will," replied the

Glover. "My daughter is ill at ease, and may not come forth into the cold night-air—but if this gay gallant, whose voice methinks I should know, will go into my poor house, she will charge him with thanks for the rest of you."

"Bring them to us at the hostelrie of the Griffin;" cried the rest of the Ballet to their favored companion; "for there will we ring in Lent, and have another rouse to the health of

the lovely Catharine."

"Have with you in half-an-hour," said Oliver, "and see who will quaff the largest flagon, or sing the loudest glee. Nay, I will be merry, in what remains of Fastern's Even, should Lent find me with my mouth closed forever."

"Farewell, then," cried his mates in the morrice; "fare-

well, slashing Bonnet-maker, till we meet again."

The morrice-dancers accordingly set out upon their farther progress, dancing and caroling as they went along to the sound of four musicians, who led the joyous band, while Simon Glover drew their Coryphæus into his house, and placed him in a chair by his parlor fire.

"But where is your daughter?" said Oliver. "She is the

bait for us brave blades."

"Why, truly, she keeps her apartment, neighbor Oliver;

and, to speak plainly, she keeps her bed."

"Why, then will I up stairs to see her in her sorrow—you have marred my ramble, Gaffer Glover, and you owe me amends—a roving blade like me—I will not lose both the lass and the glass.—Keeps her bed, does she?

- "My dog and I we have a trick
 To visit maids when they are sick;
 When they are sick and like to die,
 O thither do come my dog and I.
- "And when I die, as needs must hap, Then bury me under the good ale-tap With folded arms there let me lie Cheek for jowl, my dog and I."
- "Canst thou not be serious for a moment, neighbor Proudfute?" said the Glover; "I want a word of conversation with you."
- "Serious?" answered the visitor; "why, I have been serious all this day—I can hardly open my mouth, but something comes out about death, a burial, or suchlike—the most serious subjects that I wot of."
 - "St. John, man!" said the Glover, "art thou fey?"
- "No, not a whit—it is not my own death which these gloomy fancies foretell—I have a strong horoscope, and shall live for

fifty years to come. But it is the case of the poor fellow—the Douglas-man, whom I struck down at the fray of St. Valentine's—he died last night—it is that which weighs on my conscience, and awakens sad fancies. Ah, Father Simon, we martialists that have spilt blood in our choler, have dark thoughts at times—I sometimes wish that my knife had cut nothing but worsted thrums."

"And I wish," said Simon, "that mine had cut nothing but buck's leather, for it has sometimes cut my own fingers. But thou mayst spare thy remorse for this bout; there was but one man dangerously hurt at the affray, and it was he from whom Henry Smith hewed the hand, and he is well recovered. His name is Black Quentin, one of Sir John Ramorny's followers. He has been sent privately back to his own country of Fife."

"What, Black Quentin?—why, that is the very man that Henry and I, as we ever keep close together, struck at in the same moment, only my blow fell somewhat earlier. I fear farther feud will come of it, and so does the Provost.—And is he recovered? Why, then, I will be jovial, and since thou wilt not let me see how Kate becomes her night-gear, I will back to the Griffin, to my morrice-dancers."

"Nay, stay but one instant.—Thou art a comrade of Henry Wynd, and hast done him the service to own one or two deeds, and this last among others. I would thou couldst clear him of other charges, with which fame hath loaded him."

"Nay, I will swear by the hilt of my sword, they are as false as hell, Father Simon. What—blades and targets! shall not

men_of the sword stick together?"

"Nay, neighbor Bonnet-maker, be patient; thou mayst do the Smith a kind turn, an thou takest this matter the right way. I have chosen thee to consult with anent this matter—not that I hold thee the wisest head in Perth, for should I say so I should lie."

"Ay, ay," answered the self-satisfied Bonnet-maker; "I know where you think my fault lies—you cool heads think we hotheads are fools—I have heard men call Henry Wynd such a score of times."

"Fool enough and cool enough may rhyme together passing well," said the Glover; "but thou art good-natured, and I think lovest this crony of thine. It stands awkwardly with us and him just now," continued Simon. "Thou knowest there hath been some talk of marriage between my daughter Catharine and Henry Gow?"

"I have heard some such song since St. Valentine's Morn-

Ah! he that shall win the Fair Maid of Perth must be a happy man—and yet marriage spoils many a pretty fellow. I myself

somewhat regret-

"Prithee, truce with thy regrets for the present, man," interrupted the Glover, somewhat peevishly. "You must know, Oliver, that some of these talking women, who, I think, make all the business of the world their own, have accused Henry of keeping light company with glee-women and suchlike. Catharine took it to heart; and I held my child insulted, that he had not waited upon her like a Valentine, but had thrown himself into unseemly society on the very day when, by ancient custom, he might have had an opportunity to press his interest with my daughter. Therefore when he came hither late on the evening of St. Valentine's, I, like a hasty old fool, bid him go home to the company he had left, and denied him admittance. I have not seen him since, and I began to think that I may have been too rash in the matter. She is my only child, and the grave should have her sooner than a debauchee. But I have hitherto thought I knew Henry Gow as if he were my son. I cannot think he would use us thus, and it may be there are means of explaining what is laid to his charge. I was led to ask Dwining, who is said to have saluted the Smith while he was walking with his choice mate—if I am to believe his words, this wench was the Smith's cousin, Joan Letham. But thou knowest that the potter-carrier ever speaks one language with his visage, and another with his tongue—Now, thou, Oliver, hast too little wit-I mean, too much honesty-to belie the truth, and as Dwining hinted that thou also hadst seen her-"

"I see her, Simon Glover! Will Dwining say that I saw

her?"

"No, not precisely that—but he says you told him you had met the Smith thus accompanied."

"He lies, and I will pound him into a gallipot!" said Oliver

Proudfute.

"How? Did you never tell him then of such a meeting?"

"What an if I did?" said the Bonnet-maker. "Did not he swear that he would never repeat again to living mortal what I communicated to him? and therefore, in telling the occurrent to you he hath made himself a liar."

"Thou didst not meet the Smith, then," said Simon, "with

such a loose baggage as fame reports?"

"Lack-a-day, not I—perhaps I did, perhaps I did not Think, Father Simon—I have been a four-years married man, and can you expect me to remember the turn of a glee-woman's ankle, the trip of her toe, the lace upon her petticoat, and such toys? No, I leave that to unmarried wags, like my gossip Henry."

"The upshot is, then," said the Glover, much vexed, "you did meet him on St. Valentine's day walking the public

streets---"

"Not so, neighbor; I met him in the most distant and dark lane in Perth, steering full for his own house, with bag and baggage, which, as a gallant fellow, he carried in his arms, the puppy dog on one, and the jilt herself (and to my thought she

was a pretty one) hanging upon the other."

"Now, by good St. John," said the Glover, "this intamy would make a Christian man renounce his faith, and worship Mahound in very anger! But he has seen the last of my daughter. I would rather she went to the wild Highlands with a barelegged cateran, than wed with one who could, at such a season, so broadly forget honor and decency—Out upon him!"

"Tush! tush! father Simon," said the liberal-minded Bonnet-maker; "you consider not the nature of young blood. Their company was not long, for—to speak truth, I did keep a little watch on him—I met him before sunrise, conducting his errant damsel to the Lady's Stairs, the wench might embark on the Tay from Perth; and I know for certainty (for I made inquiry), that she sailed in a gabbart for Dundee. So you see it was but a slight escape of youth."

"And he came here," said Simon, bitterly, "beseeching for admittance to my daughter, while he had his harlot awaiting him at home! I had rather he had slain a score of men!—It skills not talking, least of all to thee, Oliver Proudfute, who, if thou art not such a one as himself, would fain be thought so.

But-"

"Nay, think not of it so seriously," said Oliver, who began to reflect on the mischief his tattling was likely to occasion to his friend, and on the consequences of Henry Gow's displeasure, when he should learn the disclosure which he had made rather in vanity of heart than in evil intention. "Consider," he continued, "that there are follies belonging to youth. Occasion provokes men to such frolics, and confession wipes them off. I care not if I tell thee, that though my wife be as goodly a woman as the city has, yet I myself——"

"Peace, silly braggart," said the Glover, in high wrath, "thy loves and thy battles are alike apocryphal. If thou must needs lie, which I think is thy nature, canst thou invent no falsehood that may at least do thee some credit? Do I not see through

thee, as I could see the light through the horn of a base lantern? Do I not know, thou filthy weaver of rotten worsted, that thou durst no more cross the threshold of thy own door, if thy wife heard of thy making such a boast, than thou darest cross naked weapons with a boy of twelve years old, who has drawn a sword for the first time of his life? By St. John, it were paying you for your tale-bearing trouble, to send thy Maudie word of thy gay brags."

The Bonnet-maker, at this threat, started as if a cross-bow bolt had whizzed past his head when least expected. And it was with a trembling voice that he replied, "Nay, good father Glover, thou takest too much credit for thy gray hairs. Consider, good neighbor, thou art too old for a young martialist to wrangle with. And in the matter of my Maudie, I can trust thee, for I know no one who would be less willing than thou to

break the peace of families."

"Trust thy coxcomb no longer with me," said the incensed Glover; "but take thyself, and the thing thou call'st a head, out of my reach, lest I borrow back five minutes of my youth, and break thy pate!"

"You have had a merry Fastern's Even, neighbor," said the Bonnet-maker, "and I wish you a quiet sleep; we shall meet

better friends to-morrow."

"Out of my doors to-night!" said the Glover. "I am ashamed so idle a tongue as thine should have power to move me thus.—Idiot—beast—loose-tongued coxcomb!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, as the Bonnet-maker disappeared; "that a fellow made up of lies should not have had the grace to frame one when it might have covered the shame of a friend! And I—what am I, that I should, in my secret mind, wish that such a gross insult to me and my child had been glossed over? Yet such was my opinion of Henry, that I would have willingly believed the grossest figment the swaggering ass could have invented. Well!—it skills not thinking of it. Our honest name must be maintained, though everything else should go to ruin."

While the Glover thus moralized on the unwelcome confirmation of the tale he wished to think untrue, the expelled morrice-dancer had leisure, in the composing air of a cool and dark February night, to meditate on the consequences of the

Glover's unrestrained anger.

"But it is nothing," he bethought himself, "to the wrath of Henry Wynd, who hath killed a man for much less than placing displeasure betwixt him and Catharine, as well as her fiery old father. Certainly I were better have denied everything. But the humor of seeming a knowing gallant (as in truth I am) fairly overcame me. Were I best go to finish the revel at the Griffin?—but then Maudie will rampauge on my return,—ay, and this being holiday even I may claim a privilege—I have it —I will not to the Griffin—I will to the Smith's, who must be at home, since no one hath seen him this day amid the revel. I will endeavor to make peace with him, and offer my intercession with the Glover. Harry is a simple downright fellow, and though I think he is my better in a broil, yet in discourse I can turn him my own way. The streets are now quiet—the night, too, is dark, and I may step aside if I meet any rioters. I will to the Smith's, and, securing him for my friend, I care little for old Simon. St. Ringan bear me well through this night, and I will clip my tongue out ere it shall run my head into such peril again. Yonder old fellow, when his blood was up, looked more like a carver of buff-jerkins than a clipper of kid-gloves."

With these reflections, the puissant Oliver walked swiftly, yet with as little noise as possible, towards the wynd, in which the Smith, as our readers are aware, had his habitation. But his evil fortune had not ceased to pursue him. As he turned into the High, or principal street, he heard a burst of music

very near him, followed by a loud shout.

"My merry mates, the morrice-dancers," thought he; "I would know old Jeremy's rebeck among a hundred. I will venture across the street ere they pass on—if I am espied, I shall have the renown of some private quest, which may do me

honor as a roving blade."

With these longings for distinction among the gay and gallant, combated, however, internally, by more prudential considerations, the Bonnet-maker made an attempt to cross the street. But the revellers, whoever they might be, were accompanied by torches, the flash of which fell upon Oliver, whose light-colored habit made him the more distinctly visible. The general shout of "A prize, a prize," overcame the noise of the minstrel, and before the Bonnet-maker could determine whether it were better to stand or fly, two active young men, clad in fantastic masking habits, resembling wild men, and holding great clubs, seized upon him, saying in a tragical tone, "Yield thee, man of bells and bombast; yield thee, rescue or no rescue, or truly thou art but a dead morrice-dancer."

"To whom shall I yield me?" said the Bonnet-maker, with a faltering voice; for though he saw he had to do with a party

of mummers who were afoot for pleasure, yet he observed, at the same time, that they were far above his class, and he lost the audacity necessary to support his part in a game where the inferior was likely to come by the worst.

"Dost thou parley, slave?" answered one of the maskers; and must I show thee that thou art a captive, by giving thee

incontinently the bastinado?"

"By no means, puissant man of Ind," said the Bonnet-maker;

"lo, I am conformable to your pleasure."

"Come, then," said those who had arrested him, "come and do homage to the Emperor of Mimes, King of Caperers, and Grand Duke of the Dark Hours, and explain by what right thou art so, presumptuous as to prance and jingle, and wear out shoe-leather within his dominions, without paying him tribute. Know'st thou not thou hast incurred the pains of high treason?"

"That were hard, methinks," said poor Oliver, "since I knew not that his Grace exercised the government this evening. But I am willing to redeem the forfeit, if the purse of a poor Bonnet-maker may, by the mulct of a gallon of wine, or some

such matter."

"Bring him before the Emperor," was the universal cry; and the morrice-dancer was placed before a slight, but easy and handsome figure of a young man, splendidly attired, having a cincture and tiara of peacock's feathers, then brought from the East as a marvellous rarity; a short jacket and under-dress of leopard's skin fitted closely the rest of his person, which was attired in flesh-colored silk, so as to resemble the ordinary idea of an Indian prince. He wore sandals, fastened on with ribbons of scarlet silk, and held in his hand a sort of fan. such as ladies then used, composed of the same feathers, assembled into a plume or tuft.

"What mister wight have we here," said the Indian chief, "who dares to tie the bells of a morrice on the ankles of a dull ass?—Hark ye, friend, your dress should make you a subject of ours, since our empire extends over all Merryland, including mimes and minstrels of every description.—What, tongue-tied? He lacks wine—minister to him our nutshell full of sack."

A huge calabash full of sack was offered to the lips of the supplicant, while this prince of revellers exhorted him,—

"Crack me this nut, and do it handsomely, and without

wry faces."

But, however Oliver might have relished a moderate sip of the same good wine, he was terrified at the quantity he was required to deal with. He drank a draught, and then entreated for mercy.

"So please your princedom, I have yet far to go, and if I were to swallow your Grace's bounty, for which accept my dutiful thanks, I should not be able to stride over the next kennel."

"Art thou in case to bear thyself like a galliard? Now, cut me a caper—ha! one—two—three—admirable! again—give him the spur"—(here a satellite of the Indian gave Oliver a slight touch with his sword)—"Nay, that is best of all—he sprang like a cat in a gutter! Tender him the nut once more—nay, no compulsion, he has paid forfeit, and deserves not only free dismissal but reward. Kneel down, kneel, and arise Sir Knight of the Calabash! What is thy name? And one of you lend me a rapier."

"Oliver, may it please your honor—I mean your princi-

pality."

"Oliver, man? nay, then thou art one of the Douze peers already, and fate has forestalled our intended promotion. Yet rise up, sweet Sir Oliver Thatchpate, Knight of the honorable order of the Pumpkin—Rise up, in the name of Nonsense, and begone about thine own concerns, and the devil go with thee."

So saying, the Prince of the revels bestowed a smart blow with the flat of the weapon across the Bonnet-maker's shoulders, who sprung to his feet with more alacrity of motion than he had hitherto displayed, and, accelerated by the laugh and halloo which arose behind him, arrived at the Smith's house before he stopped, with the same speed with which a hunted fox makes for his den.

It was not till the affrighted Bonnet-maker had struck a blow on the door, that he recollected he ought to have bethought himself beforehand in what manner he was to present himself before Henry, and obtain his forgiveness for his rash communications to Simon Glover. No one answered to his first knock, and, perhaps, as these reflections arose, in the momentary pause of recollection which circumstances permitted, the perplexed Bonnet-maker might have flinched from his purpose, and made his retreat to his own premises, without venturing upon the interview which he had purposed. But a distant strain of minstrelsy revived his apprehensions of falling once more into the hands of the gay maskers from whom he had es-

^{*} The twelve poers of Charlemagne, immortal in romance.

caped, and he renewed his summons on the door of the Smith's dwelling, with a hurried, though faltering hand. He was then appalled by the deep, yet not unmusical voice of Henry Gow, who answered from within,—"Who calls at this hour?—and what is it that you want?"

"It is I—Oliver Proudfute," replied the Bonnet-maker; "1

have a merry jest to tell you, gossip Henry."

"Carry thy foolery to some other market. I am in no jesting humor," said Henry. "Go hence—I will see no one to-night."

"But, gossip—good gossip," answered the martialist, without, "I am beset with villains, and beg the shelter of your

roof!"

"Fool that thou art!" replied Henry; "no dunghill cock, the most recreant that has fought this Fastern's Eve, would ruffle his feathers at such a craven as thou!"

At this moment another strain of minstrelsy, and, as the Bonnet-maker conceived, one which approached much nearer, goaded his apprehensions to the uttermost; and, in a voice, the tones of which expressed the undisguised extremity of instant fear, he exclaimed,—

"For the sake of our old gossipred, and for the love of Our blessed Lady, admit me, Henry, if you would not have me found a bloody corpse at thy door, slain by the bloody-minded

Douglasses!"

"That would be a shame to me," thought the good-natured Smith; "and sooth to say, his peril may be real. There are roving hawks that will strike at a sparrow as soon as a heron."

With these reflections, half-muttered, half-spoken, Henry undid his well-fastened door, proposing to reconnoitre the reality of the danger before he permitted his unwelcome guest to enter the house. But as he looked abroad to ascertain how matters stood, Oliver bolted in like a scared deer into a thicket, and harbored himself by the Smith's kitchen-fire, before Henry could look up and down the lane, and satisfy himself there were no enemies in pursuit of the apprehensive fugitive. He secured his door, therefore, and returned into the kitchen displeased that he had suffered his gloomy solitude to be intruded upon by sympathizing with apprehensions, which he thought he might have known were so easily excited as those of his timid townsman.

"How now?" he said, coldly enough, when he saw the Bonnet-maker calmly seated by his hearth. "What foolish revel is this, Master Oliver?—I see no one near to harm you."

"Give me a drink, kind gossip," said Oliver; "I am choked

with the haste I have made to come hither."

"I have sworn," said Henry, "that this shall be no revel night in this house.—I am in my work-day clothes, as you see, and keep fast, as I have reason, instead of holiday. You have had wassail enough for the holiday evening, for you speak thick already—If you wish more ale or wine you must go elsewhere."

"I have had over much wassail already," said poor Oliver, "and have been well-nigh drowned in it.—That accursed calabash!—A draught of water, kind gossip—you will not surely let me ask for that in vain? or, if it is your will, a cup of cold

small ale."

"Nay, if that be all," said Henry, "it shall not be lacking. But it must have been much which brought thee to the pass of

asking for either."

So saying, he filled a quart flagon from a barrel that stood nigh, and presented it to his guest. Oliver eagerly accepted it, raised it to his head with a trembling hand, imbibed the contents with lips which quivered with emotion, and, though the potation was as thin as he had requested, so much was he exhausted with the combined fears of alarm and of former revelry, that when he placed the flagon on the oak table, he uttered a deep sigh of satisfaction, and remained silent.

"Well, now you have had your draught, gossip," said the Smith, "what is it you want? Where are those that threatened

you? I could see no one."

"No—but there were twenty chased me into the wynd," said Oliver. "But when they saw us together, you know, they lost the courage that brought all of them upon one of us."

"Nay, do not trifle, friend Oliver," replied his host; "my

mood lies not that way."

"I jest not, by St. John of Perth. I have been stayed and foully outraged" (gliding his hand sensitively over the place affected) "by mad David of Rothsay, roaring Ramorny, and the rest of them. They made me drink a firkin of Malvoisie."

"Thou speakest folly, man—Ramorny is sick nigh to death, as the potter-carrier everywhere reports; they and he cannot

surely rise at midnight to do such frolics."

"I cannot tell," replied Oliver; "but I saw the party by torch-light, and I can make bodily oath to the bonnets I made for them since last Innocent's. They are of a quaint device, and I should know my own stitch."

"Well, thou mayst have had wrong," answered Henry. "If

thou art in real danger, I will cause them get a bed for thee here. But you must fill it presently, for I am not in the humor

of talking."

"Nay, I would thank thee for my quarters for a night, only my Maudie will be angry—that is, not angry, for that I care not for—but the truth is, she is over anxious on a revel night like this, knowing my humor is like thine, for a word and a blow."

"Why, then, go home," said the Smith, "and show her that her treasure is in safety, Master Oliver—the streets are quiet

-and, to speak a blunt word, I would be alone."

"Nay, but I have things to speak with thee about of moment," replied Oliver, who, afraid to stay, seemed yet unwilling to go. "There has been a stir in our city council about the affair of St. Valentine's Even. The Provost told me not four hours since, that the Douglas and he had agreed that the feud should be decided by a yeoman on either part, and that our acquaintance, the Devil's Dick, was to waive his gentry and take up the cause for Douglas and the nobles, and that you or I should fight for the Fair City. Now, though I am the elder burgess, yet I am willing, for the love and kindness we have always borne to each other, to give thee the precedence, and content myself with the humbler office of stickler."

Henry Smith, though angry, could scarce forbear a smile.

"If it is that which breaks thy quiet, and keeps thee out of thy bed at midnight, I will make the matter easy. Thou shalt not lose the advantage offered thee. I have fought a score of duels—far, far too many. Thou hast, I think, only encountered with thy wooden Soldan—it were unjust—unfair—unkind—in me to abuse thy friendly offer. So go home, good fellow, and let not the fear of losing honor disturb thy slumbers. Rest assured that thou shalt answer the challenge, as good right thou hast, having had injury from this rough-rider."

"Gramercy, and thank thee kindly," said Oliver, much embarrassed by his friend's unexpected deference; "thou art the good friend I have always thought thee. But I have as much friendship for Henry Smith as he for Oliver Proudfute. I swear by St. John, I will not fight in this quarrel to thy prejudice. So, having said so, I am beyond the reach of temptation, since thou wouldst not have me mansworn, though it were

to fight twenty duels."

"Hark thee," said the Smith, "acknowledge thou art afraid,

The seconds in ancient single combats were so called, from the white sticks which they carried, in emblem of their duty to see fair play between the combatants.

Oliver; tell the honest truth at once, otherwise I leave thee to make the best of thy quarrel."

"Nay, good gossip," replied the Bonnet-maker, "thou knowest I am never afraid. But, in sooth, this is a desperate ruffian; and as I have a wife—poor Maudie, thou knowest—and a small family, and thou——"

"And I," interrupted Henry, hastily, "have none, and never

shall have."

"Why, truly—such being the case—I would rather thou

fought'st this combat than I."

"Now, by our holidame, gossip," answered the Smith, "thou art easily gulled! Know, thou silly fellow, that Sir Patrick Charteris, who is ever a merry man, hath but jested with thec. Dost thou think he would venture the honor of the city on thy head? or that I would yield thee the precedence in which such a matter was to be disputed? Lack-a-day, go home, let Maudie tie a warm nightcap on thy head; get thee a warm breakfast, and a cup of distilled waters, and thou wilt be in case to-morrow to fight thy wooden dromond, or Soldan as thou call'st him, the only thing thou wilt ever lay downright blow upon."

"Ay, say'st thou so, comrade?" answered Oliver, much relieved, yet deeming it necessary to seem in part offended. "I care not for thy dogged humor; it is well for thee thou canst not wake my patience to the point of falling foul. Enough—we are gossips, and this house is thine. Why should the two best blades in Perth clash with each other? What! I know thy rugged humor, and can forgive it.—But is the feud really

soldered up?"

"As completely as ever hammer fixed rivet," said the Smith. "The town hath given the Johnstone a purse of gold, for not ridding them of a troublesome fellow called Oliver Proudfute, when he had him at his mercy; and this purse of gold buys for the Provost the Sleepless Isle; which the King grants him, for the King pays all in the long run. And thus, Sir Patrick gets the comely Inch, which is opposite to his dwelling, and all honor is saved on both sides, for what is given to the Provost, is given, you understand, to the town. Besides all this, the Douglas hath left Perth to march against the Southron, who, men say, are called into the Marches by the false Earl of March. So the Fair City is quit of him and his cumber."

"But, in St. John's name, how came all that about," said

Oliver, "and no one spoken to about it?"

"Why, look thee, friend Oliver, this I take to have been the

case. The fellow whom I cropped of a hand, is now said to have been a servant of Sir John Ramorny's, who hath fled to his motherland of Fife, to which Sir John himself is also to be banished, wit full consent of every honest man. Now, anything which brings in Sir John Ramorny, touches a much greater man—I think Simon Glover told as much to Sir Patrick Charteris. If it be as I guess, I have reason to thank Heaven, and all the saints, I stabbed him not upon the ladder when I made him prisoner."

"And I too thank Heaven, and all the saints, most devoutly," said Oliver. "I was behind thee, thou knowest,

and ____"

"No more of that, if thou be'st wise—There are laws against striking princes," said the Smith; "best not handle the horse-

shoe till it cools. All is hushed up now."

"If this be so," said Oliver, partly disconcerted, but still more relieved, by the intelligence he received from his better informed friend, "I have reason to complain of Sir Patrick Charteris for jesting with the honor of an honest burgess, being, as he is, Provost of our town."

"Do, Oliver; challenge him to the field, and he will bid his yeomen loose his dogs on thee.—But come, night wears apace,

will you be shogging?"

"Nay, I had one word more to say to thee, good gossip.

But first, another cup of your cold ale."

"Pest on thee, for a fool! Thou makest me wish thee where cold liquors are a scarce commodity.—There, swill the barrelful an thou wilt."

Oliver took the second flagon, but drank, or rather seemed to drink, very slowly, in order to gain time for considering how he should introduce his second subject of conversation, which seemed rather delicate for the Smith's present state of irritability. At length, nothing better occurred to him than to plunge into the subject at once, with, "I have seen Simon Glover to-day, gossip."

"Well," said the Smith, in a low, deep, and stern tone of

voice, "and if thou hast, what is that to me?"

"Nothing—nothing," answered the appalled Bonnet-maker.

"Only I thought you might like to know that he questioned me close if I had seen thee on St. Valentine's Day, after the uproar at the Dominicans', and in what company thou wert."

"And I warrant thou told'st him thou met'st me with a glee-

woman, in the mirk loaning yonder?"

"Thou knowest, Henry, I have no gift at lying; but I made it all up with him."

"As how, I pray you?" said the Smith.

"Marry, thus-Father Simon, said I, you are an old man, and know not the quality of us, in whose veins youth is like quicksilver. You think, now, he cares about this girl, said I, and, perhaps, that he has her somewhere here in Perth in a corner? No such matter; I know, said I, and I will make oath to it, that she left his house early next morning for Dundee.

Ha! have I helped thee at need?"

"Truly, I think thou hast, and if anything could add to my grief and vexation at this moment, it is, that when I am so deep in the mire, an ass like thee should place his clumsy hoof on my head, to sink me entirely. Come, away with thee, and mayst thou have such luck as thy meddling humor deserves, and then, I think, thou wilt be found with a broken neck in the next gutter-Come, get you out, or I will put you to the door with head and shoulders forward."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Oliver, laughing with some constraint; "thou art such a groom! But in sadness, gossip Henry, wilt thou not take a turn with me to my own house, in the Meal

Vennel?"

"Curse thee, no," answered the Smith.

"I will bestow the wine on thee, if thou wilt go," said Oliver.

"I will bestow the cudgel on thee, if thou stay'st," said Henry.

"Nay, then, I will don thy buff-coat and cap of steel, and walk with thy swashing step, and whistling thy pibroch of, 'Broken Bones at Loncarty;' and if they take me for thee,

there dare not four of them come near me." "Take all, or anything thou wilt, in the fiend's name! only

be gone."

"Well, well, Hal, we shall meet when thou art in better humor," said Oliver, who had put on the dress.

"Go—and may I never see thy coxcombly face again!"

Oliver at last relieved his host by swaggering off, imitating, as well as he could, the sturdy step and outward gesture of his redoubted companion, and whistling a pibroch, composed on the rout of the Danes at Loncarty, which he had picked up from its being a favorite of the Smith's, whom he made a point of imitating as far as he could. But as the innocent, though conceited fellow stepped out from the entrance of the Wynd, where it communicated with the High Street, he received a blow from behind, against which his head-piece was no defence, and he fell dead upon the spot; an attempt to mutter the name of Henry, to whom he always looked for protection, quivering upon his dying tongue.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Nay, I will fit you for a young prince.
FALSTAFF.

WE return to the revellers, who had, half-an-hour before, witnessed, with such boisterous applause, Oliver's feat of agility, being the last which the poor Bonnet-maker was ever to exhibit, and at the hasty retreat which had followed it, animated by their wild shout. After they had laughed their fill, they passed on their mirthful path, in frolic and jubilee, stopping and frightening some of the people whom they met; but, it must be owned, without doing them any serious injury, either in their persons or feelings. At length, tired with his rambles, their chief gave

a signal to his merry-men to close around him.

'We, my brave hearts and wise counsellors, are," he said, "the real King * over all in Scotland that is worth commanding. We sway the hours when the wine-cup circulates, and when beauty becomes kind, when Frolic is awake, and gravity snoring upon his pallet. We leave to our vicegerent, King Robert, the weary task of controlling ambitious nobles, gratifying greedy clergymen, subduing wild Highlanders, and composing deadly feuds. And since our empire is one of joy and pleasure, meet it is that we should haste, with all our forces, to the rescue of such as own our sway, when they chance, by evil fortune. to become the prisoners of care and hypochondriac malady. I speak in relation chiefly to Sir John, whom the vulgar call Ramorny. We have not seen him since the onslaught of Curfew Street; and though we know he was some deal hurt in that matter, we cannot see why he should not do homage in leal and duteous sort.—Here, you, our Calabash King-at-arms, did you legally summon Sir John to his part of this evening's revels?" "Í did. my lord."

"And did you acquaint him that we have for this night suspended his sentence of banishment, that since higher powers have settled that part, we might at least take a mirthful leave of an old friend?"

The Scottish Statute Book affords abundant evidence of the extravagant and often fatal frolics practised among our ancestors under the personages elected to fill the high offices of Quene of May, Prince of Yule (Christmas), Abbot of Unreason, etc., etc., corresponding to the Boy Bishop of England, and the French Abbit de Liesse, or Abbas Letitie. Shrove tide was not less distinguished by such mumming dignitaries.

"I so delivered it, my lord," answered the mimic herald.

"And sent he not a word in writing, he that piques himself

apon being so great a clerk?"

"He was in bed, my lord, and I might not see him. So far as I hear, he hath lived very retired, harmed with some bodily bruises, malcontent with your Highness's displeasure, and doubting insult in the streets, he having had a narrow escape from the burgesses, when the churls pursued him and his two servants into the Dominican Convent. The servants, too, have been removed to Fife, lest they should tell tales."

"Why, it was wisely done," said the Prince,-who, we need not inform the intelligent reader, had a better title to be so called, than arose from the humors of the evening,—"it was prudently done to keep light-tongued companions out of the But Sir John's absenting himself from our solemn revels, so long before decreed, is flat mutiny, and disclamation of allegiance. Or, if the knight be really the prisoner of illness and melancholy, we must ourself grace him with a visit, seeing there can be no better cure for those maladies than our own presence, and a gentle kiss of the calabash—Forward, ushers, minstrels, guard, and attendants! Bear on high the great emblem of our dignity-Up with the calabash, I say! and let the merry-men who carry these firkins, which are to supply the wine-cup with their life-blood, be chosen with regard to their state of steadiness. Their burden is weighty and precious, and if the fault is not in our eyes, they seem to us to reel and stagger more than were desirable. Now, move on, sirs, and let our minstrels blow their blithest and boldest."

On they went with tipsy mirth and jollity, the numerous torches flashing their red light against the small windows of the narrow streets, from whence night-capped householders, and sometimes their wives to boot, peeped out by stealth to see what wild wassail disturbed the peaceful streets at that unwonted hour. At length the jolly train halted before the door of Sir John Ramorny's house, which a small court divided from the street.

Here they knocked, thundered, and hollowed, with many denunciations of vengeance against the recusants, who refused to open the gates. The least punishment threatened was imprisonment in an empty hogshead, within the Massamore * of the Prince of Pastimes' feudal palace, videlicet, the ale-cellar.

The Massamore or Massy More, the principal dungeon of the feudal castle, is supposed to have derived its name from our intercourse with the Eastern nations at the time of the Crusades. Dr. Jamieson quotes an old Latin Itinerary: "Proximus est carcer subterrances eve ut Maser's appellant, Masmorra."

But Eviot, Ramorny's page, heard and knew well the character of the intruders who knocked so boldly, and thought it better, considering his master's condition, to make no answer at all, in hopes that the revel would pass on, than to attempt to deprecate their proceedings, which he knew would be to no purpose. His master's bed-room looking into a little garden, his page hoped he might not be disturbed by the noise; and he was confident in the strength of the outward gate, upon which he resolved they should beat till they tired themselves, or till the tone of their drunken humor should change. The revellers accordingly seemed likely to exhaust themselves, in the noise they made by shouting and beating the door, when their mock Prince (alas! too really such) upbraided them as lazy and dull followers of the god of wine and of mirth.

"Bring forward," he said, "our key,-yonder it lies, and

apply it to this rebellious gate."

The key he pointed at was a large beam of wood, left on one side of the street, with the usual neglect of order character-

istic of a Scottish borough of the period.

The shouting men of Ind instantly raised it in their arms, and, supporting it by their united strength, ran against the door with such force, that hasp, hinge, and staple jingled, and gave fair promise of yielding. Eviot did not choose to wait the extremity of this battery; he came forth into the court, and after some momentary questions for form's sake, caused the porter to undo the gate, as if he had for the first time recognized the midnight visitors.

"False slave of an unfaithful master," said the Prince, "where is our disloyal subject, Sir John Ramorny, who has

proved recreant to our summons?"

"My lord," said Eviot, bowing at once to the real and to the assumed dignity of the leader; "my master is just now very much indisposed—he has taken an opiate—and—your Highness must excuse me if I do my duty to him in saying, he

cannot be spoken with without danger of his life."

"Tush! tell me not of danger, Master Teviot—Cheviot—Eviot—what is it they call thee?—But show me thy master's chamber, or rather undo me the door of his lodging, and I will make a good guess at it myself.—Bear high the calabash, my brave followers, and see that you spill not a drop of the liquor, which Dan Bacchus has sent for the cure of all diseases of the body, and cares of the mind. Advance it, I say, and let us see the holy rind which encloses such precious liquor."

The Prince made his way into the house accordingly, and,

acquainted with its interior, ran upstairs, followed by Eviot, in vain imploring silence, and, with the rest of the rabble rout, burst into the room of the wounded master of the lodging.

He who has experienced the sensation of being compelled to sleep in spite of racking bodily pains, by the administration of a strong opiate, and of having been again startled by noise and violence out of the unnatural state of insensibility in which he had been plunged by the potency of the medicine, may be able to imagine the confused and alarmed state of Sir John Ramorny's mind and the agony of his body which acted and re-acted upon each other. If we add to these feelings the consciousness of a criminal command, sent forth and in the act of being executed, it may give us some idea of an awakening. to which, in the mind of the party, eternal sleep would be a far preferable doom. The groan which he uttered as the first symptom of returning sensation, had something in it so terrific, that even the revellers were awed into momentary silence; and as from the half recumbent posture in which he had gone to sleep, he looked around the room, filled with fantastic shapes, rendered still more so by his disturbed intellects, he muttered to himself-

"It is thus then, after all, and the legend is true! These are fiends, and I am condemned forever! The fire is not external, but I feel it—I feel it at my heart—burning as if the seven times heated furnace were doing its work within!"

While he cast ghastly looks around him, and struggled to recover some share of recollection, Eviot approached the Prince, and falling on his knees implored him to allow the apartment to be cleared.

"It may," he said, "cost my master his life."

"Never fear, Cheviot," replied the Duke of Rothsay; "were he at the gates of death, here is what should make the fiends relinquish their prey:—Advance the calabash, my masters."

"It is death for him to taste it in his present state," said

Eviot; "if he drinks wine he dies."

"Some one must drink it for him, he shall be cured vicariously—and may our great Dan Bacchus deign to Sir John Ramorny the comfort, the elevation of heart, the lubrication of lungs, and lightness of fancy, which are his choicest gifts, while the faithful follower, who quaffs in his stead, shall have the qualms, the sickness, the racking of the nerves, the dimness of the eyes, and the throbbing of the brain, with which our great master qualifies gifts which would else make us too like the gods.—What say you, Eviot? will you be the faithful follower

that will quaff in your lord's behalf, and as his representative? Do this, and we will hold ourselves contented to depart, for,

methinks, our subject doth look something ghastly."

"I would do anything in my slight power," said Eviot, "to save my master from a draught which may be his death, and your Grace from the sense that you had occasioned it. But here is one who will perform the feat of good-will, and thank your Highness to boot."

"Whom have we here?" said the Prince, "a butcher—and I think fresh from his office. Do butchers ply their craft on

Faster's Eve? Foh, how he smells of blood!"

This was spoken of Bonthron, who, partly surprised at the tumult in the house, where he had expected to find all dark and silent, and partly stupid through the wine which the wretch had drunk in great quantities, stood in the threshold of the door, staring at the scene before him, with his buff-coat splashed with blood, and a bloody axe in his hand, exhibiting a ghastly and disgusting spectacle to the revellers, who felt, though they could not tell why, fear as well as dislike at his presence.

As they approached the calabash to this ungainly and truculent-looking savage, and as he extended a hand soiled, as it seemed, with blood, to grasp it, the Prince called out,—

"Down stairs with him! let not the wretch drink in our presence; find him some other vessel than our holy calabash, the emblem of our revels—a swine's trough were best, if it could be come by. Away with him! let him be drenched to purpose, in atonement for his master's sobriety.—Leave me alone with Sir John Ramorny and his page; by my honor, I like not you ruffian's looks."

The attendants of the Prince left the apartment, and Eviot

alone remained.

"I fear," said the Prince, approaching the bed in different form from that which he had hitherto used—"I fear, my dear Sir John, that this visit has been unwelcome, but it is your own fault. Although you know our old wont, and were yourself participant of our schemes for the evening, you have not come near us since St. Valentine's—it is now Fastern's Even, and the desertion is flat disobedience and treason to our kingdom of mirth, and the statutes of the calabash."

Ramorny raised his head, and fixed a wavering eye upon the Prince; then signed to Eviot to give him something to drink. A large cup of ptisan was presented by the page, which the sick man swallowed with eager and trembling haste. He then repeatedly used the stimulating essence left for the purpose by the leech, and seemed to collect his scattered senses.

"Let me feel your pulse, dear Ramorny," said the Prince; "I know something of that craft.—How? Do you offer me the ieft hand, Sir John?—that is neither according to the rules of medicine nor of courtesy."

"The right has already done its last act in your Highness's

service," muttered the patient, in a low and broken tone.

"How mean you by that?" said the Prince. "I am aware thy follower, Black Quentin, lost a hand; but he can steal with the other as much as will bring him to the gallows, so his fate cannot be much altered."

"It is not that fellow who has had the loss in your Grace's

service—it is I—John of Ramorny."

"You?" said the Prince; "you jest with me, or the opiate

still masters your reason."

"If the juice of all the poppies in Egypt were blended in one draught," said Ramorny, "it would lose influence over me, when I look upon this." He drew his right arm from beneath the cover of the bed-clothes, and extending it towards the Prince, wrapped as it was in dressings, "Were these undone and removed," he said, "your Highness would see that a bloody stump is all that remains of a hand ever ready to unsheath the sword at your Grace's slightest bidding."

Rothsay started back in horror. "This," he said, "must

be avenged!"

"It is avenged in small part," said Ramorny; "that is, I thought I saw Bonthron but now—or was it that the dream of hell that first arose in my mind when I awakened, summoned up an image so congenial? Eviot, call the miscreant—that is, if he is fit to appear."

Eviot retired, and presently returned with Bonthron, whom he had rescued from the penance, to him no unpleasing infliction, of a second calabash of wine, the brute having gorged the

first without much apparent alteration in his demeanor.

"Eviot," said the Prince, "let not that beast come nigh me. My soul recoils from him in fear and disgust; there is something in his looks alien from my nature, and which I shudder at as at a loathsome snake, from which my instinct revolts."

"First hear him speak, my lord," answered Ramorny; "unless a wine-skin were to talk, nothing could use fewer words.—

Hast thou dealt with him, Bonthron?"

The savage raised the axe which he still held in his hand, and brought it down again edgeways.

"Good. How knew you your man?—the night, I am told, is dark."

"By sight and sound, garb, gait, and whistle."

"Enough, vanish!—and, Eviot, let him have gold and wine to his brutish contentment.—Vanish!—and go thou with him."

"And whose death is achieved?" said the Prince, released from the feelings of disgust and horror under which he suffered while the assassin was in presence. "I trust this is but a jest? Else must I call it a rash and savage deed. Who has had the hard lot to be butchered by that bloody and brutal slave?"

"One little better than himself," said the patient; "a

"One little better than himself," said the patient; "a wretched artisan, to whom, however, fate gave the power of reducing Ramorny to a mutilated cripple—a curse go with his base spirit!—his miserable life is but to my revenge what a drop of water would be to a furnace. I must speak briefly, for my ideas again wander; it is only the necessity of the moment which keeps them together, as a thong combines a handful of arrows. You are in danger, my lord—I speak it with certainty—you have braved Douglas and offended your uncle—displeased your father—though that were a trifle, were it not for the rest."

"I am sorry I have displeased my father," said the Prince (entirely diverted from so insignificant a thing as the slaughter of an artisan, by the more important subject touched upon), "if indeed it be so. But if I live, the strength of the Douglas shall be broken, and the craft of Albany shall little avail him!"

"Ay—if—if. My lord," said Ramorny, "with such opposites as you have, you must not rest upon if or but—you must

resolve at once to slay or be slain."

"How mean you, Ramorny? your fever makes you rave,"

answered the Duke of Rothsay.

"No, my lord," said Ramorny, "were my frenzy at the highest, the thoughts that pass through my mind at this moment would qualify it. It may be that regret for my own loss has made me desperate; that anxious thoughts for your Highness's safety have made me nourish bold designs; but I have all the judgment with which Heaven has gifted me, when I tell you, that if ever you would brook the Scottish crown, nay, more, if ever you would see another Saint Valentine's Day, you must——"

"What is that I must do, Ramorny?"—said the Prince, with an air of dignity; "nothing unworthy of myself, I hope?"

"Nothing, certainly, unworthy or misbecoming a Prince of Scotland, if the blood-stained annals of our country tell the tale truly; but that which may well shock the nerves of a prince of

mimes and merry-makers."

"Thou art severe, Sir John Ramorny," said the Duke of Rothsay, with an air of displeasure; "but thou hast dearly bought a right to censure us by what thou hast lost in our cause."

"My Lord of Rothsay," said the knight, "the chirurgeon who dressed this mutilated stump, told me that the more I felt the pain his knife and brand inflicted, the better was my chance of recovery. I shall not, therefore, hesitate to hurt your feelings, while by doing so I may be able to bring you to a sense of what is necessary for your safety. Your Grace has been the pupil of mirthful folly too long; you must now assume manly policy, or be crushed like a butterfly, on the bosom of the

flower you are sporting on."

"I think I know your cast of morals, Sir John; you are weary of merry folly—the churchmen call it vice—and long for a little serious crime. A murder, now, or a massacre, would enhance the flavor of debauch, as the taste of the olive gives zest to wine. But my worst acts are but merry malice; I have no relish for the bloody trade, and abhor to see or hear of its being acted even on the meanest caitiff. Should I ever fill the throne, I suppose, like my father before me, I must drop my own name, and be dubbed Robert, in honor of the Bruce—well. and if it be so, every Scots lad shall have his flagon in one hand, and the other around his lass's neck, and manhood shall be tried by kisses and bumpers, not by dirks and dourlachs, and they shall write on my grave, 'Here lies Robert, fourth of his name. He won not battles like Robert the First. He rose not from a count to a king like Robert the Second. He founded not churches like Robert the Third, but was contented to live and die King of good fellows!' Of all my two centuries of ancestors, I would only emulate the fame of

Old King Coul, Who had a brown bowl.

"My gracious lord," said Ramorny, "let me remind you that your joyous revels involve serious evils. If I had lost this hand in fighting to attain for your Grace some important advantage over your too powerful enemies, the loss would never have grieved me. But to be reduced from helmet and steel-coat, to biggen and gown, in a night brawl——"

"Why, there again, now, Sir John"—interrupted the reck less Prince—"How canst thou be so unworthy as to be forevet

flinging thy bloody hand in my face, as the ghost of Gaskhall threw his head at Sir William Wallace?* Bethink thee, thou art more unreasonable than Fawdyon himself; for wight Wallace had swept his head off in somewhat a hasty humor, whereas, I would gladly stick thy hand on again, were that possible. And, hark thee, since that cannot be, I will get thee such a substitute as the steel hand of the old Knight of Carselogie, with which he greeted his friends, caressed his wife, braved his antagonists, and did all that might be done by a hand of flesh and blood, in offence or defence. Depend on it, John Ramorny, we have much that is superfluous about us. Man can see with one eye, hear with one ear, touch with one hand, smell with one nostril; and why we should have two of each (unless to supply an accidental loss or injury), I, for one, am at a loss to conceive."

Sir John Ramorny turned from the Prince with a low

groan.

"Nay, Sir John," said the Duke, "I am quite serious. You know the truth touching the legend of Steelhand of Carselogie better than I, since he was your own neighbor. In his time, that curious engine could only be made in Rome; but I will wager a hundred merks with you, that, let the Perth armorer have the use of it for a pattern, Henry of the Wynd will execute as complete an imitation as all the smiths in Rome could accomplish, with all the cardinals to bid a blessing on the work."

"I could venture to accept your wager, my lord," answered Ramorny, bitterly, "but there is no time for foolery.—You have dismissed me from your service, at command of your uncle?"

" At command of my father," answered the Prince.

"Upon whom your uncle's commands are imperative," replied Ramorny. "I am a disgraced man, thrown aside, as I may now fling away my right-hand glove, as a thing useless. Yet my head might help you, though my hand be gone. Is your Grace disposed to listen to me for one word of serious import?—for I am much exhausted, and feel my force sinking under me."

"Speak your pleasure," said the Prince; "thy loss binds me to hear thee; thy bloody stump is a sceptre to control me. Speak then; but be merciful in thy strength of privilege."

"I will be brief, for mine own sake as well as thine;-

The passage referred to is perhaps the most poetical one in Blind Harry's Wallace, Book v., v. 180-220. [See note in regard to a similar reference to Blind Harry, p. 73-]

indeed, I have but little to say. Douglas places himself immediately at the head of his vassals. He will assemble, in the name of King Robert, thirty thousand Borderers, whom he will shortly after lead into the interior, to demand that the Duke of Rothsay receive, or rather restore, his daughter to the rank and privileges of his Duchess. King Robert will yield to any conditions which may secure peace—What will the Duke do?"

"The Duke of Rothsay loves peace," said the Prince, haughtily; "but he never feared war. Ere he takes back yonder proud peat to his table and his bed, at the command of her

father, Douglas must be King of Scotland."

"Be it so—but even this is the less pressing peril, especially as it threatens open violence, for the Douglas works not in

secret."

"What is there which presses, and keeps us awake at this late hour? I am a weary man, thou a wounded one, and the very tapers are blinking as if tired of our conference."

"Tell me, then, who is it that rules this kingdom of Scot-

land?" said Ramorny.

"Robert, third of the name," said the Prince, raising his bonnet as he spoke; "and long may he sway the sceptre!"

"True, and amen," answered Ramorny; "but who sways King Robert, and dictates almost every measure which the good

King pursues?"

"My Lord of Albany, you would say," replied the Prince.
"Yes, it is true my father is guided almost entirely by the counsels of his brother; nor can we blame him in our consciences, Sir John Ramorny, for little help hath he had from his son."

"Let us help him now, my Lord," said Ramorny. "I am possessor of a dreadful secret—Albany hath been trafficking with me, to join him in taking your Grace's life! He offers full

pardon for the past-high favor for the future."

"How, man — my life? I trust, though, thou dost only mean my kingdom? It were impious!— he is my father's brother—they sat on the knees of the same father—lay on the bosom of the same mother—Out on thee, man! what follies they make thy sick-bed believe!"

"Believe, indeed!" said Ramorny. "It is new to me to be termed credulous. But the man through whom Albany communicated his temptations, is one whom all will believe, so soon as he hints at mischief—even the medicaments which are pre-

pared by his hands have a relish of poison."

"Tush! such a slave would slander a saint," replied the

Prince. Thou art duped for once, Ramorny, shrewd as thou art. My uncle of Albany is ambitious, and would secure for himself and for his house a larger portion of power and wealth than he ought in reason to desire. But to suppose he would dethrone or slay his brother's son—Fie, Ramorny! put me not to quote the old saw, that evil doers are evil dreaders—It is your suspicion, not your knowledge, which speaks."

"Your Grace is fatally deluded—I will put it to an issue. The Duke of Albany is generally hated for his greed and covetousness—Your Highness is, it may be, more beloved

than-"

Ramorny stopped, the Prince calmly filled up the blank—"more beloved than I am honored? It is so, I would have it,

Ramorny."

"At least," said Ramorny, "you are more beloved than you are feared, and that is no safe condition for a prince. But give me your honor and knightly word that you will not resent what good service I shall do in your behalf, and lend me your signet to engage friends in your name, and the Duke of Albany shall not assume authority in this court, till the wasted hand which once terminated this stump shall be again united to the body, and acting in obedience to the dictates of my mind."

"You would not venture to dip your hands in royal blood?"

said the Prince, sternly.

"Fie, my Lord—at no rate—blood need not be shed; life may, nay will, be extinguished of itself. For want of trimming it with fresh oil, or screening it from a breath of wind, the quivering light will die in the socket. To suffer a man to die is not to kill him."

"True—I had forgot that policy. Well, then, suppose my uncle Albany does not continue to live—I think that must be

the phrase—Who then rules the court of Scotland?"

Robert the Third, with consent, advice, and authority of the most mighty David, Duke of Rothsay, Lieutenant of the kingdom, and ALTER EGO; in whose favor, indeed, the good King, wearied with the fatigues and troubles of sovereignty, will, I guess, be well disposed to abdicate. So long live our brave young monarch, King David the Third!

'Ille manu fortis, Anglis ludebit in hortis.'"

"And our father and predecessor," said Rothsay, "will he continue to live to pray for us, as our beadsman, by whose favor he holds the privilege of laying his gray hairs in the grave as soon, and no earlier, than the course of nature per-

mits?—or must he also encounter some of those negligences, in consequence of which men cease to continue to live, and exchange the limits of a prison, or of a convent resembling one, for the dark and tranquil cell, where the priests say that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?"

"You speak in jest, my lord," replied Ramorny; "to harm

the good old King were equally unnatural and impolitic."

"Why shrink from that, man, when thy whole scheme," answered the Prince, in stern displeasure, "is one lesson of unnatural guilt, mixed with short-sighted ambition?—If the King of Scotland can scarcely make head against his nobles, even now when he can hold up before them an unsullied and honorable banner, who would follow a prince that is blackened with the death of an uncle and the imprisonment of a father? Why, man, thy policy were enough to revolt a heathen divan, to say nought of the council of a Christian nation.—Thou wert my tutor, Ramorny, and perhaps I might justly upbraid thy lessons and example, for some of the follies which men chide in me. Perhaps if it had not been for thee, I had not been standing at midnight in this fool's guise" (looking at his dress), "to hear an ambitious profligate propose to me the murder of an uncle, the dethroning of the best of fathers. Since it is my fault, as well as thine, that has sunk me so deep in the gulf of infamy, it were unjust that thou alone shouldst die for it. But dare not to renew this theme to me on peril of thy life! will proclaim thee to my father—to Albany—to Scotland throughout its length and breadth! As many market crosses as are in the land shall have morsels of the traitor's carcass. who dare counsel such horrors to the heir of Scotland!—Well hope I, indeed, that the fever of thy wound, and the intoxicating influence of the cordials which act on thy infirm brain, have this night operated on thee, rather than any fixed purpose."

"In sooth, my lord," said Ramorny, "if I have said anything which could so greatly exasperate your Highness, it must have been by excess of zeal, mingled with imbecility of understanding. Surely I, of all men, am least likely to propose ambitious projects with a prospect of advantage to myself! Alas! my only future views must be to exchange lance and saddle for the breviary and the confessional. The convent of Lindores must receive the maimed and impoverished Knight of Ramorny, who will there have ample leisure to meditate upon the text, 'Put not thy faith in Princes.'"

"It is a goodly purpose," said the Prince, "and we will not be lacking to promote it. Our separation, I thought, would have been but for a time—It must now be perpetual. Certainly, after such talk as we have held, it were meet that we should live asunder. But the convent of Lindores, or whatever other house receives thee, shall be richly endowed and highly favored by us.—And now, Sir John of Ramorny, sleep—sleep—and forget this evil-omened conversation, in which the fever of disease and of wine has rather, I trust, held colloquy, than your own proper thoughts.—Light to the door, Eviot."

A call from Eviot summoned the attendants of the Prince, who had been sleeping on the staircase and hall, exhausted by

the revels of the evening.

"Is there none amongst you sober?" said the Duke of

Rothsay, disgusted by the appearance of his attendants.

"Not a man—not a man," answered the followers with a drunken shout; "we are none of us traitors to the Emperor of Merry-makers!"

"And are all of you turned into brutes, then?" said the

Prince.

"In obedience and imitation of your Grace," answered one fellow; " or if we are a little behind your Highness, one pull at the pitcher will——"

"Peace, beast!" said the Duke of Rothsay: " Are there

none of you sober, I say?"

"Yes, my noble liege," was the answer, "here is one false

brother, Watkins the Englishman."

"Come hither, then, Watkins, and aid me with a torch—Give me a cloak, too, and another bonnet, and take away this trumpery," throwing down his coronet of feathers; "I would I could throw off all my follies as easily.—English Wat, attend me alone, and the rest of you end your revelry, and doff your mumming habits. The holytide is expended, and the Fast has

begun."

"Our monarch has abdicated sooner than usual this night," said one of the revel rout; but as the Prince gave no encouragement, such as happened for the time to want the virtue of sobriety, endeavored to assume it as well as they could, and the whole of the late rioters began to adopt the appearance of a set of decent persons, who having been surprised into intoxication, endeavored to disguise their condition, by assuming a double portion of formality of behavior. In the interim, the Prince, having made a hasty reform in his dress, was lighted to the door by the only sober man of the company, but, in his progress thither, had well-nigh stumbled over the sleeping bulk of the brute Bonthron.

"How now—is that vile beast in our way once more?" he said, in anger and disgust. "Here, some of you, toss this caitiff into the horse-trough, that for once in his life he may be washed clean."

While the train executed his commands, availing themselves of a fountain which was in the outer court, and while Bonthron underwent a discipline which he was incapable of resisting, otherwise than by some inarticulate groans and snorts, like those of a dying boar, the Prince proceeded on his way to his apartments, in a mansion called the Constable's Lodgings, from the house being the property of the Earls of Errol. On the way, to divert his thoughts from the more unpleasing matters, the Prince asked his companion how he came to be sober, when the rest of the party had been so much overcome with liquor.

"So please your honor's Grace," replied English Wat, "I confess it was very familiar in me to be sober when it was your Grace's pleasure that your train should be mad drunk; but in respect they were all Scottishmen but myself, I thought it argued no policy in getting drunk in their company; seeing that they only endure me even when we are all sober, and if the wine was uppermost, I might tell them a piece of my mind, and be paid with as many stabs as there are skenes in the

good company."

"So it is your purpose never to join any of the revels of our household?"

"Under favor, yes; unless it be your Grace's pleasure that the residue of your train should remain one day sober, to admit Will Watkins to get drunk without terror of his life."

"Such occasion may arrive.—Where dost thou serve, Wat-

"In the stable, so please you."

"Let our chamberlain bring thee into the household, as a yeoman of the night-watch. I like thy favor, and it is something to have one sober fellow in the house, although he is only such through the fear of death. Attend, therefore, near our

person, and thou shalt find sobriety a thriving virtue."

Meantime a load of care and fear added to the distress of Sir John Ramorny's sick chamber. His reflections, disordered as they were by the opiate, fell into great confusion when the Prince, in whose presence he had suppressed its effect by strong resistance, had left the apartment. His consciousness, which he had possessed perfectly during the interview, began to be very much disturbed. He felt a general sense that he

had incurred a great danger; that he had rendered the Prince his enemy, and that he had betrayed to him a secret which might affect his own life. In this state of mind and body, it was not strange that he should either dream, or else that his diseased organs should become subject to that species of phantasmagoria which is excited by the use of opium. He thought that the shade of Queen Annabella stood by his bedside, and demanded the youth whom she had placed under his charge, simple, virtuous, gay, and innocent.

"Thou hast rendered him reckless, dissolute, and vicious," said the shade of pallid Majesty. "Yet I thank thee, John of Ramorny, ungrateful to me, false to thy word, and treacherous to my hopes. Thy hate shall counteract the evil which thy friendship has done to him. And well do I hope, that, now thou art no longer his counsellor, a bitter penance on earth may purchase my ill-fated child pardon and acceptance in a

better world."

Ramorny stretched out his arms after his benefactress, and endeavored to express contrition and excuse; but the countenance of the apparition became darker and sterner, till it was no longer that of the late Queen, but presented the gloomy and haughty aspect of the Black Douglas—then the timid and sorrowful face of King Robert, who seemed to mourn over the approaching dissolution of his royal house—and then a group of fantastic features, partly hideous, partly ludicrous, which moped and chattered, and twisted themselves into unnatural and extravagant forms, as if ridiculing his endeavor to obtain an exact idea of their lineaments.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

A purple land, where law secures not life.

Byzon.

THE morning of Ash Wednesday arose pale and bleak, as usual at this season in Scotland, where the worst and most inclement weather often occurs in the early spring months. It was a severe day of frost, and the citizens had to sleep away the consequences of the preceding holiday's debauchery. The sun had therefore risen for an hour above the horizon, before

there was any general appearance of life among the inhabitants of Perth, so that it was some time after daybreak, when a citizen, going early to mass, saw the body of the luckless Oliver Proudfute lying on its face, across the kennel, in the manner in which he had fallen, under the blow, as our readers will easily imagine, of Anthony Bonthron, the "boy of the belt," that is, the executioner of the pleasure of John of Ramorny.

This early citizen was Allan Griffin, so termed because he was master of the Griffin inn; and the alarm which he raised soon brought together, first straggling neighbors, and by and by a concourse of citizens. At first, from the circumstance of the well-known buff-coat, and the crimson feather in the headpiece, the noise arose that it was the stout Smith that lay there slain. This false rumor continued for some time; for the host of the Griffin, who himself had been a magistrate, would not permit the body to be touched or stirred till Bailie Craigdallie arrived, so that the face was not seen.

"This concerns the fair city, my friends," he said; "and if it is the stout Smith of the Wynd who lies here, the man lives not in Perth, who will not risk land and life to avenge him. Look you, the villains have struck him down behind his back, for there is not a man within ten Scotch miles of Perth, gentle or simple, Highland or Lowland, that would have met him face to face with such evil purpose. Oh, brave men of Perth! the flower of your manhood has been cut down, and that by a base and treacherous hand!"

A wild cry of fury arose from the people, who were fast as-

sembling.

"We will take him on our shoulders," said a strong butcher; "we will carry him to the king's presence at the Dominican Convent."

"Ay, ay," answered a blacksmith, "neither bolt nor bar shall keep us from the king; neither monk nor mass shall break our purpose. A better armorer never laid hammer on anvil!"

"To the Dominicans! to the Dominicans!" shouted the

assembled people.

"Bethink you, burghers," said another citizen, "our King is a good king, and loves us like his children. It is the Douglas and the Duke of Albany that will not let good King Robert hear the distresses of his people."

"Are we to be slain in our own streets for the King's softness of heart?" said the butcher. "The Bruce did otherwise.

If the King will not keep us, we will keep ourselves. Ring the bells backward, every bell of them that is made of metal. Cry,

and spare not, St. Johnston's hunt is up!"*

"Ay," cried another citizen, "and let us to the holds of Albany and the Douglas, and burn them to the ground. Let the fires tell far and near that Perth knew how to avenge her stout Henry Gow! He has fought a score of times for the Fair City's right—let us show we can fight once to avenge his wrong. Hallo! ho! brave citizens, St. Johnston's hunt is up!"

This cry, the well-known rallying word amongst the inhabiants of Perth, and seldom heard but on occasions of general uproar, was echoed from voice to voice; and one or two neighboring steeples, of which the enraged citizens possessed themselves, either by consent of the priests, or in spite of their opposition, began to ring out the ominous alarm notes, in which, as the ordinary succession of the chimes was reversed, the bells were said to be rung backward.

Still as the crowd thickened, and the roar waxed more universal and louder, Allan Griffin, a burly man, with a deep voice, and well respected among high and low, kept his station as he bestrode the corpse, and called loudly to the multitude to keep

back, and wait the arrival of the magistrates.

"We must proceed by order in this matter, my masters; we must have our magistrates at our head. They are duly chosen and elected in our town-hall, good men and true every one; we will not be called rioters, or idle pertubators of the king's peace. Stand you still, and make room, for yonder comes Bailie Craigdallie, ay, and honest Simon Glover, to whom the Fair City is so much bounden. Alas, alas, my kind townsmen! his beautiful daughter was a bride yesternight—this morning the Fair Maid of Perth is a widow before she has been a wife!"

This new theme of sympathy increased the rage and sorrow of the crowd the more, as many women now mingled with them,

who echoed back the alarm cry to the men.

"Ay, ay, St. Johnston's hunt is up! For the Fair Maid of Perth and the brave Henry Gow! Up, up every one of you, spare not for your skin-cutting! To the stables!—to the stables!—when the horse is gone the man-at-arms is useless—cut off the grooms and yeomen; lame, main, and: ab the horses; kill the base squires and pages. Let these proud knights meet us on their feet if they dare!"

"They dare not—they dare not," answered the men; "their strength is in their horses and armor; and yet the haughty and

Note J. St. Johnston's Hunt is up.

ungrateful villains have slain a man whose skill as an armorer was never matched in Milan or Venice.—To arms! to arms,

brave burghers! St. Johnston's hunt is up!"

Amid this clamor, the magistrates and superior class of inhabitants with difficulty obtained room to examine the body, having with them the town-clerk to take an official protocol, or, as it is still called, a precognition, of the condition in which it was found. To these delays the multitude submitted, with a patience and order which strongly marked the national character of a people, whose resentment has always been the more deeply dangerous, that they will, without relaxing their determination of vengeance, submit with patience to all delays which are necessary to ensure its attainment. The multitude, therefore, received their magistrates with a loud cry, in which the thirst of revenge was announced, together with the deferential welcome to the patrons by whose direction they expected to obtain it in right and legal fashion.

While these accents of welcome still rung above the crowd. who now filled the whole adjacent streets, receiving and circulating a thousand varying reports, the fathers of the city caused the body to be raised and more closely examined; when it was instantly perceived, and the truth publicly announced, that not the armorer of the Wynd, so highly, and, according to the esteemed qualities of the time, so justly popular among his fellow-citizens, but a man of far less general estimation, though not without his own value in society, lay murdered before them -the brisk Bonnet-maker, Oliver Proudfute. The resentment of the people had so much turned upon the general opinion, that their frank and brave champion, Henry Gow, was the slaughtered person, that the contradiction of the report served to cool the general fury, although, if poor Oliver had been recognized at first, there is little doubt that the cry of vengeance would have been as unanimous, though not probably so furious, as in the case of Henry Wynd.* The first circulation of the unexpected intelligence even excited a smile among the crowd, so near are the confines of the ludicrous to those of the terrible.

"The murderers have without doubt taken him for Henry Smith," said Griffin, "which must have been a great comfort to him in the circumstances."

But the arrival of other persons on the scene soon restored its deeply tragic character.

[•] Note K. Henry Smith or Wynd.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diabolus, ho!
The town will rise.—
OTHELLO, Act II. Scene 3.

THE wild rumors which flew through the town, speedily followed by the tolling of the alarm bells, spread general con-The nobles and knights, with their followers, gathered in different places of rendezvous, where a defence could best be maintained; and the alarm reached the royal residence, where the young Prince was one of the first to appear, to assist, . if necessary, in the defence of the old king. The scene of the preceding night ran in his recollection; and remembering the blood-stained figure of Bonthron, he conceived, though indistinctly, that the ruffian's action had been connected with this uproar. The subsequent and more interesting discourse with Sir John Ramorny, had, however, been of such an impressive nature, as to obliterate all traces of what he had vaguely heard of the bloody act of the assassin, excepting a confused recollection that some one or other had been slain. It was chiefly on his father's account that he had assumed arms with his household train, who, clad in bright armor, and bearing lances in their hands, made now a figure very different from that of the preceding night, when they appeared as intoxicated Bacchanalians. The kind old monarch received this mark of filial attachment with tears of gratitude, and proudly presented his son to his brother Albany, who entered shortly afterwards. He took them each by the hand.

"Now are we three Stewarts," he said, "as inseparable as the holy Trefoil; and, as they say the wearer of that sacred herb mocks at magical delusion, so we, while we are true to

each other, may set malice and enmity at defiance."

The brother and son kissed the kind hand which pressed theirs, while Robert III. expressed his confidence in their affection. The kiss of the youth was, for the time, sincere; that of the brother was the salute of the apostate Judas.

In the mean time the bell of St. John's Church alarmed, amongst others, the inhabitants of Curfew Street. In the house of Simon Glover, old Dorothy Glover, as she was called (for she also took name from the trade she practised, under her master's

auspices) was the first to catch the sound. Though somewhat deaf upon ordinary occasions, her ear for bad news was as sharp as a kite's scent for carrion; for Dorothy, otherwise an industrious, faithful, and even affectionate creature, had that strong appetite for collecting and retailing sinister intelligence, which is often to be marked in the lower classes. Little accustomed to be listened to, they love the attention which a tragic tale insures to the bearer, and enjoy, perhaps, the temporary equality to which misfortune reduces those who are ordinarily accounted their superiors. Dorothy had no sooner possessed herself of a slight packet of the rumors which were flying abroad, than she bounced into her master's bedroom, who had taken the privilege of age and the holytide to sleep longer than usual.

"There he lies, honest man!" said Dorothy, half in a screeching, and half in a wailing tone of sympathy,—"There he lies; his best friend slain, and he knowing as little about it

as the babe new born, that kens not life from death."

"How now!" said the Glover, starting up out of his bed,-

"What is the matter, old woman? is my daughter well?"

"Old woman!" said Dorothy, who, having her fish hooked, chose to let him play a little. "I am not so old," said she, flouncing out of the room, "as to bide in the place till a man rises from his naked bed——"

And presently she was heard at a distance in the parlor beneath, melodiously singing to the scrubbing of her own broom.

"Dorothy—screechowl—devil,—say but my daughter is well!"

"I am well, my father," answered the Fair Maid of Perth, speaking from her bedroom, "perfectly well; but what, for Our Lady's sake, is the matter? The bells ring backward, and there is shrieking and crying in the streets."

"I will presently know the cause.—Here, Conachar, come speedily and tie my points.—I forgot—the Highland loon is far beyond Fortingall.—Patience, daughter, I will presently bring

you news."

"Ye need not hurry yourself for that, Simon Glover," quoth the obdurate old woman; "the best and the worst of it may be tauld before you could hobble over your door-stane. I ken the haill story abroad; for, thought I, our goodman is so wilful, that he'll be for banging out to the tuilzie, be the cause what it like; and sae I maun e'en stir my shanks, and learn the cause of all this, or he will hae his auld nose in the midst of it, and maybe get it nipt off before he knows what for."

"And what is the news, then, old woman?" said the impatient Glover, still busying himself with the hundred points or latchets, which were the means of attaching the doublet to the hose.

Dorothy suffered him to proceed in his task, till she conjectured it must be nearly accomplished; and foresaw that, if she told not the secret herself, her master would be abroad to seek in person for the cause of the disturbance. She, therefore, hollowed out—" Aweel, aweel, ye canna say it is my fault, if you hear ill news before you have been at the morning mass. I would have kept it from ye till he had heard the priest's word; but since you must hear it, you have e'en lost the truest friend that ever gave hand to another, and Perth maun mourn for the bravest burgher that ever took a blade in hand!"

"Harry Smith! Harry Smith!" exclaimed the father and

the daughter at once.

"Oh, ay, there ye hae it at last," said Dorothy, "and whase fault was it but your ain?—ye made such a piece of work about his companying with a glee-woman, as if he had companied with a Jewess!"

Dorothy would have gone on long enough, but her master exclaimed to his daughter, who was still in her own apartment, "It is nonsense, Catharine—all the dotage of an old fool. No such thing has happened. I will bring you the true tidings in a moment;" and snatching up his staff, the old man hurried out past Dorothy, and into the street, where the throng of people were rushing towards the High Street. Dorothy, in the mean time kept muttering to herself, "Thy father is a wise man, take his ain word for it. He will come next by some scathe in the hobbleshow, and then it will be, Dorothy, get the lint, and, Dorothy, spread the plaster; but now it is nothing but nonsense, and a lie, and impossibility, that can come out of Dorothy's mouth—Impossible! Does auld Simon think that Harry Smith's head was as hard as his stithy, and a haill clan of Highlandmen dinging at him?"

Here she was interrupted by a figure like an angel, who came wandering by her with wild eye, cheek deadly pale, hair dishevelled, and an apparent want of consciousness, which terrified the old woman out of her discontented humor.

"Our Lady bless my bairn!" said she. "What look you

sae wild for?"

"Did you not say some one was dead?" said Catharine, with a frightful uncertainty of utterance, as if her organs of speech and hearing served her but imperfectly.

"Dead, hinny! Ay, ay, dead enough; ye'll no hae him to

gloom at ony mair."

"Dead!" repeated Catharine, still with the same uncertainty of voice and manner. "Dead—slain—and by Highlanders?"

"I'se warrant by Highlanders, the lawless loons. Wha is it else that kills maist of the folk about, unless now and than when the burghers take a terrivie, and kill ane another, or whiles that the knights and nobles shed blood? But I'se uphauld it's been the Highlandmen this bout. The man was no in Perth, laird or loon, durst have faced Henry Smith man to man. There's been sair odds against him; ye'll see that when it's looked into."

"Highlanders!" repeated Catharine, as if haunted by some idea which troubled her senses. "Highlanders!—Oh Cona-

char! Conachar!"

"Indeed, and I dare say you have lighted on the very man, Catharine. They quarrelled, as you saw, on the St. Valentine's Even, and had a warstle. A Highlandman has a long memory for the like of that. Gie him a cuff at Martinmas, and his cheek will be tingling at Whitsunday. But what could have brought down the lang-legged loons to do their bloody wark within burgh?"

"Woe's me, it was I," said Catharine; "it was I brought the Highlanders down—I that sent for Conachar—ay, they have lain in wait—but it was I that brought them within reach of their prey. But I will see with my own eyes—and then—something we will do. Say to my father I will be back anon."

"Are ye distraught, lassie?" shouted Dorothy, as Catharine made past her towards the street door. "You would not gang into the street with the hair hanging down your haffets in that guise, and you kenn'd for the Fair Maid of Perth?—Mass! but she's out in the street, come o't what like, and the auld Glover will be as mad as if I could withhold her, will she nill she, flyte she fling she.—This is a brave morning for an Ash Wednesday!—What's to be done? If I were to seek my master among the multitude, I were like to be crushed beneath their feet, and little moan made for the old woman—And am I to run after Catharine, who ere this is out of sight, and far lighter of foot than I am!—I will just down the gate to Nicol Barber's, and tell him a' about it!"

While the trusty Dorothy was putting her prudent resolve into execution, Catharine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner, which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which "woman of good," of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested.

As Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm which were echoed around her. In the mean time she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed, like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define. but which implied the terrible consciousness that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means. The connection betwixt Henry's supposed death, and the descent of Conachar and his followers, though adopted by her in a moment of extreme and engrossing emotion, was sufficiently probable to have been received for truth even if her understanding had been at leisure to examine its credibility. Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others, her feelings of the preceding day would have induced ber to avoid.

Who would, upon the evening of Shrovetide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catharine Glover, that before mass on Ash Wednesday she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour! Yet so it was; and her eagerness taking, as if by instinct, the road which was most free, she avoided the High Street where the

pressure was greatest, and reached the wynd by the narrow lanes on the northern skirt of the town, through which Henry Smith had formerly escorted Louise. But even these comparatively lonely passages were now astir with passengers, so general was the alarm. Catharine Glover made her way through them, however, while such as observed her looked on each other, and shook their heads in sympathy with her distress. At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance.

The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm, which had induced her to take this desperate measure.

"Open—open, Henry!" she cried. "Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold!"

As she cried thus franticly, to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing.

Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the Magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and a spare buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service. as his tenure bound him.

"It is hard," he said, "to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catharine. I am sure there are enough of wenches in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace;' and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a burgess who fights for the honor of his town, but this peevish Catharine uses me as if I were a brawler and bordeller!"

Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms.

His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catharine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the Magistrates, however pressingly that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bed-chamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult.

"Here, Nurse-Nurse Shoolbred-come quick-come for

death and life—here is one wants thy help!"

Up trotted the old dame. "If it should but prove anyone that will keep thee out of the scuffle"—for she also had been aroused by the noise—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster-son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth! "Catharine Glover!" she said; "and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!"

"Not so, old woman," said her foster-son; "the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come, thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and

me!"

With an activity which her age little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restoring animation; for like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise.

"Come now," she said, "son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy hands at freedom to help me with what I want.—Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the

palm gently, as the fingers unclose their clenched grasp."

"I beat her slight beautiful hand!" said Henry; "you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers.—But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;" and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her

lover, as he kneeled by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was coloring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse.

The noise at the door began now to grow much louder, and Henry was called for by all his various names, of Smith, Gow, and Hal of the Wynd, as heathens used to summon their deities by different epithets. At last, like Portuguese Catholics when exhausted with entreating their saints, the crowd without

had recourse to vituperative exclamations.

"Out upon you, Henry! You are a disgraced man, mansworn to your burgher-oath, and a traitor to the Fair City unless

you come instantly forth!"

It would seem that Nurse Shoolbred's applications were now so far successful, that Catharine's senses were in some measure restored; for, turning her face more towards that of her lover than her former posture permitted, she let her right hand fall on his shoulder, leaving her left still in his possession, and seeming slightly to detain him, while she whispered, "Do not go, Henry—stay with me—they will kill thee, these men of blood."

It would seem that this gentle invocation, the result of finding the lover alive whom she expected to have only recognized as a corpse, though it was spoken so low as scarcely to be intelligible, had more effect to keep Henry Wynd in his present posture, than the repeated summons of many voices from without had to bring him down stairs.

"Mass, townsmen," cried one hardy citizen to his companions, "the saucy Smith but jests with us! Let us into the house,

and bring him out by the lug and the horn."

"Take care what you are doing," said a more cautious assailant. "The man that presses on Henry Gow's retirement may go into his house with sound bones, but will return with ready-made work for the surgeon.—But here comes one has good right to do our errand to him, and make the recreant hear reason on both sides of his head."

The person of whom this was spoken was no other than Simon Glover himself. He had arrived at the fatal spot where the unlucky Bonnet-maker's body was lying; just in time to discover, to his great relief, that when it was turned with the face upwards by Bailie Craigdallie's orders, the features of the poor braggart Proudfute were recognized, when the crowd expected to behold those of their favorite champion Henry Smith. A laugh, or something approaching to one, went among those who remembered how hard Oliver had struggled to obtain the character of a fighting man, however foreign to his nature and disposition, and remarked now, that he had met with a mode of death much better suited to his pretensions than to his temper. But this tendency to ill-timed mirth, which savored of the rudeness of the times, was at once hushed by the voice, and cries, and exclamations of a woman, who struggled through the crowd, screaming at the same time,—"Oh, my husband!—my husband!

Room was made for the sorrower, who was followed by two or three female friends. Maudie Proudfute had been hitherto only noticed as a good-looking, black-haired woman, believed to be dink* and disdainful to those whom she thought meaner or poorer than herself, and lady and empress over her late husband, whom she quickly caused to lower his crest when she chanced to hear him crowing out of season. But now, under the influence of powerful passion, she assumed a far more im-

posing character.

"Do you laugh," she said, "you unworthy burghers of Perth, because one of your citizens has poured his blood into the kennel?—or do you laugh because the deadly lot has lighted on my husband? How has he deserved this?—Did he not maintain an honest house by his own industry, and keep a creditable board, where the sick had welcome, and the poor had relief? Did he not lend to those who wanted—stand by his neighbors as a friend—keep counsel, and do justice like a magistrate?"

"It is true, it is true," answered the assembly; "his blood

is our blood, as much as if it were Henry Gow's."

"You speak truth, neighbors," said Bailie Craigdallie; and this feud cannot be patched up as the former was.—Citizen's blood must not flow unavenged down our kennels, as if it were ditch-water, or we shall soon see the broad Tay crimsoned with it. But this blow was never meant for the poor man on whom it has unhappily fallen. Every one knew what Oliver Proudfute was, how wide he would speak, and how little he would do. He has Henry Smith's buff-coat, target, and head-piece. All the town know them as well as I do; there is

Contemptuous—scornful of others.

mo doubt on't. He had the trick, as you know, of trying to imitate the Smith in most things. Some one, blind with rage, or perhaps through liquor, has stricken the innocent Bonnet-maker, whom no man either hated or feared, or indeed cared either much or little about, instead of the stout Smith, who has twenty feuds upon his hands."

"What then is to be done, Bailie?" cried the multitude.

"That, my friends, your magistrates will determine for you, as we shall instantly meet together when Sir Patrick Charteris cometh here, which must be anon. Meanwhile, let the chirurgeon Dwining examine that poor piece of clay, that he may tell us how he came by his fatal death; and then let the corpse be decently swathed in a clean shroud, as becomes an honest citizen, and placed before the high altar in the church of St. John, the patron of the Fair City. Cease all clamor and noise, and every defensible man of you, as you would wish well to the Fair Town, keep his weapons in readiness, and be prepared to assemble on the High Street, at the tolling of the common bell from the Town-House, and we will either revenge the death of our fellow-citizen, or else we shall take such fortune as heaven will send us. Meanwhile, avoid all quarrelling with the knights and their followers, till we know the innocent from the guilty.—But wherefore tarries this knave Smith? is ready enough in tumults when his presence is not wanted, and lags he now when his presence may serve the Fair City?-What ails him, doth any one know? Hath he been upon the frolic last Fastern's Even?"

"Rather he is sick or sullen, Master Bailie," said one of the city's mairs, or sergeants; "for though he is within door, as his knaves report, yet he will neither answer to us nor admit us."

"So please your worship, Master Bailie," said Simon Glover, "I will go myself to fetch Henry Smith. I have some little difference to make up with him. And blessed be Our Lady, who hath so ordered it, that I find him alive, as a quarter of an hour since I could never have expected!"

"Bring the stout Smith to the Council-house," said the Bailie, as a mounted yeoman pressed through the crowd, and whispered in his ear,—"Here is a good fellow, who says the

Knight of Kinfauns is entering the port."

Such was the occasion of Simon Glover presenting himself at the house of Henry Gow at the period already noticed.

Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlor; and having

overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the priv ilege of intimacy to ascend to the bedroom, and, with the slight apology of—"I crave your pardon, good neighbor," he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice. May Catharine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restoratives had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well-nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined.

"Now, by good St. John," he said, "I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek, if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and toll'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as it seemed from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that hunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—Ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself, for what I can see! Truly I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of

this loving party."

"You do me wrong, my dearest father," said Catharine, as if about to weep. "I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—"

"Because you expected to find a dead lover." said her father, "and you found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard, and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven, that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy."

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"If I were to die for such a confession," said poor Catharine, "I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come

hither, unless—unless——"

"Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you," said her father. "And now, shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should. Yesterday was Shrovetide, Henry—We will hold that thou hast confessed thy follies, hast obtained absolution, and art relieved of all the guilt thou stoodst charged with."

"Nay, touching that, father Simon," said the Smith, "now that you are cool enough to hear me, I can swear on the Gospel, and I can call my nurse, Dame Shoolbred, to witness——"

"Nay, nay," said the Glover, "but wherefore rake up differ-

ences, which should all be forgotten?"

"Hark ye, Simon!—Simon Glover!" This was now echoed

from beneath.

"True, son Smith," said the Glover, seriously, "we have other work in hand. You and I must to the council instantly. Catharine shall remain here with Dame Shoolbred, who will take charge of her till we return; and then, as the town is in misrule, we two, Harry, will carry her home, and they will be bold men that cross us."

"Nay, my dear father," said Catharine, with a smile, "now you are taking Oliver Proudfute's office. That doughty burgher is Henry's brother-at-arms."

Her father's countenance grew dark.

"You have spoke a stinging word, daughter; but you know not what has happened.—Kiss him, Catharine, in token of forgiveness."

"Not so," said Catharine; "I have done him too much grace already. When he has seen the errant damsel safe home, it will be time enough to claim his reward."

"Meantime," said Henry, "I will claim, as your host, what

you will not allow me on other terms."

He folded the fair maiden in his arms, and was permitted to take the salute which she had refused to bestow.

As they descended the stair together, the old man laid his hand on the Smith's shoulder, and said, "Henry, my dearest wishes are fulfilled; but it is the pleasure of the saints that it should be in an hour of difficulty and terror."

"True," said the Smith; "but thou knowest, father, if our riots be frequent at Perth, at least they seldom last long."

Then, opening a door which led from the house into the

smithy, "Here, comrades," he cried, "Anton, Cuthbert, Dingwell, and Ringan! Let none of you stir from the place till I return. Be as true as the weapons I have taught you to forge; a French crown and a Scotch merry-making for you, if you obey my command. I leave a mighty treasure in your charge. Watch the doors well—let little Jannekin scout up and down the wynd, and have your arms ready if any one approaches the house. Open the doors to no man, till Father Glover or I return; it concerns my life and happiness."

The strong swarthy giants to whom he spoke, answered,

"Death to him who attempts it!"

"My Catharine is now as safe," said he to her father, "as if twenty men garrisoned a royal castle in her cause. We shall pass most quietly to the Council-house by walking through the garden."

He led the way through a little orchard accordingly, where the birds which had been sheltered and fed during the winter by the good-natured artisan, early in the season as it was, were saluting the precarious smiles of a February sun, with a few

faint and interrupted attempts at melody.

"Hear these minstrels, father," said the Smith; "I laughed at them this morning in the bitterness of my heart, because the little wretches sung, with so much of winter before them. But now, methinks, I could bear a blithe chorus, for I have my Valentine as they have theirs; and whatever ill may lie before me for to-morrow, I am to-day the happiest man in Perth, city or county, burgh or landward."

"Yet I must allay your joy," said the old Glover, "though, Heaven knows, I share it.—Poor Oliver Proudfute, the inoffensive fool that you and I knew so well, has been found this

morning dead in the streets."

"Only dead drunk, I trust?" said the Smith; "nay, a caudle and a dose of matrimonial advice will bring him to life again."

"No, Henry, no. He is slain—slain with a battle-axe, or

some such weapon."

"Impossible!" replied the Smith; "he was light-footed enough, and would not for all Perth have trusted to his hands,

when he could extricate himself by his heels."

"No choice was allowed him. The blow was dealt in the very back of his head; he who struck must have been a shorter man than himself, and used a horseman's battle-axe, or some such weapon, for a Lochaber axe must have struck the upper part of his head—But there he lies dead, brained, I may say, by a most frightful wound."

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"This is inconceivable," said Henry Wynd. "He was in my house at midnight, in a morricer's habit; seemed to have been drinking, though not to excess. He told me a tale of having been beset by revellers, and being in danger: but, alas! you know the man; I deemed it was a swaggering fit, as he sometimes took when he was in liquor; and, may the Merciful Virgin forgive me! I let him go without company, in which I did him inhuman wrong. Holy St. John be my witness! I would have gone with any helpless creature: and far more with him, with whom I have so often sat at the same board, and drunken of the same cup. Who, of the race of man, could have thought of harming a creature so simple, and so unoffending, excepting by his idle vaunts!"

"Henry, he wore thy head-piece, thy buff-coat, thy target—

How came he by these?"

"Why, he demanded the use of them for the night, and I was ill at ease, and well pleased to be rid of his company; having kept no holiday, and being determined to keep none, in respect of our misunderstanding."

"It is the opinion of Bailie Craigdallie, and all our sagest counsellors, that the blow was intended for yourself, and that it becomes you to prosecute the due vengeance of our fellow-citizen, who received the death which was meant for you."

The Smith was for some time silent. They had now left the garden, and were walking in a lonely lane, by which they meant to approach the Council-house of the burgh, without

being exposed to observation or idle inquiry.

"You are silent, my son, yet we two have much to speak of," said Simon Glover. "Bethink thee that this widowed woman, Maudlin, if she should see cause to bring a charge against anyone for the wrong done to her and her orphan children, must support it by a champion, according to law and custom; for, be the murderer who he may, we know enough of these followers of the nobles to be assured, that the party suspected will appeal to the combat, in derision, perhaps, of those whom they will call the cowardly burghers. While we are men with blood in our veins, this must not be, Henry Wynd."

"I see where you would draw me, father," answered Henry, dejectedly; "and St. John knows I have heard a summons to battle as willingly as war-horse ever heard the trumpet. But bethink you, father, how I have lost Catharine's favor repeatedly, and have been driven well-nigh to despair of ever regaining it, for being, if I may say so, even too ready a man of my hands. And here are all our quarrels

made up, and the hopes, that seemed this morning removed beyond earthly prospect, have become nearer and brighter than ever; and must I, with the dear one's kiss of forgiveness on my lips, engage in a new scene of violence, which you are well aware will give her the deepest offence?"

"It is hard for me to advise you, Henry," said Simon; but this I must ask you—Have you, or have you not, reason to think, that this poor unfortunate Oliver has been mistaken

for you?"

"I fear it too much," said Henry. "He was thought something like me, and the poor fool had studied to ape my gestures and manner of walking, nay, the very airs which I have the trick of whistling, that he might increase a resemblance which has cost him dear. I have ill-willers enough, both in burgh and landward, to owe me a shrewd turn; and he, I

think, could have none such."

"Well, Henry, I cannot say but my daughter will be offended. She has been much with Father Clement, and has received notions about peace and forgiveness, which methinks suit ill with a country where the laws cannot protect us, unless we have spirit to protect ourselves. If you determine for the combat, I will do my best to persuade her to look on the matter as the other good womanhood in the burgh will do; and if you resolve to let the matter rest—the man who has lost his life for yours remaining unavenged—the widow and the orphans without any reparation for the loss of a husband and father—I will then do you the justice to remember, that I, at least, ought not to think the worse of you for your patience, since it was adopted for love of my child. But, Henry, we must in that case remove ourselves from bonny St. Johnston, for here we will be but a disgraced family."

Henry groaned deeply, and was silent for an instant, then replied, "I would rather be dead than dishonored, though I should never see her again! Had it been yester evening, I would have met the best blade among these men-at-arms as blithely as ever I danced at a Maypole. But to-day, when she had first as good as said, 'Henry Smith, I love thee!'—Father Glover, it is very hard. Yet it is all my own fault! This poor unhappy Oliver! I ought to have allowed him the shelter of my roof, when he prayed me in his agony of fear; or, had I gone with him, I should then have prevented or shared his fate. But I taunted him, ridiculed him, loaded him with maledictions, though the saints know they were uttered in idle peevishness of impatience. I drove him out from my

doors, whom I knew so helpless, to take the fate which was perhaps intended for me. I must avenge him, or be dishonored forever. See, father—I have been called a man hard as the steel I work in—Does burnished steel ever drop tears like these?—Shame on me that I should shed them!"

"It is no shame, my dearest son," said Simon; "thou art as kind as brave, and I have always known it. There is yet a chance for us. No one may be discovered to whom suspicion attaches, and where none such is found, the combat cannot take place. It is a hard thing to wish that the innocent blood may not be avenged. But if the perpetrator of this foul murder be hidden for the present, thou wilt be saved from the task of seeking that vengeance which Heaven, doubtless, will take at its

own proper time."

As they spoke thus, they arrived at the point of the High Street where the Council-house was situated. As they reached the door, and made their way through the multitude who thronged the street, they found the avenues guarded by a select party of armed burghers, and about fifty spears belonging to the Knight of Kinfauns, who, with his allies, the Grays, Blairs, Moncreiffs, and others, had brought to Perth a considerable body of horse, of which these were a part. So soon as the Glover and Smith presented themselves, they were admitted to the chamber in which the magistrates were assembled.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

A woman wails for justice at the gate, A widow'd woman, wan and desolate. BERTHA-

THE Council-room of Perth* presented a singular spectacle. In a gloomy apartment, ill and inconveniently lighted by two windows of different form and of unequal size, were assembled, around a large oaken table, a group of men, of whom those who occupied the higher seats were merchants, that is guild brethren or shopkeepers, arrayed in decent dresses becoming their station, but most of them bearing, like the Regent York, "signs of war around their aged necks;" gorgets, namely, and baldricks, which sustained their weapons.

* Note L. The Council-room.

The lower places around the table were occupied by mechanics and artisans, the presidents, or deacons, as they were termed, of the working classes, in their ordinary clothes, somewhat better arranged than usual. These, too, wore pieces of armor of various descriptions. Some had the black jack, or doublet, covered with small plates of iron of a lozenge shape, which, secured through the upper angle, hung in rows above each, and which, swaying with the motion of the wearer's person, formed a secure defence to the body. Others had buff-coats, which, as already mentioned, could resist the blow of a sword, and even a lance's point, unless propelled with great force. At the bottom of the table, surrounded as it was with this varied assembly, sat Sir Louis Lundin: no military man, but a priest and parson of St. John's, arrayed in his canonical dress, and having his pen and ink before him. was town-clerk of the burgh, and, like all the priests of the period (who were called from that circumstance the Pope's knights), received the honorable title of Dominus, contracted into Dom, or Dan, or translated into Sir, the title of reverence due to the secular chivalry.

On an elevated seat, at the head of the council board, was placed Sir Patrick Charteris, in complete armor brightly burnished; a singular contrast to the motley mixture of warlike and peaceful attire exhibited by the burghers, who were only called to arms occasionally. The bearing of the Provost, while it completely admitted the intimate connection which mutual interests had created betwixt himself, the burgh, and the magistracy, was at the same time calculated to assert the superiority, which, in virtue of gentle blood and chivalrous rank, the opinions of the age assigned to him over the members of the assembly in which he presided. Two squires stood behind him, one of them holding the knight's pennon, and another his shield, bearing his armorial distinctions, being a hand holding a dagger, or short sword, with the proud motto, This is my A handsome page displayed the long sword of his master, and another bore his lance; all which chivalrous emblems and appurtenances were the more scrupulously exhibited, that the dignity to whom they belonged was engaged in discharging the office of a burgh magistrate. In his own person, the Knight of Kinfauns appeared to affect something of state and stiffness, which did not naturally pertain to his frank and iovial character.

"So you are come at length, Henry Smith and Simon Glover," said the Provost. "Know that you have kept us

waiting for your attendance. Should it so chance again while we occupy this place, we will lay such fine on you as you will have small pleasure in paying. Enough—make no excuses. They are not asked now, and another time they will not be admitted. Know, sirs, that our reverend clerk hath taken down in writing, and at full length, what I will tell you in brief, that you may see what is to be required of you, Henry Smith, in particular. Our late fellow-citizen, Oliver Proudfute, hath been found dead in the High Street, close by the entrance into the It seemeth he was slain by a heavy blow with a short axe, dealt from behind and at unawares; and the act by which he fell can only be termed a deed of foul and forethought So much for the crime. The criminal can only be indicated by circumstances. It is recorded in the protocol of the Rev. Sir Louis Lundin, that divers well reputed witnesses saw our deceased citizen, Oliver Proudfute, till a late period, accompanying the Entry of the morrice-dancers,* of whom he was one, as far as the house of Simon Glover, in Curfew Street, where they again played their pageant. It is also manifested, that at this place he separated from the rest of the band, after some discourse with Simon Glover, and made an appointment to meet with the others of his company at the sign of the Griffin, there to conclude the holiday.—Now, Simon, I demand of you whether this be truly stated, so far as you know? and, further, what was the purport of the defunct Oliver Proudfute's discourse with you?"

"My Lord Provost and very worshipful Sir Patrick," answered Simon Glover, "you and this honorable council shall know, that, touching certain reports which had been made of the conduct of Henry Smith, some quarrel had arisen between myself and another of my family, and the said Smith here present. Now, this our poor fellow-citizen, Oliver Proudfute, having been active in spreading these reports, as indeed his element lay in such gossipred, some words passed betwixt him and me on the subject; and, as I think, he left me with the purpose of visiting Henry Smith, for he broke off from the morrice-dancers, promising, as it seems, to meet them, as your honor has said, at the sign of the Griffin, in order to conclude the evening. But what he actually did, I know not, as I never again saw him in life."

"It is enough," said Sir Patrick, "and agrees with all that we have heard.—Now, worthy sirs, we next find our poor fellow-citizen environed by a set of revellers and maskers, who

[·] Note M. Morrice-dancers.

had assembled in the High Street, by whom he was shamefully ill-treated, being compelled to kneel down in the street, and there to quaff huge quantities of liquor against his inclination, until at length he escaped from them by flight. This violence was accomplished with drawn swords, loud shouts and imprecations, so as to attract the attention of several persons, who, alarmed by the tumult, looked out from their windows, as well as of one or two passengers, who, keeping aloof from the light of the torches, lest they also had been maltreated, beheld the usage which our fellow-citizen received in the High Street of the burgh. And although these revellers were disguised, and used vizards, yet their disguises were well known, being a set of quaint masking habits prepared some weeks ago by command of Sir John Ramorny, Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness the Duke of Rothsay, Prince Royal of Scotland."

A low groan went through the assembly.

"Yes; so it is, brave burghers," continued Sir Patrick; "our inquiries have led us into conclusions both melancholy and terrible. But as no one can regret the point at which they seem likely to arrive more than I do, so no man living can dread its consequences less. It is even so—various artisans employed upon the articles, have described the dresses prepared for Sir John Ramorny's mask as being exactly similar to those of the men by whom Oliver Proudfute was observed to be maltreated. And one mechanic, being Wingfield the feather-dresser, who saw the revellers when they had our fellow-citizen within their hands, remarked that they wore the cinctures and coronals of painted feathers, which he himself had made by the order of the Prince's Master of the Horse.

"After the moment of his escape from these revellers, we lose all trace of Oliver; but we can prove that the maskers went to Sir John Ramorny's, where they were admitted, after some show of delay. It is rumored that thou, Henry Smith, sawest our unhappy fellow-citizen after he had been in the hands of these revellers.—What is the truth of that matter?"

"He came to my house in the Wynd," said Henry, "about half-an-hour before midnight; and I admitted him, something unwillingly, as he had been keeping carnival while I remained at home; and there is ill talk, says the proverb, betwixt a full man and a fasting."

"And in which plight seemed he when thou didst admit him?" says the Provost.

"He seemed," answered the Smith, "out of breath, and

talked repeatedly of having been endangered by revellers. I paid but small regard, for he was ever a timorous, chickenspirited, though well-meaning man, and I held that he was speaking more from fancy than reality. But I shall always account it for foul offence in myself, that I did not give him my company, which he requested; and if I live, I will found masses for his soul in expiation of my guilt."

"Did he describe those from whom he received the in-

jury?" said the Provost.

"Revellers in masking habits," replied Henry.

"And did he intimate his fear of having to do with them on

his return?" again demanded Sir Patrick.

"He alluded particularly to his being waylaid, which I treated as visionary, having been able to see no one in the lane."

"Had he then no help from thee of any kind whatsoever?"

said the Provost.

"Yes, worshipful," replied the Smith; "he exchanged his morrice-dress for my head-piece, buff-coat, and target, which I hear were found upon his body; and I have at home his morrice-cap and bells, with the jerkin and other things pertaining. He was to return my garb of fence, and get back his own masking-suit this day, had the saints so permitted."

"You saw him not then afterwards?"

"Never, my lord."

"One word more," said the Provost. "Have you any reason to think that the blow which slew Oliver Proudfute was meant for another man?"

"I have," answered the Smith; "but it is doubtful, and may be dangerous to add such a conjecture, which is besides only a supposition."

"Speak it out, on your burgher faith and oath—For whom,

think you, was the blow meant?"

"If I must speak," replied Henry, "I believe Oliver Proudfute received the fate which was designed for myself; the rather that, in his folly, Oliver spoke of trying to assume my manner of walking, as well as my dress."

"Have you feud with anyone, that you form such an idea?"

said Sir Patrick.

"To my shame and sin be it spoken, I have feud with Highland and Lowland, English and Scot, Perth and Angus. I do not believe poor Oliver had feud with a new-hatched chicken.—Alas! he was the more fully prepared for a sudden call!"

"Hark ye, Smith," said the Provost,—"Answer me distinctly.—Is there cause of feud between the household of Sir

John Ramorny and yourself?"

"To a certainty, my lord, there is. It is now generally said, that Black Quentin, who went over Tay to Fife some days since, was the owner of the hand which was found in Couvre-few Street upon the eve of St. Valentine. It was I who struck off that hand with a blow of my good sword. As this Black Quentin was a chamberlain of Sir John, and much trusted, it is like there must be a feud between me and his master's

dependants."

"It bears a likely front, Smith," said Sir Patrick Charteris. -" And now, good brothers and wise magistrates, there are two suppositions, each of which leads to the same conclusion. The maskers who seized our fellow-citizen, and misused him in a manner of which his body retains some slight marks, may have met with their former prisoner as he returned homewards, and finished their ill usage by taking his life. He himself expressed to Henry Gow fears that this would be the case. this be really true, one or more of Sir John Ramorny's attendants must have been the assassins. But I think it more likely that one or two of the revellers may have remained on the field, or returned to it, having changed perhaps their disguise, and that to those men (for Oliver Proudfute, in his own personal appearance, would only have been a subject of sport) his apparition in the dress, and assuming, as he proposed to do, the manner, of Henry Smith, was matter of deep hatred; and that, seeing him alone, they had taken, as they thought, a certain and safe mode to rid themselves of an enemy so dangerous as all men know Henry Wynd is accounted by those that are his unfriends. The same train of reasoning, again, rests the guilt with the household of Sir John Ramorny.—How think you, sirs? Are we not free to charge the crime upon them?"

The Magistrates whispered together for several minutes, and then replied by the voice of Bailie Craigdallie,—"Noble Knight, and our worthy Provost,—we agree entirely in what your wisdom has spoken concerning this dark and bloody matter; nor do we doubt your sagacity in tracing to the fellowship and the company of John Ramorny of that Ilk, the villany which hath been done to our deceased fellow-citizen, whether in his own character and capacity, or as mistaking him for our brave townsman, Henry of the Wynd. But Sir John, in his own behalf, and as the Prince's Master of the Horse, maintains an extensive household; and as of course the charge will

be rebutted by a denial, we would ask, how we shall proceed in that case?—It is true, could we find law for firing the lodging, and putting all within it to the sword, the old proverb of 'short rede good rede' might here apply; for a fouler household of defiers of God, destroyers of men, and debauchers of women, are nowhere sheltered than are in Ramorny's band. But I doubt that this summary mode of execution would scarce be borne out by the laws; and no title of evidence which I have heard will tend to fix the crime on any single individual or individuals."

Before the Provost could reply, the Town-Clerk arose, and, stroking his venerable beard, craved permission to speak, which was instantly granted.—"Brethren," he said, "as well in our fathers' time as ours, hath God, on being rightly appealed to, condescended to make manifest the crimes of the guilty, and the innocence of those who may have been rashly accused. Let us demand from our Sovereign Lord, King Robert, who, when the wicked do not interfere to pervert his good intentions, is as just and clement a Prince as our annals can show in their long line, in the name of the Fair City, and of all the commons in Scotland, that he give us, after the fashion of our ancestors, the means of appealing to Heaven for light upon this dark murder. We will demand the proof by bier-right, often granted in the days of our Sovereign's ancestors, approved of by bulls and decretals, and administered by the great Emperor Charlemagne in France, by King Arthur in Britain, and by Gregory the Great, and the mighty Achaius, in this our land of Scotland."

"I have heard of the bier-right, Sir Louis," quoth the Provost, "and I know we have it in our charters of the Fair City; but I am something ill-learned in the ancient laws, and would

pray you to inform us more distinctly of its nature."

"We will demand of the King," said Sir Louis Lundin, "my advice being taken, that the body of our murgered fellow-citizen be transported into the High Church of St. John, and suitable masses said for the benefit of his soul, and for the discovery of his foul murder. Meantime, we shall obtain an order that Sir John Ramorny give up a list of such of his household as were in Perth in the course of the night between Fastern's Even and this Ash Wednesday, and become bound to present them on a certain day and hour, to be early named, in the High Church of St. John; there one by one to pass before the bier of our murdered fellow-citizen, and in the form prescribed to call upon God and his saints to bear witness that he is

[•] Note N. High Church of St. John.

innocent of the acting, art or part, of the murder. And credit me, as has been indeed proved by numerous instances, that if the murderer shall endeavor to shroud himself by making such an appeal, the antipathy which subsists between the dead body, and the hand which dealt the fatal blow that divorced it from the soul, will awaken some imperfect life, under the influence of which the veins of the dead man will pour forth at the fatal wounds the blood which has been so long stagnant in the veins. Or, to speak more certainly, it is the pleasure of Heaven, by some hidden agency which we cannot comprehend, to leave open this mode of discovering the wickedness of him who has defaced the image of his Creator."

"I have heard this law talked of," said Sir Patrick, "and it was enforced in the Bruce's time. This surely is no unfit period to seek, by such a mystic mode of inquiry, the truth, to which no ordinary means can give us access, seeing that a general accusation of Sir John's household would full surely be met by a general denial. Yet, I must crave farther of Sir Louis, our reverend town-clerk, how we shall prevent the guilty

person from escaping in the interim?"

"The burghers will maintain a strict watch upon the wall, drawbridges shall be raised, and portcullises lowered, from sunset to sunrise, and strong patrols maintained through the night. This guard the burghers will willingly maintain, to secure against the escape of the murderer of their townsman."

The rest of the counsellors acquiesced, by word, sign, and

look, in this proposal.

"Again," said the Provost, "what if any one of the suspected household refuse to submit to the ordeal of bier-right?"

"He may appeal to that of combat," said the reverend city scribe, "with an opponent of equal rank; because the accused person must have his choice, in the appeal to the judgment of God, by what ordeal he will be tried. But if he refuses both,

he must be held as guilty, and so punished."

The sages of the council unanimously agreed with the opinion of their Provost and Town-Clerk, and resolved, in all formality, to petition the King, as a matter of right, that the murder of their fellow-citizen should be inquired into, according to this ancient form, which was held to manifest the truth, and received as matter of evidence in case of murder, so late as towards the end of the seventeenth century. But before the meeting dissolved, Bailie Craigdallie thought it meet to inquire, who was to be the champion of Maudie, or Magdalen Proudfute, and her two children.

"There need be little inquiry about that," said Sir Patrick Charteris; "we are men, and wear swords, which should be broken over the head of any one amongst us, who will not draw it in behalf of the widow and orphans of our murdered fellow-citizen, and in brave revenge of his death. If Sir John Ramorny shall personally resent the inquiry, Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns will do battle with him to the outrance, whilst horse and man may stand, or spear and blade hold together. But in case the challenger be of yeomanly degree, well wot I that Magdalen Proudfute may chose her own champion among the bravest burghers of Perth, and shame and dishonor were it to the Fair City forever, could she light upon one who were traitor and coward enough to say her nay! Bring her hither, that she may make her election,"

Henry Smith heard this with a melancholy anticipation that the poer woman's choice would light upon him, and that his recent reconciliation with his mistress would be again dissolved, by his being engaged in a fresh quarrel, from which there lay no honorable means of escape, and which, in any other circumstances, he would have welcomed as a glorious opportunity of distinguishing himself both in sight of the court and of the city. He was aware that, under the tuition of Father Clement, Catharine viewed the ordeal of battle rather as an insult to religion, than an appeal to the Deity, and did not consider it as reasonable, that superior strength of arm, or skill of weapon, should be resorted to as the proof of moral guilt or innocence. He had, therefore, much to fear from her peculiar opinions in this particular, refined as they were beyond those of the age she lived in.

While he thus suffered under these contending feelings, Magdalen, the widow of the slaughtered man, entered the court, wrapped in a deep mourning veil, and followed and supported by five or six women of gude (that is, of respectability), dressed in the same melancholy attire. One of her attendants held an infant in her arms, the last pledge of poor Oliver's nuptial affections. Another led a little tottering creature of two years or thereabouts, which looked with wonder and fear, sometimes on the black dress in which they had muffled him, and sometimes on the scene around him.

The assembly rose to receive the melancholy group, and saluted them with an expression of the deepest sympathy, which Magdalen, though the mate of poor Oliver, returned with an air of dignity, which she borrowed, perhaps, from the extremity of her distress. Sir Patrick Charteris then stepped forward,

and with the courtesy of a knight to a female, and of a protector to an oppressed and injured widow, took the poor woman's hand, and explained to her briefly, by what course the city had resolved to follow out the vengeance due for her

husband's slaughter.

Having, with a softness and gentleness which did not belong to his general manner, ascertained that the unfortunate woman perfectly understood what was meant, he said aloud to the assembly, "Good citizens of Perth, and freeborn men of guild and craft, attend to what is about to pass, for it concerns your rights and privileges. Here stands Magdalen Proudfute, desirous to follow forth the revenge due for the death of her husband, foully murdered, as she sayeth, by Sir John Ramorny, Knight, of that Ilk, and which she offers to prove, by the evidence of bier-right, or by the body of a man. Therefore, I, Patrick Charteris, being a belted knight and freeborn gentleman, offer myself to do battle in her just quarrel, whilst man and horse may endure, if any one of my degree shall lift my glove.—How say you, Magdalen Proudfute, will you accept me for your champion?"

The widow answered with difficulty,—"I can desire none

nobler."

Sir Patrick then took her right hand in his, and, kissing her forehead, for such was the ceremony, said solemnly,—"So may God and St. John prosper me at my need, as I will do my devoir as your champion, knightly, truly, and manfully. Go now, Magdalen, and choose, at your will, among the burgesses of the Fair City, present or absent, any one upon whom you desire to rest your challenge, if he against whom you bring plaint shall prove to be beneath my degree."

All eyes were turned to Henry Smith, whom the general voice had already pointed out as in every respect the fittest to act as champion on the occasion. But the widow waited not for the general prompting of their looks. As soon as Sir Patrick had spoken, she crossed the floor to the place where, near the bottom of the table, the armorer stood among the men of his degree,

and took him by the hand:-

"Henry Gow, or Smith," she said, "good burgher and craftsman, my—my——"

Husband, she would have said, but the word would not come forth; she was obliged to change the expression.

"He who is gone loved and prized you over all men; therefore, meet it is that thou shouldst follow out the quarrel of his widow and orphans."

If there had been a possibility, which in that age there was not, of Henry's rejecting or escaping from a trust for which all men seemed to destine him, every wish and idea of retreat was cut off, when the widow began to address him; and a command from Heaven could hardly have made a stronger impression than did the appeal of the unfortunate Magdalen. Her allusion to his intimacy with the deceased moved him to the soul. During Oliver's life, doubtless, there had been a strain of absurdity in his excessive predilection for Henry, which, considering how very different they were in character, had in it something ludicrous. But all this was now forgotten, and Henry, giving way to his natural ardor, only remembered that Oliver had been his friend and intimate; a man who had loved and honored him as much as he was capable of entertaining such sentiments for anyone; and above all, that there was much reason to suspect that the deceased had fallen victim to a blow meant for Henry himself.

It was, therefore, with an alacrity which, the minute before, he could scarce have commanded, and which seemed to express a stern pleasure, that, having pressed his lips to the cold brow

of the unhappy Magdalen; the armorer replied,—

"I, Henry the Smith, dwelling in the Wynd of Perth, good man and true, and freely born, accept the office of champion to this widow Magdalen, and these orphans, and will do battle in their quarrel to the death, with any man whomsoever of my own degree, and that so long as I shall draw breath. So help me at my need God and good St. John!"

There arose from the audience a half-suppressed cry, expressing the interest which the persons present took in the prosecution of the quarrel, and their confidence in the issue.

Sir Patrick Charteris then took measures for repairing to the King's presence, and demanding leave to proceed with inquiry into the murder of Oliver Proudfute according to the

custom of bier-right, and, if necessary, by combat-

He performed this duty after the Town-Council had dissolved, in a private interview between himself and the King, who heard of this new trouble with much vexation, and appointed next morning, after mass, for Sir Patrick and the parties interested, to attend his pleasure in council. In the mean time, a royal pursuivant was despatched to the Constable's lodgings, to call over the roll of Sir John Ramorny's attendants, and charge him, with his whole retinue, under high penalties, to abide within Perth until the King's pleasure should be farther known.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

In God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
There let them end it—God defend the right!
HENRY IV. Part II.

In the same council-room of the conventual palace of the Dominicans, King Robert was seated with his brother Albany, whose affected austerity of virtue, and real art and dissimulation, maintained so high an influence over the feeble-minded monarch. It was indeed natural, that one who seldom saw things according to their real forms and outlines, should view them according to the light in which they were presented to him by a bold astucious man, possessing the claim of such near relationship.

Ever anxious on account of his misguided and unfortunate son, the King was now endeavoring to make Albany coincide in opinion with him, in exculpating Rothsay from any part in the death of the Bonnet-maker, the precognition concerning which had been left by Sir Patrick Charteris for his Majesty's

consideration.

"This is an unhappy matter, brother Robin," he said, "a most unhappy occurrence; and goes nigh to put strife and quarrel betwixt the nobility and the commons here, as they have been at war together in so many distant lands. I see but one cause of comfort in the matter, and that is, that Sir John Ramorny having received his dismissal from the Duke of Rothsay's family, it cannot be said that he or any of his people, who may have done this bloody deed (if it has truly been done by them), have been encouraged or hounded out upon such an errand by my poor boy. I am sure, brother, you and I can bear witness how readily, upon my entreaties, he agreed to dismiss Ramorny from his service, on account of that brawl in Curfew Street."

"I remember his doing so," said Albany; "and well do I hope that the connection betwixt the Prince and Ramorny has not been renewed since he seemed to comply with your Grace's wishes."

"Seemed to comply?—The connection renewed?" said the King; "what mean you by these expressions, brother? Surely, when David promised to me, that if that unhappy matter of

Curfew Street were but smothered up and concealed, he would part with Ramorny, as he was a counsellor thought capable of involving him in similar fooleries, and would acquiesce in our inflicting on him either exile, or such punishment as it should please us to impose—surely you cannot doubt that he was sincere in his professions, and would keep his word? Remember you not, that when you advised that a heavy fine should be levied upon his estate in Fife in lieu of banishment, the Prince himself seemed to say, that exile would be better for Ramorny, and even for himself?"

"I remember it well, my royal brother. Nor, truly, could I have suspected Ramorny of having so much influence over the Prince, after having been accessory to placing him in a situation so perilous, had it not been for my royal kinsman's own confession, alluded to by your Grace, that, if suffered to remain at court, he might still continue to influence his conduct. I then regretted I had advised a fine in place of exile. But that time is past, and now new mischief has occurred, fraught with much peril to your Majesty, as well as to your royal heir,

and to the whole kingdom."

"What mean you, Robin?" said the weak-minded king.
"By the tomb of our parents! by the soul of Bruce, our immortal ancestor! I entreat thee, my dearest brother, to take compassion on me. Tell me what evil threatens my son, or my kingdom?"

The features of the King, trembling with anxiety, and his eyes brimful of tears, were bent upon his brother, who seemed

to assume time for consideration ere he replied.

"My lord, the danger lies here. Your Grace believes that the Prince had no accession to this second aggression upon the citizens of Perth—the slaughter of this bonnet-making fellow, about whose death they clamor, as a set of gulls about their comrade, when one of the noisy brood is struck down by a boy's shaft."

"Their lives," said the King, "are dear to themselves and

their friends, Robin."

"Truly, ay, my liege; and they make them dear to us too, ere we can settle with the knaves for the least blood-witt.—But, as I said, your Majesty thinks the prince had no share in this last slaughter: I will not attempt to shake your belief in that delicate point, but will endeavor to believe along with you. What you think is rule for me. Robert of Albany will never think otherwise than Robert of broad Scotland."

"Thank you, thank you," said the King, taking his brother's

hand. "I knew I might rely that your affection would do justice to poor heedless Rothsay, who exposes himself to so much misconstruction that he scarcely deserves the sentiments you feel for him."

Albany had such an immovable constancy of purpose, that he was able to return the fraternal pressure of the King's hand, while tearing up by the very roots the hopes of the indulgent, fond old man.

"But, alas!" the Duke continued, with a sigh, "this burly intractable Knight of Kinfauns, and his brawling herd of burghers, will not view the matter as we do. They have the boldness to say that this dead fellow had been misused by Rothsay and his fellows, who were in the street in mask and revel, stopping men and women, compelling them to dance, or to drink huge quantities of wine, with other follies needless to recount: and they say, that the whole party repaired to Sir John Ramorny's, and broke their way into the house, in order to conclude their revel there; thus affording good reason to judge, that the dismissal of Sir John from the Prince's service was but a feigned stratagem to deceive the public. And hence, they urge, that if ill were done that night, by Sir John Ramorny or his followers, much it is to be thought that the Duke of Rothsay must have at least been privy to, if he did not authorize it."

"Albany, this is dreadful!" said the King; "would they make a murderer of my boy; would they pretend my David would soil his hands in Scottish blood, without having either provocation or purpose? No, no—they will not invent calumnies so broad as these, for they are flagrant and incredible."

"Pardon, my liege," answered the Duke of Albany; "they say the cause of quarrel which occasioned the riot in Curfew Street, and its consequences, were more proper to the Prince than to Sir John; since none suspects, far less believes, that that hopeful enterprise was conducted for the gratification of the Knight of Ramorny."

"Thou drivest me mad, Robin!" said the King.

"I am dumb," answered his brother. "I did but speak my

poor mind according to your royal order."

"Thou meanest well, I know," said the King; "but, instead of tearing me to pieces with the display of inevitable calamities, were it not kinder, Robin, to point me out some mode to escape from them?"

"True, my liege; but as the only road of extrication is rough and difficult, it is necessary your Grace should be first

possessed with the absolute necessity of using it, ere you hear it even described. The chirurgeon must first convince his patient of the incurable condition of a shattered member, ere he venture to name amputation, though it be the only remedy."

The King at these words was roused to a degree of alarm and indignation greater than his brother had deemed he could

be awakened to.

"Shattered and mortified member! my lord of Albany? Amputation the only remedy!—these are unintelligible words, my lord.—If thou appliest them to our son Rothsay, thou must make them good to the letter, else mayst thou have bitter cause

to rue the consequence."

"You construe me too literally, my royal liege," said Albany. "I spoke not of the Prince in such unbeseeming terms; for I call Heaven to witness, that he is dearer to me as the son of a well-beloved brother, than had he been son of my own. But I spoke in regard to separating him from the follies and vanities of life, which holy men say are like to mortified members, and ought, like them, to be cut off and thrown from us, as things which interrupt our progress in better things."

"I understand—thou wouldst have this Ramorny, who hath been thought the instrument of my son's follies, exiled from court," said the relieved monarch, "until these unhappy scandals are forgotten, and our subjects are disposed to look upon

our son with different and more confiding eyes."

"That were good counsel, my liege; but mine went a little—a very little—farther. I would have the Prince himself re-

moved for some brief period from court."

"How, Albany! part with my child, my firstborn, the light of my eyes, and—wilful as he is—the darling of my heart!—

Oh, Robin! I cannot, and I will not."

"Nay, I did but suggest, my lord—I am sensible of the wound such a proceeding must inflict on a parent's heart, for am I not myself a father?" And he hung his head, as if in

hopeless despondency.

"I could not survive it, Albany. When I think that even our own influence over him, sometimes forgotten in our absence, is ever effectual whilst he is with us, is by your plan to be entirely removed, what perils might he not rush upon? I could not sleep in his absence—I should hear his death-groan in every breeze; and you, Albany, though you conceal it better, would be nearly as anxious."

Thus spoke the facile monarch, willing to conciliate his

brother and cheat himself, by taking it for granted, that an affection, of which there were no traces, subsisted betwixt the

uncle and nephew.

"Your paternal apprehensions are too easily alarmed, my lord," said Albany. "I do not propose to leave the disposal of the Prince's motions to his own wild pleasure. I understand that the Prince is to be placed for a short time under some becoming restraint—that he should be subjected to the charge of some grave counsellor, who must be responsible both for his conduct and his safety, as a tutor for his pupil."

"How! a tutor? and at Rothsay's age?" exclaimed the King; "he is two years beyond the space to which our laws

limit the term of nonage."

"The wiser Romans," said Albany, "extended it four years after the period we assign; and, in common sense, the right of control ought to last till it be no longer necessary, and so the time ought to vary with the disposition. Here is young Lindsay, the Earl of Crawford, who they say gives patronage to Ramorny on this appeal—He is a lad of fifteen, with the deep passions and fixed purpose of a man of thirty; while my royal nephew, with much more amiable and noble qualities both of head and heart, sometimes shows, at twenty-three years of age, the wanton humors of a boy, towards whom restraint may be kindness.—And do not be discouraged that it is so, my liege, or angry with your brother for telling the truth; since the best fruits are those that are slowest in ripening, and the best horses such as give most trouble to the grooms who train them for the field or lists."

The Duke stopped; and, after suffering King Robert to indulge for two or three minutes in a reverie which he did not attempt to interrupt, he added, in a more lively tone—"But cheer up, my noble liege; perhaps the feud may be made up without farther fighting or difficulty. The widow is poor, for her husband, though he was much employed, had idle and costly habits. The matter may be therefore redeemed for money, and the amount of an assythment * may be recovered out of Ramorny's estate."

"Nay, that we will ourselves discharge," said King Robert, eagerly catching at the hope of a pacific termination of this unpleasing debate. "Ramorny's prospects will be destroyed by his being sent from court, and deprived of his charge in Rothsay's household; and it would be ungenerous to load a falling man.—But here comes our secretary, the Prior, to tell

^{*} A mulct, in atonement for bloodshed, due to the nearest relations of the deceased.

us the hour of council approaches.—Good-morrow, my worthy father."

"Benedicite, my royal liege," answered the Abbot.

"Now, good father," continued the King, "without waiting for Rothsay, whose accession to our councils we will ourselves guarantee, proceed we to the business of our kingdom. What

advices have you from the Douglas?"

"He has arrived at his castle of Tantallon, my liege, and has sent a post to say, that though the Earl of March remains in sullen seclusion in his fortress of Dunbar, his friends and followers are gathering and forming an encampment near Coldingham, where it is supposed they intend to await the arrival of a large force of English, which Hotspur and Sir Ralph Percy are assembling on the English frontier."

"That is cold news," said the King; "and may God forgive George of Dunbar?"—The Prince entered as he spoke, and he continued—"Ha! thou art here at length, Rothsay;—

I saw thee not at mass."

"I was an idler this morning," said the Prince, "having

spent a restless and feverish night."

"Ah, foolish boy?" answered the King; "hadst thou not been over restless on Fastern's Eve, thou hadst not been feverish on the night of Ash Wednesday."

"Let me not interrupt your prayers, my liege," said the Prince lightly. "Your Grace was invoking Heaven in behalf of some one—an enemy doubtless, for these have the frequent

advantage of your orisons."

"Sit down and be at peace, foolish youth!" said his father, his eye resting at the same time on the handsome face and graceful figure of his favorite son. Rothsay drew a cushion near to his father's feet, and threw himself carelessly down

upon it, while the King resumed.

"I was regretting that the Earl of March, having separated warm from my hand with full assurance that he should receive compensation for everything which he could complain of as injurious, should have been capable of caballing with Northumberland against his own country—Is it possible he could doubt our intentions to make good our word?"

"I will answer for him, No," said the Prince. "March never doubted your Highness's word. Marry, he may well have made question whether your learned counsellors would

leave your Majesty the power of keeping it."

Robert the Third had adopted to a great extent the timid policy, of not seeming to hear expressions, which being heard.

required, even in his own eyes, some display of displeasure. He passed on, therefore, in his discourse, without observing his son's speech; but, in private, Rothsay's rashness augmented the displeasure which his father began to entertain against him.

"It is well the Douglas is on the marches," said the King. "His breast, like those of his ancestors, has ever been the best bulwark of Scotland."

"Then woe betide us if he should turn his back to the

enemy," said the incorrigible Rothsay.

"Dare you impeach the courage of Douglas?" replied the

King, extremely chafed.

- "No man dare question the Earl's courage," said Rothsay; "it is as certain as his pride;—but his luck may be something doubted."
- "By St. Andrew, David!" exclaimed his father, "thou art like a screechowl—every word thou say'st betokens strife and calamity."

"I am silent, father," answered the youth.

"And what news of our Highland disturbances?" con-

tinued the King, addressing the Prior.

"I trust they have assumed a favorable aspect," answered the clergyman. "The fire which threatened the whole country is likely to be drenched out by the blood of some forty or fifty kerne; for the two great confederacies have agreed, by solemn indenture of arms, to decide their quarrel with such weapons as your Highness may name, and in your royal presence, in such place as shall be appointed, on the 30th of March next to come, being Palm Sunday; the number of combatants being limited to thirty on each side, and the fight to be maintained to extremity, since they affectionately make humble suit and petition to your Majesty that you will parentally condescend to waive for the day your royal privilege of interrupting the combat by flinging down of truncheon, or crying of Ho! until the battle shall be utterly fought to an end."

"The wild savages!" exclaimed the King; "would they limit our best and dearest royal privilege, that of putting a stop to strife, and crying truce to battle?—Will they remove the only motive which could bring me to the butcherly spectacle of their combat?—Would they fight like men, or like their own

mountain wolves?"

"My lord," said Albany, "the Earl of Crawford and I had presumed, without consulting you, to ratify that preliminary, for the adoption of which we saw much and pressing reason."

"How! the Earl of Crawford?" said the King. "Methinks

he is a young counsellor on such grave occurrents."

"He is," replied Albany, "notwithstanding his early years, of such esteem among his Highland neighbors, that I could have done little with them but for his aid and influence."

"Hear this, young Rothsay!" said the King reproachfully

to his heir.

"I pity Crawford, Sire," replied the Prince. "He has too early lost a father, whose counsels would have better become such a season as this."

The King turned next towards Albany with a look of triumph, at the filial affection which his son displayed in his

reply.

Albany proceeded without emotion. "It is not the life of these Highlandmen, but their death, which is to be profitable to this commonwealth of Scotland; and truly it seemed to the Earl of Crawford and myself most desirable that the combat should be a strife of extermination."

"Marry," said the Prince, "if such be the juvenile policy of Lindsay, he will be a merciful ruler some ten or twelve years hence! Out upon a boy that is hard of heart before he has hair upon his lip! Better he had contented himself with fighting cocks on Fastern's Even, than laying schemes for massacring men on Palm Sunday, as if he were backing a Welsh main, where all must fight to death."

"Rothsay is right, Albany," said the King; "it were unlike a Christian monarch to give way in this point. I cannot consent to see men battle until they are all hewn down like cattle in the shambles. It would sicken me to look at it, and the warder would drop from my hand for mere lack of strength to

hold it."

"It would drop unheeded," said Albany. "Let me entreat your Grace to recollect, that you only give up a royal privilege, which, exercised, would win you no respect, since it would receive no obedience. Were your Majesty to throw down your warder when the war is high, and these men's blood is hot, it would meet no more regard than if a sparrow should drop among a herd of battling wolves the straw which he was carrying to his nest. Nothing will separate them but the exhaustion of slaughter; and better they sustain it at the hands of each other, than from the swords of such troops as might attempt to separate them at your Majesty's commands. An attempt to keep the peace by violence would be construed into an ambush laid for them; both parties would unite to resist it,—the

slaughter would be the same, and the hoped-for results of future

peace would be utterly disappointed."

"There is even too much truth in what you say, brother Robin," replied the flexible King. "To little purpose is it to command what I cannot enforce; and, although I have the unhappiness to do so each day of my life, it were needless to give such a very public example of royal impotency, before the crowds who may assemble to behold this spectacle. Let these savage men, therefore, work their bloody will to the uttermost upon each other; I will not attempt to forbid what I cannot prevent them from executing.—Heaven help this wretched country! I will to my oratory and pray for her, since to aid her by hand and head is alike denied to me. Father Prior, I pray the support of your arm."

"Nay, but brother," said Albany, "forgive me if I remind you, that we must hear the matter between the citizens of Perth

and Ramorny, about the death of a townsman-"

"True, true,"—said the Monarch, reseating himself; "more violence—more battle!—Oh, Scotland, Scotland! if the best blood of thy bravest children could enrich thy barren soil, what land on earth would excel thee in fertility! When is it that a white hair is seen on the beard of a Scottish man, unless he be some wretch like thy sovereign, protected from murder by impotence, to witness the scenes of slaughter to which he cannot put a period?—Let them come in—delay them not. They are in haste to kill, and grudge each other each fresh breath of their Creator's blessed air. The demon of strife and slaughter hath possessed the whole land!"

As the mild Prince threw himself back on his seat, with an air of impatience and anger not very usual with him, the door at the lower end of the room was unclosed, and advancing from the gallery into which it led (where in perspective was seen a guard of the Bute-men, or Brandanes, under arms), came, in mournful procession, the widow of poor Oliver, led by Sir Patrick Charteris, with as much respect as if she had been a lady of the first rank. Behind them came two women of good standing, the wives of magistrates of the city, both in mourning garments, one bearing the infant, and the other leading the elder child. The Smith followed in his best attire, and wearing over his buff-coat a scarf of crape. Bailie Craigdallie, and a brother magistrate, closed the melancholy procession, exhibiting similar marks of mourning.

The good King's transitory passion was gone the instant he looked on the pallid countenance of the sorrowing widow, and

beheld the unconsciousness of the innocent orphans who had sustained so great a loss; and when Sir Patrick Charteris had assisted Magdalen Proudfute to kneel down, and, still holding her hand, kneeled himself on one knee, it was with a sympathetic tone that King Robert asked her name and business. She made no answer, but muttered something, looking towards her conductor.

"Speak for the poor woman, Sir Patrick Charteris," said the King, "and tell us the cause of her seeking our presence."

"So please you, my liege," answered Sir Patrick, rising up, "this woman, and these unhappy orphans, make plaint to your Highness upon Sir John Ramorny of Ramorny, Knight, that by him, or by some of his household, her umquhile husband, Oliver Proudfute, freeman and burgess of Perth, was slain upon the streets of the city on the Eve of Shrove Tuesday, or morning of Ash Wednesday."

"Woman," replied the King, with much kindness, "thou art gentle by sex, and shouldst be pitiful even by thy affliction; for our own calamity ought to make us—nay, I think, doth make us—merciful to others. Thy husband hath only trodden

the path appointed to us all."

"In his case," said the widow, "my liege must remember

it has been a brief and a bloody one."

"I agree he hath had foul measure. But since I have been unable to protect him, as I confess was my royal duty, I am willing, in atonement, to support thee and these orphans, as well, or better than you lived in the days of your husband; only do thou pass from this charge, and be not the occasion of spilling more life. Remember, I put before you the choice betwixt practising mercy and pursuing vengeance, and that betwixt plenty and penury."

"It is true, my liege, we are poor," answered the widow, with unshaken firmness; "but I and my children will feed with the beasts of the field, ere we live on the price of my husband's blood. I demand the combat by my champion, as you are

belted knight and crowned King."

"I knew it would be so!" said the King aside to Albany. "In Scotland, the first words stammered by an infant, and the last uttered by a dying grey-beard, are—'combat—blood—revenge.'—It skills not arguing further. Admit the defendants."

Sir John Ramorny entered the apartment. He was dressed in a long furred robe, such as men of quality wore when they were unarmed. Concealed by the folds of drapery, his wounded arm was supported by a scarf, or sling of crimson silk, and with the left arm he leaned on a youth, who, scarcely beyond the years of boyhood, bore on his brow the deep impression of early thought and premature passion. This was that celebrated Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, who, in his after-days, was known by the epithet of the Tiger Earl,* and who ruled the great and rich valley of Strathmore with the absolute power and unrelenting cruelty of a feudal tyrant. Two or three gentlemen, friends of the Earl, or of his own, countenanced Sir John Ramorny by their presence on this occasion. The charge was again stated, and met by a broad denial on the part of the accused; and, in reply, the challengers offered to prove their assertion by an appeal to the ordeal of bier-right.

"I am not bound," answered Sir John Ramorny, "to submit to this ordeal, since I can prove, by the evidence of my late royal master, that I was in my own lodgings, lying on my bed, ill at ease, while this Provost and these Bailies pretend I was committing a crime to which I had neither will nor tempta-

tion. I can therefore be no just object of suspicion."

"I can aver," said the Prince, "that I saw and conversed with Sir John Ramorny about some matters concerning my own household on the very night when this murder was a-doing. I therefore know that he was ill at ease, and could not in person commit the deed in question. But I know nothing of the employment of his attendants, and will not take it upon me to say that some one of them may not have been guilty of the crime now charged on them."

Sir John Ramorny had, during the beginning of this speech, looked round with an air of defiance, which was somewhat disconcerted by the concluding sentence of Rothsay's speech. "I thank your Highness," he said, with a smile, "for your cautious and limited testimony in my behalf. He was wise who wrote,

'Put not your faith in Princes.'"

"If you have no other evidence of your innocence, Sir John Ramorny," said the King, "we may not, in respect to your followers, refuse to the injured widow and orphans, the complainers, the grant of a proof by ordeal of bier-right, unless any of them should prefer that of combat. For yourself, you are, by the Prince's evidence, freed from the attaint."

"My liege," answered Sir John, "I can take warrant upon myself for the innocence of my household and followers."

"Why so a monk or a woman might speak," said Sir Patrick Charteris. "In knightly language, wilt thou, Sir John de Ramorny, do battle with me in the behalf of thy followers?"

Sir Alexander Lyndsaye, fourth Earl of Crawford, and brother-in-law to Robert IIL.

"The Provost of Perth had not obtained time to name the word combat," said Ramorny, "ere I would have accepted it.

But I am not at present fit to hold a lance."

"I am glad of it, under your favor, Sir John—There will be the less bloodshed," said the King. "You must therefore produce your followers according to your steward's household-book, in the great church of St. John, that, in presence of all whom it may concern, they may purge themselves of this accusation. See that every man of them do appear at the time of High Mass, otherwise your honor may be sorely tainted."

"They shall attend to a man," said Sir John Ramorny. Then bowing low to the King, he directed himself to the young Duke of Rothsay, and making a deep obeisance, spoke so as to be heard by him alone. "You have used me generously, my lord!—One word of your lips could have ended this contro-

versy, and you have refused to speak it !--"

"On my life," whispered the Prince, "I spake as far as the extreme verge of truth and conscience would permit. I think thou couldst not expect I should frame lies for thee;—and after all, John, in my broken recollections of that night, I do bethink me of a butchery-looking mute, with a curtal axe, much like such a one as may have done yonder night-job?—Ha! have I touched you, Sir Knight?"

Ramorny made no answer, but turned away as precipitately as if some one had pressed suddenly on his wounded arm, and regained his lodgings with the Earl of Crawford; to whom, though disposed for anything rather than revelry, he was obliged to offer a splendid collation, to acknowledge in some degree his sense of the countenance which the young noble had afforded him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

In pottingry he wrocht great pyne ; He murdreit mony in medecyne. Duwaar.

WHEN, after an entertainment, the prolonging of which was like torture to the wounded knight, the Earl of Crawford at length took horse, to go to his distant quarters in the Castle of Dupplin, where he resided as a guest, the Knight of Ramorny

retired into his sleeping apartment, agonized by pains of body and anxiety of mind. Here he found Henbane Dwining, on whom it was his hard fate to depend for consolation in both respects. The physician, with his affectation of extreme humility, hoped he saw his exalted patient merry and happy.

"Merry as a mad dog!" said Ramorny, "and happy as the wretch whom the cur hath bitten, and who begins to feel the approach of the ravening madness.—That ruthless boy, Crawford, saw my agony, and spared not a single carouse. I must do him justice, forsooth! If I had done justice to him and to the world, I had thrown him out of window, and cut short a career, which, if he grow up as he has begun, will prove a source of misery to all Scotland, but especially to Tayside.—Take heed as thou undoest the ligatures, chirurgeon; the touch of a fly's wing on that raw glowing stump were like a dagger to me."

"Fear not, my noble patron," said the leech, with a chuckling laugh of enjoyment, which he vainly endeavored to disguise under a tone of affected sensibility. "We will apply some fresh balsam, and—he, he, he!—relieve your knightly honor of

the irritation which you sustain so firmly."

"Firmly, man?" said Ramorny, grinning with pain; "I sustain it as I would the scorching flames of purgatory—the bone seems made of red-hot iron—thy greasy ointment will hiss as it drops upon the wound—And yet it is December's ice.

compared to the fever-fit of my mind !"

"We will first use our emollients upon the body, my noble patron," said Dwining; "and then, with your knighthood's permission, your servant will try his art on the troubled mind—though I fain hope even the mental pain also may in some degree depend on the irritation of the wound, and that, abated as I trust the corporeal pangs will soon be, perhaps the stormy

feelings of the mind may subside of themselves."

"Henbane Dwining," said the patient, as he felt the pain of his wound assuaged, "thou art a precious and invaluable leech, but some things are beyond thy power. Thou canst stupefy my bodily sense of this raging agony, but thou canst not teach me to bear the scorn of the boy whom I have brought up;—whom I loved, Dwining—for I did love him—dearly love him! The worst of my ill deeds have been to flatter his vices—and he grudged me a word of his mouth, when a word would have allayed this cumber! He smiled, too—I saw him smile, when you paltry provost, the companion and patron of wretched burghers, defied me, whom this heartless prince knew to be un-

able to bear arms.—Ere I forget or forgive it, thou thyself shalt preach up the pardoning of injuries!—And then the care for to-morrow—Think'st thou, Henbane Dwining, that, in very reality, the wounds of the slaughtered corpse will gape, and shed tears of fresh blood at the murderer's approach?

"I cannot tell, my lord, save by report," said Dwining,

"which avouches the fact."

"The brute Bonthron," said Ramorny, "is startled at the apprehension of such a thing, and speaks of being rather willing to stand the combat. What think'st thou?—he is a fellow of steel."

"It is the armorer's trade to deal with steel," replied Dwining.

"Were Bonthron to fall, it would little grieve me," said

Ramorny; "though I should miss a useful hand."

"I well believe your lordship will not sorrow as for that you lost in Curfew Street—Excuse my pleasantry—he, he, he!—But what are the useful properties of this fellow Bonthron?"

"Those of a bull-dog," answered the knight; "he worries

without barking."

"You have no fear of his confessing?" said the physician.

"Who can tell what the dread of approaching death may do?" replied the patient. "He has already shown a timorousness entirely alien from his ordinary sullenness of nature; he that would scarce wash his hands after he had slain a man, is now afraid to see a dead body bleed."

"Well," said the leech, "I must do something for him if I can, since it was to further my revenge that he struck yonder downright blow, though by ill-luck it lighted not where it was

intended."

"And whose fault was that, timid villain," said Ramorny, "save thine own, who marked a rascal deer for a buck of the first head?"

"Benedicite, noble sir," replied the mediciner; "would you have me, who know little save of chamber practice, be as skilful of woodcraft as your noble self, or tell hart from hind, doe from roe, in a glade at midnight? I misdoubted me little when I saw the figure run past us to the Smith's habitation in the Wynd, habited like a morrice-dancer; and yet my mind partly misgave me whether it was our man, for methought he seemed less of stature. But when he came out again, after so much time as to change his dress, and swaggered onwards with buff-coat and steel-cap, whistling after the armorer's wonted

fashion, I do own I was mistaken, super totam materiem, and loosed your knighthood's bull-dog upon him, who did his devoir most duly, though he pulled down the wrong deer. Therefore, unless the accursed Smith kill our poor friend stone-dead on the spot, I am determined, if art may do it, that the ban-dog Bonthron shall not miscarry."

"It will put thine art to the test, man of medicine," said Ramorny; "for know that, having the worst of the combat, if our champion be not killed stone-dead in the lists, he will be drawn forth of them by the heels, and without further ceremony knitted up to the gallows, as convicted of the murder; and when he hath swung there like a loose tassel for an hour or so, I think thou wilt hardly take it in hand to cure his broken neck."

"I am of a different opinion, may it please your knighthood," answered Dwining, gently. "I will carry him off from the very foot of the gallows into the land of faery, like King Arthur, or Sir Huon of Bordeaux, or Ugero the Dane; or I will, if I please, suffer him to dangle on the gibbet for a certain number of minutes, or hours, and then whisk him away from the sight of all, with as much ease as the wind wafts away the withered leaf."

"This is idle boasting, Sir Leech," replied Ramorny. whole mob of Perth will attend him to the gallows, each more eager than another to see the retainer of a nobleman die for the slaughter of a cuckoldy citizen. There will be a thousand of

them round the gibbet's foot."

"And were there ten thousand," said Dwining, "shall I who am a high clerk, and have studied in Spain, and Araby itself, not be able to deceive the eyes of this hoggish herd of citizens, when the pettiest juggler that ever dealt in legerdemain can gull even the sharp observation of your most intelligent knighthood? I tell you, I will put the change on them as if I were in possession of Keddie's ring."

"If thou speakest truth," answered the knight, "and I think thou darest not palter with me on such a theme, thou must have the aid of Satan, and I will have nought to do with

him. I disown and defy him."

Dwining indulged in his internal chuckling laugh, when he heard his patron testify his defiance of the foul Fiend, and saw him second it by crossing himself. He composed himself, however, upon observing Ramorny's aspect become very stern, and said, with tolerable gravity, though a little interrupted by the effort necessary to suppress his mirthful mood.—

"Confederacy, most devout sir; confederacy, is the soul of jugglery. But—he, he, he !—I have not the honor to be he, he!—an ally of the gentleman of whom you speak—in whose existence I am—he, he!—no very profound believer, though your knightship, doubtless, hath better opportunities of acquaintance."

" Proceed, rascal, and without that sneer, which thou mayst

otherwise dearly pay for."

"I will, most undaunted," replied Dwining. "Know that I have my confederate too, else my skill were little worth."

"And who may that be, pray you?"

"Stephen Smotherwell, if it like your honor, lockman* of this Fair City. I marvel your knighthood knows him not."

"And I marvel thy knaveship knows him not on professional acquaintance," replied Ramorny; "but I see thy nose is unslit, thy ears yet uncropped, and if thy shoulders are scarred or branded, thou art wise for using a high-collared jerkin."

"He, he! your honor is pleasant," said the mediciner. "It is not by personal circumstances that I have acquired the inti-macy of Stephen Smotherwell, but on account of a certain traffic betwixt us, in which, an't please you, I exchange certain sums of silver for the bodies, heads, and limbs, of those who die by aid of friend Stephen.'

"Wretch!" exclaimed the knight, with horror, "is it to compose charms and forward works of witchcraft, that you trade

for these miserable relics of mortality?"

"He, he, he !-No, an it please your knighthood," answered the mediciner, much amused with the ignorance of his patron; "but we, who are knights of the scalpel, are accustomed to practise careful carving of the limbs of defunct persons, which we call dissection, whereby we discover, by examination of a dead member, how to deal with one belonging to a living man, which hath become diseased through injury or otherwise. Ah! if your honor saw my poor laboratory, I could show you heads and hands, feet and lungs, which have been long supposed to be rotting in the mould. The skull of Wallace, stolen from London Bridge; the heart of Sir Simon Fraser,† that never feared man; the lovely skull of the fair Maggie Logie, +-Oh, had I but had the fortune to have preserved the chivalrous hand of mine honored patron!"

^{*} Executioner. So called because one of his dues consisted in taking a small ladie-full (Scottick, lock) of meal, out of every caskful exposed in the market.

† The famous ancestor of the Lovats, hanged and quartered at London Bridge.

† The beautiful mistress of David II.

"Out upon thee, slave!—Thinkest thou to disgust me with thy catalogue of horrors ?—Tell me at once where thy discourse How can thy traffic with the hangdog executioner be of

avail to serve me, or to help my servant Bonthron?"

"Nay, I do not recommend it to your knighthood, save in an extremity," replied Dwining-" But we will suppose the battle fought, and our cock beaten. Now, we must first possess him with the certainty, that if unable to gain the day, we will at least save him from the hangman, provided he confess

nothing which can prejudice y our knighthood's honor."
"Ha!—ay, a thought strikes me," said Ramorny. can do more than this-we can place a word in Bonthron's mouth that will be troublesome enough to him whom I am bound to curse, for being the cause of my misfortune. Let us to the ban-dog's kennel and explain to him what is to be done in every view of the question. If we can persuade him to stand the bier-ordeal, it may be a mere bugbear, and in that case we are safe. If he take the combat, he is fierce as a baited bear, and may, perchance, master his opponent; then we are more than safe—we are revenged. If Bonthron himself is vanquished we will put thy device in exercise; and if thou canst manage it cleanly, we may dictate his confession, take the advantage of it, as I will show thee on further conference, and make a giant stride towards satisfaction for my wrongs.—Still there remains one hazard. Suppose our mastiff mortally wounded in the lists. who shall prevent his growling out some species of confession different from what we would recommend?"

"Marry, that can his mediciner," said Dwining. me wait on him, and have the opportunity to lay but a finger on his wound, and trust me he shall betray no confidence."

"Why, there's a willing fiend, that needs neither pushing

nor prompting," said Ramorny.

"As I trust I shall need neither in your knighthood's service."

"We will go indoctrinate our agent," continued the Knight. "We shall find him pliant; for, hound as he is, he knows those who feed from those who browbeat him; and he holds a late royal master of mine in deep hate for some injurious treatment and base terms which he received at his hand. also farther concert with thee the particulars of thy practice for saving the ban-dog from the hands of the herd of citizens."

We leave this worthy pair of friends to their secret practices, of which we shall afterwards see the results. They were, although of different qualities, as well matched for device and execution of criminal projects, as the grayhound is to destroy the game which the slowhound raises, or the slowhound to track the prey which the gazehound discovers by the eye. Pride and selfishness were the characteristics of both; but from the difference of rank, education, and talents, they had assumed the most different appearance in the two individuals.

Nothing could less resemble the high-blown ambition of the favorite courtier, the successful gallant, and the bold warrior. than the submissive, unassuming mediciner, who seemed even to court and delight in insult; whilst, in his secret soul, he felt himself possessed of a superiority of knowledge—a power, both of science and of mind, which placed the rude nobles of the day infinitely beneath him. So conscious was Henbane Dwining of this elevation, that, like a keeper of wild beasts, he sometime adventured, for his own amusement, to rouse the stormy passions of such men as Ramorny, trusting, with his humble manner, to elude the turmoil he had excited, as an Indian boy will launch his light canoe, secure from its very fragility, upon a broken surf, in which the boat of an argosy would be assuredly dashed to pieces. That the feudal baron should despise the humble practitioner in medicine, was a matter of course; but Ramorny felt not the less the influence which Dwining exercised over him, and was in the encounter of their wits often mastered by him, as the most eccentric efforts of a fiery horse are overcome by a boy of twelve years old, if he has been bred to the arts of the manège. contempt of Dwining for Ramorny was far less qualified. regarded the knight, in comparison with himself, as scarcely rising above the brute creation; capable, indeed, of working destruction, as the bull with his horns, or the wolf with his fangs, but mastered by mean prejudices, and a slave to priestcraft, in which phrase Dwining included religion of every kind. On the whole, he considered Ramorny as one whom nature had assigned to him as a serf, to mine for the gold which he worshipped, and the avaricious love of which was his greatest failing, though by no means his worst vice. He vindicated this sordid tendency in his own eyes by persuading himself that it had its source in the love of power.

"Henbane Dwining," he said, as he gazed in delight upon the hoards which he had secretly amassed, and which he visited from time to time, "is no silly miser, that doats on those pieces for their golden lustre; it is the power with which they endow the possessor, which makes him thus adore them. What is there that these put not within your command? Do you love

beauty, and are mean, deformed, infirm, and old?—here is a lure the fairest hawk of them all will stoop to. Are you feeble, weak, subject to the oppression of the powerful?—here is that will arm in your defence those more mighty than the petty tyrant whom you fear. Are you splendid in your wishes, and desire the outward show of opulence?—this dark chest contains many a wide range of hill and dale, many a fair forest full of game; the allegiance of a thousand vassals. Wish you for favor in courts, temporal or spiritual?—the smiles of kings, the pardon of popes and priests for old crimes, and the indulgence which encourages priest-ridden fools to venture on new ones,—all these holy incentives to vice may be purchased for gold. Revenge itself, which the gods are said to reserve to themselves, doubtless because they envy humanity so sweet a morsel-revenge itself is to be bought by it. But it is also to be won by superior skill, and that is the nobler mode of reaching it. I will spare, then, my treasure for other uses, and accomplish my revenge gratis; or rather I will add the luxury of augmented wealth to the triumph of requited wrongs."

Thus thought Dwining, as, returned from his visit to Sir John Ramorny, he added the gold he had received for his various services to the mass of his treasure; and having gloated over the whole for a minute or two, turned the key on his concealed treasure-house, and walked forth on his visits to his patients, yielding the wall to every man whom he met, and bowing and doffing his bonnet to the poorest burgher that owned a petty booth, nay, to the artificers who gained their

precarious bread by the labor of their welked hands.

"Caitiffs," was the thought of his heart, while he did such obeisance, "base, sodden-witted mechanics! did you know what this key could disclose, what foul weather from Heaven would prevent your unbonneting? what putrid kennel in your wretched hamlet would be disgusting enough to make you scruple to fall down and worship the owner of such wealth? But I will make you feel my power, though it suits my humor to hide the source of it. I will be an incubus to your city, since you have rejected me as a magistrate. Like the nightmare, I will hagride ye, yet remain invisible myself.—This miserable Ramorny too, he who, in losing his hand, has, like a poor artisan, lost the only valuable part of his frame, he heaps insulting language on me, as if anything which he can say had power to chafe a constant mind like mine! Yet while he calls me rogue, villain, and slave, he acts as wisely as if he should amuse himself by pulling hairs out of my head, while my hand

had hold of his heart-strings. Every insult I can pay back instantly by a pang of bodily pain or mental agony—and—he! he! I run no long accounts with his knighthood, that must be allowed."

While the mediciner was thus indulging his diabolical musing, and passing, in his creeping manner, along the street, the cry of females was heard behind him.

"Ay, there he is, Our Lady be praised!—there is the most

helpful man in Perth,"said one voice.

"They may speak of knights and kings for redressing wrongs, as they call it—but give me worthy Master Dwining the potter-carrier, cummers," replied another.

At the same moment, the leech was surrounded, and taken

hold of by the speakers, good women of the Fair City.

"How now-what's the matter?" said Dwining; "whose

cow has calved?"

- "There is no calving in the case," said one of the women, "but a poor fatherless wean dying; so come awa' wi' you, for our trust is constant in you, as Bruce said to Donald of the Isles."
- " Opiferque per orbem dicor," said Henbane Dwining. " What is the child dying of?"

"The croup—the croup," screamed one of the gossips;

"the innocent is rouping like a corbie."

" Cynanche trachealis-that disease makes brief work. Show me the house instantly," continued the mediciner, who was in the habit of exercising his profession liberally, notwithstanding his natural avarice, and humanely, in spite of his natural malignity. As we can suspect him of no better principle, his motive most probably may have been vanity and the love of his art.

He would nevertheless have declined giving his attendance in the present case, had he known whither the kind gossips were conducting him, in time sufficient to frame an apology. But, ere he guessed where he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudfute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning; of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation :-

Viewless Essence, thin and bare, Well-nigh melted into air: Still with fondness hovering near The earthly form thou once didst wear; Pause upon the awful brink,

Pause upon thy pinion's flight, Be thy course to left or right; Be thou doom'd to soar or sink, To avenge the deed expelling Thee untimely from thy dwelling, Mystic force thou shalt retain Ofer the blood and o'er the brain. When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye;
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;

5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake, The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake The wounds renew their clotter'd flood, And every drop cry blood for blood.

Hardened as he was, the physician felt reluctance to pass the threshold of the man to whose death he had been so directly, though, so far as the individual was concerned, mistakenly accessory.

"Let me pass on, women," he said; "my art can only help

the living—the dead are past our power."

"Nay, but your patient is up stairs — the youngest orphan——"

Dwining was compelled to go into the house. But he was surprised, when, the instant he stepped over the threshold, the gossips, who were busied with the dead body, stinted suddenly in their song, while one said to the others,—

"In God's name, who entered?—that was a large gout

of blood!"

· "Not so," said another voice, "it is a drop of the liquid balm."

"Nay, cummer, it was blood—Again, I say, who entered the house even now?"

On looking out from the apartment into the little entrance, where Dwining, under pretence of not distinctly seeing the trap ladder by which he was to ascend into the upper part of this house of lamentation, was delaying his progress purposely, disconcerted with what had reached him of the conversation.

"Nay, it is only worthy Master Henbane Dwining,"

answered one of the sibyls.

"Only Master Dwining?" replied the one who had first spoken, in a tone of acquiescence; "our best helper in need?—

then it must have been balm, sure enough."

"Nay," said the other, "it may have been blood nevertheless—for the leech, look you, when the body was found, was commanded by the magistrates to probe the wound with his instruments, and how could the poor dead corpse know that that was done with good purpose?"

"Ay, truly, cummer; and as poor gossip Oliver often mis-

took friends for enemies while he was in life, his judgment cannot be thought to have mended now."

Dwining heard no more, being now forced up stairs into a species of garret, where Magdalen sat on her widowed bed clasping to her bosom her infant, which, already black in the face, and uttering the gasping crowing sound, which gives the popular name to the complaint, seemed on the point of rendering up its brief existence. A Dominican monk sat near the bed, holding the other child in his arms, and seeming from time to time to speak a word or two of spiritual consolation, or intermingle some observation on the child's disorder.

The mediciner cast upon the good father a single glance, filled with that ineffable disdain which men of science entertain against interlopers. His own aid was instant and efficacious; he snatched the child from the despairing mother, stripped its throat, and opened a vein which, as it bled freely, relieved the little patient instantaneously. In a brief space every dangerous symptom disappeared, and Dwining, having bound up the vein, replaced the infant in the arms of the half-distracted mother.

The poor woman's distress for her husband's loss, which had been suspended during the extremity of the child's danger, now returned on Magdalen with the force of an augmented torrent, which has borne down the dam-dike that for a while interrupted its waves.

"Oh, learned sir," she said, "you see a poor woman of her that you once knew a richer—But the hands that restored this bairn to my arms must not leave this house empty. Generous kind Master Dwining, accept of his beads—they are made of ebony and silver—he aye liked to have his things as handsome as any gentleman—and liker he was in all his ways to a gentleman than any one of his standing, and even so came of it."

With these words, in a mute passion of grief she passed to her breast and to her lips the chaplet of her deceased husband, and proceeded to thrust it into Dwining's hands.

"Take it," she said, "for the love of one who loved you well.—Ah! he used ever to say, if ever man could be brought back from the brink of the grave it must be by Master Dwining's guidance.—And his ain bairn is brought back this blessed day, and he is lying there stark and stiff, and kens naething of its health and sickness! O, woe is me, and wala wa!—But take the beads, and think on his puir soul, as you put them through your fingers; he will be freed from purgatory the sooner that good people pray to assoilzie him."

"Take back your beads, cummer—I know no legerdemain—can do no conjuring tricks," said the mediciner, who, more moved than perhaps his rugged nature had anticipated, endeavored to avoid receiving the ill-omened gift. But his last words gave offence to the churchman, whose presence he had not recollected when he uttered them.

"How now, Sir Leech!" said the Dominican; "do you call prayers for the dead juggling tricks? I know that Chaucer, the English Maker, says of you mediciners, that your study is but little on the Bible. Our mother, the Church, hath nodded of late, but her eyes are now opened to discern friends from foes; and be well assured——"

"Nay, reverned father," said Dwining, "you take me at too great advantage. I said I could do no miracles, and was about to add, that as the Church certainly could work such conclusions, those rich beads should be deposited in your hands, to be applied as they may best benefit the soul of the deceased."

He dropped the beads into the Dominican's hand, and es-

caped from the house of mourning.

"This was a strangely timed visit," he said to himself, when he got safe out of doors. "I hold such things cheap as any can; yet, though it is but a silly fancy, I am glad I saved the squalling child's life.—But I must to my friend Smotherwell, whom I have no doubt to bring to my purpose in the matter of Bonthron; and thus on this occasion I shall save two lives, and have destroyed only one."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

Lo! where he lies embalm'd in gore,
His wound to Heaven cries;
The floodgates of his blood implore,
For vengeance from the skies.
URANUS AND PSYCHE.

THE High Church of St. John in Perth, being that of the patron saint of the burgh, had been selected by the Magistrates as that in which the community was likely to have most fair play for the display of the ordeal. The churches and convents of the Dominicans, Carthusians, and others of the regular clergy, had been highly endowed by the king and nobles, and therefore

it was the universal cry of the city-council, that "their ain good auld St. John," of whose good graces they thought themselves sure, ought to be fully confided in, and preferred to the new patrons, for whom the Dominicans, Carthusians, Carmelites, and others, have founded newer seats around the Fair City. The disputes between the regular and secular clergy added to the jealousy which dictated this choice of the spot in which Heaven was to display a species of miracle, upon a direct appeal to the divine decision in a case of doubtful guilt; and the town-clerk was as anxious that the church of St. John should be preferred, as if there had been a faction in the body of saints for and against the interests of the beautiful town of Perth.

Many, therefore, were the petty intrigues entered into and disconcerted, for the purpose of fixing on the church. But the Magistrates, considering it as a matter touching in a close degree the honor of the city, determined, with judicious confidence in the justice and impartiality of their patron, to confide the

issue to the influence of St. John.

It was, therefore, after high mass had been performed, with the greatest solemnity of which circumstances rendered the ceremony capable, and after the most repeated and fervent prayers had been offered to Heaven by the crowded assembly, that preparations were made for appealing to the direct judgment of Heaven on the mysterious murder of the unfortunate Bonnet-maker.

The scene presented that effect of imposing solemnity which the rites of the Catholic Church are so well qualified to produce. The eastern window, richly and variously painted, streamed down a torrent of checkered light upon the high altar. On the bier placed before it were stretched the mortal remains of the murdered man, his arms folded on his breast, and his palms joined together, with the fingers pointed upwards, as if the senseless clay were itself appealing to Heaven for vengeance against those who had violently divorced the immortal spirit from its mangled tenement.

Close to the bier was placed the throne, which supported Robert of Scotland, and his brother Albany. The prince sat upon a lower stool, beside his father; an arrangement which occasioned some observation, as, Albany's seat being little distinguished from that of the King, the heir-apparent, though of full age, seemed to be degraded beneath his uncle in the sight of the assembled people of Perth. The bier was so placed as to leave the view of the body it sustained open to the greater part of the multitude assembled in the church.

At the head of the bier stood the Knight of Kinfauns, the challenger, and at the foot the young Earl of Crawford, as representing the defendant. The evidence of the Duke of Rothsay in expurgation, as it was termed, of Sir John Ramorny. had exempted him from the necessity of attendance as a party subjected to the ordeal; and his illness served as a reason for his remaining at home. His household, including those who. though immediately in waiting upon Sir John, were accounted the Prince's domestics, and had not yet received their dismissal. amounted to eight or ten persons, most of them esteemed men of profligate habits, and who might therefore be deemed capable. in the riot of a festival evening, of committing the slaughter of the Bonnet-maker. They were drawn up in a row on the left side of the church, and wore a species of white cassock, resembling the dress of a penitentiary. All eyes being bent on them, several of this band seemed so much disconcerted, as to excite among the spectators strong prepossessions of their guilt. The real murderer had a countenance incapable of betraying him, -a sullen, dark look, which neither the feast nor wine-cup could enliven, and which the peril of discovery and death could not render dejected.

We have already noticed the posture of the dead body. The face was bare, as were the breast and arms. The rest of the corpse was shrouded in a winding-sheet of the finest linen, so that if blood should flow from any place which was covered, it

could not fail to be instantly manifest.

High mass having been performed, followed by a solemn invocation to the Deity, that he would be pleased to protect the innocent, and make known the guilty, Eviot, Sir John Ramorny's page, was summoned to undergo the ordeal.* He advanced with an ill-assured step. Perhaps he thought his internal consciousness that Bonthron must have been the assassin, might be sufficient to implicate him in the murder, though he was not directly accessory to it. He paused before the bier; and his voice faltered as he swore by all that was created in seven days and seven nights, by heaven, by hell, by his part of paradise, and by the God and author of all, that he was free and sackless of the bloody deed done upon the corpse before which he stood, and on whose breast he made the sign of the cross, in evidence of the appeal. No consequences ensued. The body remained stiff as before; the curdled wounds gave no sign of blood.

The citizens wooked on each other with faces of blank dis
Note O. Ordeal by fire.

appointment. They had persuaded themselves of Eviot's guilt; and their suspicions had been confirmed by his irresolute manner. Their surprise at his escape was therefore extreme. The other followers of Ramorny took heart, and advanced to take the oath, with a boldness which increased as, one by one, they performed the ordeal, and were declared, by the voice of the judges, free and innocent of every suspicion attaching to them on account of the death of Oliver Proudfute.

But there was one individual, who did not partake that increasing confidence. The name of "Bonthron—Bonthron!" sounded three times through the aisles of the church, but he who owned it acknowledged the call not otherwise than by a sort of shuffling motion with his feet, as if he had been suddenly affected with a fit of the palsy.

"Speak, dog," whispered Eviot, "or prepare for a dog's death!"

But the murderer's brain was so much disturbed by the sight before him, that the judges, beholding his deportment, doubted whether to ordain him to be dragged before the bier, or to pronounce judgment in default; and it was not until he was asked for the last time whether he would submit to the ordeal, that he answered with his usual brevity,—

"I will not;—what do I know what juggling tricks may be practised to take a poor man's life?—I offer the combat to any man who says I harmed that dead body."

And, according to usual form, he threw his glove upon the floor of the church.

Henry Smith stepped forward, amidst the murmured applauses of his fellow-citizens, which even the august presence could not entirely suppress; and lifting the ruffian's glove, which he placed in his bonnet, laid down his own in the usual form, as a gage of battle. But Bonthron raised it not.

"He is no match for me," growled the savage, "nor fit to lift my glove. I follow the Prince of Scotland, in attending on his Master of Horse. This fellow is a wretched mechanic."

Here the Prince interrupted him. "Thou follow me, caitiff! I discharge thee from my service on the spot.—Take him in hand, Smith, and beat him as thou didst never thump anvil!—The villain is both guilty and recreant. It sickens me even to look at him; and if my royal father will be ruled by me, he will give the parties two handsome Scottish axes, and we will see which of them turns out the best fellow, before the day is half an-hour older."

This was readily assented to by the Earl of Crawford and

Sir Patrich Charteris, the godfathers of the parties, who, as the combatants were men of inferior rank, agreed that they should fight in steel caps, buff jackets, and with axes; and that as

soon as they could be prepared for the combat.

The lists were appointed in the Skinners' Yards,* a neighboring space of ground, occupied by the corporation from which it had the name, and who quickly cleared a space of about thirty feet by twenty-five, for the combatants. Thither thronged the nobles, priests, and commons,—all excepting the old King, who, detesting such scenes of blood, retired to his residence, and devolved the charge of the field upon the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable, to whose office it more particularly belonged. The Duke of Albany watched the whole proceeding with a close and wary eye. His nephew gave the scene the heedless degree of notice which corresponded with his character.

When the combatants appeared in the lists, nothing could be more striking than the contrast betwixt the manly, cheerful countenance of the Smith, whose sparkling bright eye seemed already beaming with the victory he hoped for, and the sullen, downcast aspect of the brutal Bonthron, who looked as if he were some obscene bird, driven into sunshine out of the shelter of its darksome haunts. They made oath severally, each to the truth of his quarrel; a ceremony which Henry Gow performed with serene and manly confidence—Bonthron with a dogged resolution, which induced the Duke of Rothsay to say to the High Constable, "Didst thou ever, my dear Errol, behold such a mixture of malignity, cruelty, and I think fear, as in that fellow's countenance?"

"He is not comely," said the Earl, "but a powerful knave,

as I have seen."

"I'll gage a hogshead of wine with you, my good lord, that he loses the day. Henry the armorer is as strong as he, and much more active. And then look at his bold bearing! There is something in that other fellow that is loathsome to look upon. Let them yoke presently, my dear Constable, for I am sick of beholding him."

The High Constable then addressed the widow, who, in her deep weeds, and having her children still beside her, occupied a chair within the lists:—Woman, do you willingly accept of this man, Henry the Smith, to do battle as your champion in

this cause?"

"I do—I do most willingly," answered Magdalen Proudfute;

Note P. Skinners' Yards.

" and may the blessing of God and St. John give him strength and fortune, since he strikes for the orphan and fatherless!"

"Then I pronounce this a fenced field of battle," said the Constable, aloud. "Let no one dare, upon peril of his life, to interrupt this combat by word, speech, or look. Sound trumpets,

and fight combatants!"

The trumpets flourished, and the combatants, advancing from the opposite ends of the lists, with a steady and even pace. looked at each other attentively, well skilled in judging from the motion of the eye, the direction in which a blow was meditated. They halted opposite to, and within reach of, each other, and in turn made more than one feint to strike, in order to ascertain the activity and vigilance of the opponent. length, whether weary of these manœuvres, or fearing lest, in a contest so conducted, his unwieldy strength would be foiled by the activity of the Smith, Bonthron heaved up his axe for a downright blow, adding the whole strength of his sturdy arms to the weight of the weapon in its descent. The Smith, however, avoided the stroke by stepping aside; for it was too forcible to be controlled by any guard which he could have interposed. Ere Bonthron recovered guard, Henry struck him a sideling blow on the steel head-piece, which prostrated him on the ground.

"Confess or die," said the victor, placing his foot on the body of the vanquished, and holding to his throat the point of

the axe, which terminated in a spike or poniard.

" I will confess," said the villain, glaring wildly upward on the sky. " Let me rise."

" Not till you have yielded," said Harry Smith.

"I do yield," again murmured Bonthron, and Henry pro-

claimed aloud that his antagonist was defeated.

The Dukes of Rothsay and Albany, the High Constable, and the Dominican Prior, now entered the lists, and addressing Bonthron, demanded if he acknowledged himself vanquished.

" I do," answered the miscreant.

" And guilty of the murder of Oliver Proudfute?"

"I am—but I mistook him for another."

"And whom didst thou intend to slay?" said the Prior.
"Confess, my son, and merit thy pardon in another world; for with this thou hast little more to do."

"I took the slain man," answered the discomfited combatant, "for him whose hand has struck me down, whose foot now presses me."

"Blessed be the saints!" said the Prior; "now all those

who doubt the virtue of the holy ordeal may have their eyes opened to their error. Lo, he is trapped in the snare which he

laid for the guiltless."

"I scarce ever saw the man before," said the Smith. "I never did wrong to him or his.—Ask him, an it please your reverence, why he should have thought of slaying me treacherously."

"It is a fitting question," answered the Prior.—"Give glory where it is due, my son, even though it is manifested by thy shame. For what reason wouldst thou have waylaid this

armorer, who says he never wronged thee?"

"He had wronged him whom I served," answered Bonthron; and I meditated the deed by his command."

"By whose command?" asked the Prior.

Bonthron was silent for an instant, then growled out,—"He

is too mighty for me to name."

"Hearken, my son," said the churchman; "tarry but a brief hour, and the mighty and the mean of this earth shall to thee alike be empty sounds. The sledge is even now preparing to drag thee to the place of execution. Therefore, son, once more I charge thee to consult thy soul's weal by glorifying Heaven, and speaking the truth. Was it thy master, Sir John Ramorny, that stirred thee to so foul a deed?"

"No," answered the prostrate villain, "it was a greater than he." And at the same time he pointed with his finger to

the Prince.

"Wretch!" said the astonished Duke of Rothsay; "do you dare to hint that I was your instigator?"

"You yourself, my lord," answered the unblushing ruffian.

"Die in thy falsehood, accursed slave!" said the Prince; and, drawing his sword, he would have pierced his calumniator, had not the Lord High Constable interposed with word and action.

"Your Grace must forgive my discharging mine office—this caitiff must be delivered into the hands of the executioner. He is unfit to be dealt with by any other, much less by your

Highness."

"What! noble Earl," said Albany, aloud, and with much real or affected emotion, "would you let the dog pass alive from hence, to poison the people's ears with false accusations against the Prince of Scotland?—I say cut him to mammocks upon the spot!"

"Your Highness will pardon me," said the Earl of Errol;

" I must protect him till his doom is executed."

"Then let him be gagged instantly," said Albany.—"And you, my royal nephew, why stand you there fixed in astonishment? Call your resolution up—speak to the prisoner—swear—protest by all that is sacred that you knew not of this felon deed.—See how the people look on each other, and whisper apart! My life on't that this lie spreads faster than any gospel truth.—Speak to them, royal kinsman, no matter what you say, so you be constant in denial."

"What, sir," said Rothsay, starting from his pause of surprise and mortification, and turning haughtily towards his uncle; "would you have me gage my royal word against that of an abject recreant? Let those who can believe the son of their sovereign, the descendant of Bruce, capable of laying ambush for the life of a poor mechanic, enjoy the pleasure of think-

ing the villain's tale true."

"That will not I for one," said the Smith bluntly. "I never did aught but what was in honor towards his royal Grace the Duke of Rothsay, and never received unkindness from him, in word, look, or deed; and I cannot think he would have given aim to such base practice."

"Was it in honor that you threw his Highness from the ladder in Curfew Street, upon St. Valentine's Eve?" said Bonthron; "or think you the favor was received kindly or

unkindly?'"

This was so boldly said, and seemed so plausible, that it

shook the Smith's opinion of the Prince's innocence.

"Alas, my lord!" said he, looking sorrowfully towards Rothsay, "could your Highness seek an innocent fellow's life for doing his duty by a helpless maiden?—I would rather have died in these lists, than live to hear it said of the Bruce's heir!"

"Thou art a good fellow, Smith," said the Prince; "but I cannot expect thee to judge more wisely than others.—Away with that convict to the gallows, and gibbet him alive an you will, that he may speak falsehood and spread scandal on us to

the last prolonged moment of his existence!"

So saying, the Prince turned away from the lists, disdaining to notice the gloomy looks cast towards him, as the crowd made slow and reluctant way for him to pass, and expressing neither surprise nor displeasure at a deep hollow murmur, or groan, which accompanied his retreat. Only a few of his own immediate followers attended him from the field, though various persons of distinction had come there in his train. Even the lower class of citizens ceased to follow the unhappy Prince, whose former indifferent reputation had exposed him to so many

charges of impropriety and levity, and around whom there seemed now darkening suspicions of the most atrocious nature.

He took his slow and thoughtful way to the church of the Dominicans; but the ill news, which fly proverbially fast, had reached his father's place of retirement, before he himself appeared. On entering the palace and inquiring for the King, the Duke of Rothsay was surprised to be informed that he was in deep consultation with the Duke of Albany, who, mounting on horseback as the Prince left the lists, had reached the convent before him. He was about to use the privilege of his rank and birth, to enter the royal apartment, when MacLewis, the commander of the guard of Brandanes, gave him to understand, in the most respectful terms, that he had special instructions which forbade his admittance.

"Go at least, MacLewis, and let them know that I wait their pleasure," said the Prince. "If my uncle desires to have the credit of shutting the father's apartment against the son, it will gratify him to know that I am attending in the outer

hall like a lackey."

"May it please you," said MacLewis, with hesitation, "if your Highness would consent to retire just now, and to wait a while in patience, I will send to acquaint you when the Duke of Albany goes; and I doubt not that his Majesty will then admit your Grace to his presence. At present, your Highness must forgive me,—it is impossible you can have access."

"I understand you, MacLewis; but go, nevertheless, and

obey my commands."

The officer went accordingly, and returned with a message that the King was indisposed, and on the point of retiring to his private chamber; but that the Duke of Albany would presently wait upon the Prince of Scotland.

It was, however, a full half-hour ere the Duke of Albany appeared,—a period of time which Rothsay spent partly in moody silence, and partly in idle talk with MacLewis and the Brandanes, as the levity or irritability of his temper obtained the ascendant.

At length the Duke came, and with him the Lord High Constable, whose countenance expressed much sorrow and embarrassment.

"Fair kinsman," said the Duke of Albany, "I grieve to say that it is my royal brother's opinion, that it will be best, for the honor of the royal family, that your Royal Highness do restrict yourself for a time to the seclusion of the High Con

stable's lodgings,* and accept of the noble Earl here present for your principal, if not sole, companion, until the scandals which have been this day spread abroad shall be refuted, or forgotten."

"How is this, my Lord of Errol?" said the Prince, in astonishment. "Is your house to be my jail, and is your lord-

ship to be my jailer?"

"The saints forbid, my lord," said the Earl of Errol; "but it is my unhappy duty to obey the commands of your father, by considering your Royal Highness for some time as being under my ward."

"The Prince—the heir of Scotland, under the ward of the High Constable!—What reason can be given for this? Is the blighting speech of a convicted recreant of strength sufficient to tarnish my royal escutcheon?"

"While such accusations are not refuted and denied, my kinsman," said the Duke of Albany, "they will contaminate

that of a monarch."

"Denied, my lord!" exclaimed the Prince; "by whom are they asserted? save by a wretch too infamous, even by his own confession, to be credited for a moment, though a beggar's character, not a prince's, were impeached.—Fetch him hither,—let the rack be shown to him; you will soon hear him retract the calumny which he dared to assert."

"The gibbet has done its work too surely to leave Bonthron sensible to the rack," said the Duke of Albany. "He has

been executed an hour since."

"And why such haste, my lord?" said the Prince; "know you it looks as if there were practice in it, to bring a

stain on my name?"

"The custom is universal—the defeated combatant in the ordeal of battle is instantly transferred from the lists to the gallows.—And yet, fair kinsman," continued the Duke of Albany, "if you had boldly and strongly denied the imputation, I would have judged right to keep the wretch alive for further investigation; but as your Highness was silent, I deemed it best to stifle the scandal in the breath of him that uttered it."

"Saint Mary, my lord, but this is too insulting! Do you, my uncle and kinsman, suppose me guilty of prompting such a useless and unworthy action, as that which the slave con-

fessed?"

"It is not for me to bandy question with your Highness; otherwise I would ask, whether you also mean to deny the

[•] Note Q. Earl of Errol's Lodgings.

scarce less unworthy, though less bloody attack, upon the house in Couvresew Street?—Be not angry with me, kinsman; but, indeed, your sequestering yourself for some brief space from the court, were it only during the King's residence in this city, where so much offence has been given, is imperiously demanded."

Rothsay paused when he heard this exhortation; and, look-

ing at the Duke in a very marked manner, replied,-

"Uncle, you are a good huntsman. You have pitched your toils with much skill; but you would have been foiled, not-withstanding, had not the stag rushed among the nets of free-will. God speed you, and may you have the profit by this matter, which your measures deserve. Say to my father, I obey his arrest.—My Lord High Constable, I wait only your pleasure to attend you to your lodgings. Since I am to lie in ward, I could not have desired a kinder or more courteous warden."

The interview between the uncle and nephew being thus concluded, the Prince retired with the Earl of Errol to his apartments; the citizens whom they met in the streets passing to the farther side, when they observed the Duke of Rothsay, to escape the necessity of saluting one whom they had been taught to consider as a ferocious as well as unprincipled libertine. The Constable's lodgings received the owner and his princely guest, both glad to leave the streets, yet neither feeling easy in the situation which they occupied with regard to each other within doors.

We must return to the lists after the combat had ceased. and when the nobles had withdrawn. The crowds were now separated into two distinct bodies. That which made the smallest in number, was at the same time the most distinguished for respectability, consisting of the better class of inhabitants of Perth, who were congratulating the successful champion, and each other, upon the triumphant conclusion to which they had brought their feud with the courtiers. The magistrates were so much elated on the occasion, that they entreated Sir Patrick Charteris's acceptance of a collation in the Town-hall. To this, Henry, the hero of the day, was of course invited, or he was rather commanded to attend. He listened to the summons with great embarrassment, for it may be readily believed his heart was with Catharine Glover. But the advice of his father Simon decided him. That veteran citizen had a natural and becoming deference for the Magistracy of the Fair City; he entertained a high estimation of all honors which flowed from such a source, and thought that his intended son-in-law would do wrong not to receive them with

gratitude.

"Thou must not think to absent thyself from such a solemn occasion, son Henry," was his advice. "Sir Patrick Charteris is to be there himself, and I think it will be a rare occasion for thee to gain his goodwill. It is like he may order of thee a new suit of harness; and I myself heard worthy Bailie Craigdallie say, there was a talk of furbishing up the city's armory. Thou must not neglect the good trade, now that thou takest on thee an expensive family."

"Tush, father Glover," answered the embarrassed victor,
"I lack no custom—and thou knowest there is Catharine, who
may wonder at my absence, and have her ear abused once

more by tales of glee-maidens, and I wot not what."

"Fear not for that," said the Glover, "but go, like an obedient burgess, where thy betters desire to have thee. I do not deny that it will cost thee some trouble to make thy peace with Catharine about this duel; for she thinks herself wiser in such matters than King and Council, Kirk and Canons, Provost and Bailies. But I will take up the quarrel with her myself, and will so work for thee, that though she may receive thee to morrow with somewhat of a chiding, it shall melt into tears and smiles, like an April morning, that begins with a mild shower. Away with thee, then, my son, and be constant to the time, to-morrow morning after mass.

The Smith, though reluctantly, was obliged to defer to the reasoning of his proposed father-in-law, and once determined to accept the honor destined for him by the fathers of the city. he extricated himself from the crowd, and hastened home to put on his best apparel; in which he presently afterwards repaired to the Council-house, where the ponderous oak table seemed to bend under the massy dishes of choice Tay salmon, and delicious sea-fish from Dundee, being the dainties which the fasting season permitted, whilst neither wine, ale, nor metheglin, were wanting to wash them down. The waits, or minstrels of the burgh, played during the repast, and in the intervals of the music one of them recited, with great emphasis, a long poetical account of the battle of Blackearn-side, fought by Sir William Wallace, and his redoubted captain and friend, Thomas of Longueville, against the English general, Sewarda theme perfectly familiar to all the guests, who nevertheless, more tolerant than their descendants, listened as if it had all the zest of novelty. It was complimentary to the ancestor of the Knight of Kinfauns doubtless, and to other Perthshire families, in passages which the audience applauded vociferously, whilst they pledged each other in mighty draughts, to the memory of the heroes who had fought by the side of the champion of Scotland. The health of Henry Wynd was quaffed with repeated shouts, and the Provost announced publicly, that the magistrates were consulting how they might best invest him with some distinguished privilege, or honorary reward, to show how highly his fellow-citizens valued his courageous exertions.

"Nay, take it not thus, an it like your worships," said the Smith, with his usual blunt manner, "lest men say that valor must be rare in Perth, when they reward a man for fighting for the right of a forlorn widow. I am sure there are many scores of stout burghers in the town who would have done this day's dargue, as well or better than I. For, in good sooth, I ought to have cracked yonder fellow's head-piece, like an earthen pipkin—ay, and would have done it too, if it had not been one which I myself tempered for Sir John Ramorny. But an the Fair City think my service of any worth, I will conceive it far more than acquitted by any aid which you may afford from the Common Good,* to the support of the widow Magdalen and her poor orphans."

"That may well be done," said Sir Patrick Charteris, "and yet leave the Fair City rich enough to pay her debts to Henry Wynd, of which every man of us is a better judge than himself, who is blinded with an unavailing nicety, which men call modesty.—And if the burgh be too poor for this, the Provost will bear his share. The Rover's golden angels have not all taken

flight yet."

The beakers were now circulated, under the name of a cup of comfort to the widow, and, anon, flowed around once more to the happy memory of the murdered Oliver, now so bravely avenged. In short, it was a feast so jovial, that all agreed nothing was wanting to render it perfect, but the presence of the Bonnet-maker himself, whose calamity had occasioned the meeting, and who had usually furnished the standing jest at such festive assemblies. "Had his attendance been possible," it was dryly observed by Bailie Craigdallie, "he would certainly have claimed the success of the day, and vouched himself the avenger of his own murder."

At the sound of the vesper bell the company broke up, some of the graver sort going to evening prayers, where, with halfshut eyes and shining countenances, they made a most orthodox

^{*} The public property of the burgh.

and edifying portion of a Lenten congregation; others to their own homes, to tell over the occurrences of the fight and feast, for the information of the family circle; and some, doubtless, to the licensed freedoms of some tavern, the door of which Lent did not keep so close shut as the forms of the Church required. Henry returned to the Wynd, warm with the good wine and the applause of his fellow-citizens, and fell asleep to dream of perfect happiness and Catharine Glover.

We have said, that when the combat was decided, the spectators were divided into two bodies. Of these, when the more respectable portion attended the victor in joyous procession, much the greater number, or what might be termed the rabble, waited upon the subdued and sentenced Bonthron, who was travelling in a different direction, and for a very opposite purpose. Whatever may be thought of the comparative attractions of the house of mourning and of feasting under other circumstances, there can be little doubt which will draw most visitors, when the question is, whether we would witness miseries which we are not to share, or festivities of which we are not to partake. Accordingly, the tumbril in which the criminal was conveyed to execution was attended by far the greater proportion of the inhabitants of Perth.

A friar was seated in the same car with the murderer, to whom he did not hesitate to repeat, under the seal of confession. the same false asseveration which he had made upon the place of combat, which charged the Duke of Rothsay with being director of the ambuscade by which the unfortunate Bonnetmaker had suffered. The same falsehood he disseminated among the crowd, averring, with unblushing effrontery, to those who were nighest to the car, that he owed his death to his having been willing to execute the Duke of Rothsay's pleasure. For a time he repeated these words, sullenly and doggedly, in the manner of one reciting a task, or a liar who endeavors by reiteration to obtain a credit for his words, which he is internally sensible they do not deserve. But when he lifted up his eyes, and beheld in the distance the black outline of a gallows, at least forty feet high, with its ladder and its fatal cord, rising against the horizon, he became suddenly silent, and the friar could observe that he trembled very much.

"Be comforted, my son," said the good priest, "you have confessed the truth, and received absolution. Your penitence will be accepted according to your sincerity; and though you have been a man of bloody hands and cruel heart, yet, by the Church's prayers, you shall be in due time assoilzied from the penal fires of purgatory."

These assurances were calculated rather to augment than to diminish the terrors of the culprit, who was agitated by doubts whether the mode suggested for his preservation from death would to a certainty be effectual, and some suspicion whether there was really any purpose of employing them in his favor; for he knew his master well enough to be aware of the indifference with which he would sacrifice one, who might on some future occasion be a dangerous evidence against him.

His doom, however, was sealed, and there was no escaping They slowly approached the fatal tree, which was from it. erected on a bank by the river's side, about half-a-mile from the walls of the city; a site chosen that the body of the wretch, which was to remain food for the carrion crows, might be seen from a distance in every direction. Here the priest delivered Bonthron to the executioner, by whom he was assisted up the ladder, and to all appearance despached according to the usual forms of the law. He seemed to struggle for life for a minute, but soon after hung still and inanimate. The executioner, after remaining upon duty for more than half-an-hour, as if to permit the last spark of life to be extinguished, announced to the admirers of such spectacles, that the irons for the permanent suspension of the carcass not having been got ready, the concluding ceremony of disembowelling the dead body, and attaching it finally to the gibbet, would be deferred till the next morning at sunrise.

Notwithstanding the early hour which he had named, Master Smotherwell had a reasonable attendance of rabble at the place of execution, to see the final proceedings of justice with its But great was the astonishment and resentment of these amateurs to find that the dead body had been removed from the gibbet. They were not, however, long at a loss to guess the cause of its disappearance. Bonthron had been the follower of a baron, whose estates lay in Fife, and was himself a native of that province. What was more natural than that some of the Fife men, whose boats were frequently plying on the river, should have clandestinely removed the body of their countryman from the place of public shame! The crowd vented their rage against Smotherwell, for not completing his job on the preceding evening; and had not he and his assistant betaken themselves to a boat, and escaped across the Tay, they would have run some risk of being pelted to death. The event, however, was too much in the spirit of the times to be much wondered at. Its real cause we shall explain in the following chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Let gallows gape for dogs, let men go free-HNNRY V.

THE incidents of a narrative of this kind must be adapted to each other, as the wards of a key must tally accurately with those of the lock to which it belongs. The reader, however gentle, will not hold himself obliged to rest satisfied with the mere fact that such and such occurrences took place, which is, generally speaking, all that in ordinary life he can know of what is passing around him; but he is desirous, while reading for amusement, of knowing the interior movements occasioning the course of events. This is a legitimate and reasonable curiosity; for every man hath a right to open and examine the mechanism of his own watch, put together for his proper use, although he is not permitted to pry into the interior of the timepiece, which for general information, is displayed on the town-steeple.

It would be, therefore, uncourteous to leave my readers under any doubt concerning the agency which removed the assassin Bonthron from the gallows; an event which some of the Perth citizens ascribed to the foul Fiend himself, while others were content to lay it upon the natural dislike of Bonthron's countrymen of Fife to see him hanging on the river-

side, as a spectacle dishonorable to their province.

About midnight succeeding the day when the execution had taken place, and while the inhabitants of Perth were deeply buried in slumber, three men, muffled in their cloaks, and bearing a dark lantern, descended the alleys of a garden which led from the house occupied by Sir John Ramorny to the banks of the Tay, where a small boat lay moored to a landing-place, or little projecting pier. The wind howled in a low and melancholy manner through the leafless shrubs and bushes; and a pale moon waded, as it is termed in Scotland, amongst drifting clouds, which seemed to threaten rain. The three individuals entered the boat with great precaution, to escape observation. One of them was a tall powerful man; another short and bent downwards; the third middle-sized and apparently younger than his companions, well made and active

Thus much the imperfect light could discover. They seated

themselves in the boat, and unmoored it from the pier.

We must let her drift with the current till we pass the bridge, where the burghers still kept guard; and you know the proverb—A Perth arrow hath a perfect flight," said the most youthful of the party, who assumed the office of helmsman, and pushed the boat off from the pier; whilst the others took the oars, which were muffled, and rowed with all precaution, till they attained the middle of the river; they then ceased their efforts, lay upon their oars, and trusted to the steersman for keeping her in mid-channel.

In this manner they passed unnoticed or disregarded beneath the stately Gothic arches of the old bridge, erected by the magnificent patronage of Robert Bruce in 1329, and carried away by an inundation in 1621. Although they heard the voices of a civic watch, which, since these disturbances commenced, had been nightly maintained in that important pass, no challenge was given; and when they were so far down the stream as to be out of hearing of these guardians of the night, they began to row, but still with precaution, and to converse, though in a low tone.

"You have found a new trade, comrade, since I left you," said one of the rowers to the other. "I left you engaged in tending a sick knight, and I find you employed in purloining a

dead body from the gallows."

"A living body, so please your squire-hood, Master Buncle;

or else my craft hath failed of its purpose."

"So I am told, Master Pottercarrier; but saving your clerkship, unless you teil me your trick, I will take leave to doubt of its success."

"A simple toy, Master Buncle, not likely to please a genius so acute as that of your valiancie. Marry, thus it is. The suspension of the human body, which the vulgar call hanging, operates death by apoplexia,—that is, the blood being unable to return to the heart by the compression of the veins, it rushes to the brain, and the man dies. Also, and as an additional cause of dissolution, the lungs no longer receive the needful supply of the vital air, owing to the ligature of the cord around the thorax; and hence the patient perishes."

"I understand that well enough—But how is such a revulsion of blood to the brain to be prevented, Sir Mediciner?" said the third person, who was no other than Ramorny's page,

Eviot.

"Marry, then," replied Dwining, "hang me the patient up in

such fashion that the carotid arteries shall not be compressed, and the blood will not determine to the brain, and apoplexy will not take place; and again, if there be no ligature around the thorax, the lungs will be supplied with air, whether the man be hanging in the middle heaven, or standing on the firm earth."

"All this I conceive," said Eviot; "but how these precautions can be reconciled with the execution of the sentence of

hanging, is what my dull brain cannot comprehend."

Ah! good youth, thy valiancie hath spoiled a fair wit. Hadst thou studied with me, thou shouldst have learned things more difficult than this. But here is my trick. I get me certain bandages, made of the same substance with your young valiancie's horse-girths, having especial care that they are of a kind which will not shrink on being strained, since that would spoil my experiment. One loop of this substance is drawn under each foot, and returns up either side of the leg to a cincture, with which it is united; these cinctures are connected by divers straps down the breast and back, in order to divide the weight, and there are sundry other conveniences for easing the patient; but the chief is this. The straps, or ligatures, are attached to a broad steel collar, curving outwards, and having a hook or two, for the better security of the halter, which the friendly executioner passes around that part of the machine, instead of applying to the bare throat of the patient. Thus, when thrown off from the ladder, the sufferer will find himself suspended, not by his neck, if it please you, but by the steel circle, which supports the loops in which his feet are placed. and on which his weight really rests, diminished a little by similar supports under each arm. Thus, neither vein nor windpipe being compressed, the man will breathe as free, and his blood, saving from fright and novelty of situation, will flow as temperately as your valiancie's, when you stand up in your stirrups to view a field of battle."

"By my faith, a quaint and rare device!" quoth Buncle.

"Is it not?" pursued the leech, "and well worth being known to such mounting spirits as your valiancies, since there is no knowing to what height Sir John Ramorny's pupils may arrive; and if these be such, that it is necessary to descend from them by a rope, you may find my mode of management more convenient than the common practice. Marry, but you must be provided with a high-collared doublet, to conceal the ring of steel; and above all, such a bonus socius as Smotherwell to adjust the noose."

"Base poison-vender," said Eviot, "men of our calling die

on the field of battle!"

"I will save the lesson, however," replied Buncle, "in case of some pinching occasion.—But what a night the bloody hangdog Bonthron must have had of it, dancing a pavise in mid air to the music of his own shackles, as the night wind swings him that way and this!"

"It were an almsdeed to leave him there," said Eviot; "for his descent from the gibbet will but encourage him to new murders. He knows but two elements, drunkenness and blood-

shed."

"Perhaps Sir John Ramorny might have been of your opinion," said Dwining; "but it would first have been necessary to cut out the rogue's tongue, lest he had told strange tales from his airy height. And there are other reasons that it concerns not your valiancies to know. In truth, I myself have been generous in serving him, for the fellow is built as strong as Edinburgh Castle, and his anatomy would have matched any that is in the chirurgical hall of Padua.—But tell me, Master Buncle, what news bring you from the doughty Douglas?"

"They may tell that know," said Buncle. "I am the dull ass that bears the message, and kens naught of its purport. The safer for myself perhaps. I carried letters from the Duke of Albany and from Sir John Ramorny to the Douglas, and he looked black as a northern tempest when he opened them—I brought them answers from the Earl, at which they smiled like the sun when the harvest storm is closing over him. Go to your Ephemerides, leech, and conjure the meaning out of

that."

"Methinks I can do so without much cost of wit," said the chirurgeon; "but yonder I see in the pale moonlight our dead alive. Should he have screamed out to any chance passenger, it were a curious interruption to a night-journey to be hailed from the top of such a gallows as that.—Hark, methinks I do hear his groans amid the whistling of the wind, and the creaking of the chains. So—fair and softly—make fast the boat with the grappling—and get out the casket with my matters—we would be better for a little fire, but the light might bring observation on us. Come on, my men of valor, march warily, for we are bound for the gallows-foot—Follow with the lantern—I trust the ladder has been left.

Sing, three merry-men, and three merry-men, And three merry-men are we; Thou on the land, and I on the sand, And Jack on the gallows-tree." As they advanced to the gibbet, they could plainly hear groans, though uttered in a low tone. Dwining ventured to give a low cough once or twice, by way of signal; but, receiving no answer, "We had best make haste," said he to his companions, "for our friend must be in extremis, as he gives no answer to the signal which announces the arrival of help.—Come, let us to the gear. I will go up the ladder first, and cut the rope. Do you two follow, one after another, and take fast hold of the body, so that he fall not when the halter is unloosed. Keep sure grip, for which the bandages will afford you convenience. Bethink you, that though he plays an owl's part to-night, he hath no wings, and to fall out of a halter may be as dangerous as to fall into one."

While he spoke thus with sneer and gibe, he ascended the ladder, and having ascertained that the men-at-arms who followed him had the body in their hold, he cut the rope, and then gave his aid to support the almost lifeless form of the criminal.

By a skilful exertion of strength and address, the body of Bonthron was placed safely on the ground, and the faint yet certain existence of life having been ascertained, it was thence transported to the river-side, where, shrouded by the bank, the party might be best concealed from observation, while the leech employed himself in the necessary means of recalling animation, with which he had taken care to provide himself.

For this purpose he first freed the recovered person from his shackles, which the executioner had left unlocked on purpose, and at the same time disengaged the complicated envelopes and bandages by which he had been suspended. was some time ere Dwining's efforts succeeded; for in despite of the skill with which his machine had been constructed, the straps designed to support the body had stretched so considerably as to occasion the sense of suffocation becoming extremely overpowering. But the address of the surgeon triumphed over all obstacles; and after sneezing and stretching himself, with one or two brief convulsions, Bonthron gave decided proofs of reanimation by arresting the hand of the operator, as it was in the act of dropping strong waters on his breast and throat; and, directing the bottle which contained them to his lips, he took, almost perforce, a considerable gulp of the contents.

"It is spiritual essence, double distilled," said the astonished operator, "and would blister the throat and burn the stomach of any other man. But this extraordinary beast is so unlike all other human creatures, that I should not wonder if it brought him to the complete possession of his faculties."

Bonthron seemed to confirm this; he started with a strong convulsion, sat up, stared around, and indicated some consciousness of existence.

"Wine-wine," were the first words which he articulated.

The leech gave him a draught of medicated wine, mixed with water. He rejected it under the dishonorable epithet of "kennel-washings," and again uttered the words—"Wine, wine."

"Nay, take it to thee, i' the devil's name," said the leech,

"since none but he can judge of thy constitution."

A draught, long and deep enough to have discomposed the intellects of any other person, was found effectual in recalling those of Bonthron to a more perfect state; though he betrayed no recollection of where he was or what had befallen him, and in his brief and sullen manner, asked why he was brought to the river-side at this time of night.

"Another frolic of the wild Prince, for drenching me as he

did before-Nails and blood, but I would-"

"Hold thy peace," interrupted Eviot, "and be thankful, I pray you, if you have any thankfulness in you, that thy body is not crows' meat, and thy soul in a place where water is too scarce to duck thee."

"I begin to bethink me," said the ruffian; and raising the flask to his mouth, which he saluted with a long and hearty kiss, he set the empty bottle on the earth, dropped his head on his bosom, and seemed to muse for the purpose of arranging his confused recollections.

"We can abide the issue of his meditations no longer," said Dwining, "he will be better after he has slept.—Up, sir! you have been riding the air these some hours—try if the water be not an easier mode of conveyance.—Your valors must lend me a hand. I can no more lift this mass than I could raise in my arms a slaughtered bull."

"Stand upright on thine own feet, Bonthron, now we have

placed thee upon them," said Eviot.

"I cannot," answered the patient. "Every drop of blood tingles in my veins as if it had pin-points, and my knees refuse to bear their burden. What can be the meaning of all this? This is some practice of thine, thou dog leech!"

"Ay, ay, so it is honest Bonthron," said Dwining, "a practice thou shalt thank me for, when thou comest to learn it. In the meanwhile stretch down in the stern of that boat, and let

me wrap this cloak about thee." Assisted into the boat accordingly, Bonthron was deposited there as conveniently as things admitted of. He answered their attentions with one or two snorts resembling the grunt of a boar, who has got some food

particularly agreeable to him.

"And now, Buncle," said the chirurgeon, "your valiant squireship knows your charge. You are to carry this lively cargo by the river to Newburgh, where you are to dispose of him as you wot of; meantime here are his shackles and bandages, the marks of his confinement and liberation. Bind them up together, and fling them into the deepest pool you pass over; for, found in your possession, they might tell tales against us all. This low, light breath of wind from the west, will permit you to use a sail as soon as the light comes in, and you are tired of rowing. Your other valiancy, Master Page Eviot, must be content to return to Perth with me afoot, for here severs our fair company. Take with thee the lantern, Buncle, for thou wilt require it more than we, and see thou send me back my flasket."

As the pedestrians returned to Perth, Eviot expressed his belief that Bonthron's understanding would never recover the shock which terror had inflicted upon it, and which appeared to him to have disturbed all the faculties of his mind, and in

particular his memory.

"It is not so, an it please your pagehood," said the leech. "Bonthron's intellect, such as it is, hath a solid character—It will but vacillate to and fro like a pendulum which hath been put in motion, and then will rest in its proper point of gravity. Our memory is, of all our powers of mind, that which is peculiarly liable to be suspended. Deep intoxication or sound sleep alike destroy it, and yet it returns when the drunkard becomes sober, or the sleeper is awakened. Terror sometimes produces the same effects. I knew at Paris a criminal condemned to die by the halter who suffered the sentence accordingly, showing no particular degree of timidity upon the scaffold, and behaving and expressing himself as men in the same condition are wont to do. Accident did for him what a little ingenious practice hath done for our amiable friend from whom we but now parted. He was cut down, and given to his friends before life was extinct, and I had the good fortune to restore him. though he recovered in other particulars, he remembered but little of his trial and sentence. Of his confession on the morning of his execution—he! he! he!"—(in his usual chuckling manner)—"he remembered him not a word. Neither of leav-

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ing the prison—nor of his passage to the Greve, where he suffered—nor of the devout speeches with which he—he! he!—edified—he! he!—so many good Christians—nor of ascending the fatal tree, nor of taking the fatal leap, had my revenant the slightest recollection.*—But here we reach the point where we must separate; for it were unfit, should we meet any of the watch, that we be found together, and it were also prudent that we enter the city by different gates. My profession forms an excuse for my going and coming at all times. Your valiant pagehood will make such explanation as may seem sufficing."

"I shall make my will a sufficient excuse if I am interrogated," said the haughty young man. "Yet I will avoid interruption, if possible. The moon is quite obscured, and the road

as black as a wolf's mouth."

"Tut," said the physicianer, "let not your valor care for

that; we shall tread darker paths ere it be long."

Without inquiring into the meeting of these evil-boding sentences, and indeed hardly listening to them, in the pride and recklessness of his nature, the page of Ramorny parted from his ingenious and dangerous companion; and each took his own way.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

The course of true leve never did run amooth.

The ominous anxiety of our armorer had not played him false. When the good Glover parted with his intended son-in-law, after the judicial combat had been decided, he found, what he indeed had expected, that his fair daughter was in no favorable disposition towards her lover. But although he perceived that Catharine was cold, restrained, collected, had cast away the appearance of mortal passion, and listened with a reserve, implying contempt, to the most splendid description he could give her of the combat in the Skinners' Yards, he was determined not to take the least notice of her altered manner,

An incident precisely similar to that in the text actually occurred, within the present contury, at Oxford, in the case of a young woman who underwent the last sontence of the law for child-murder. A learned professor of that university has published an account of his conversation with the girl after her recovery.

but to speak of her marriage with his son Henry as a thing which must of course take place. At length when she began, as on a former occasion, to intimate that her attachment to the armorer did not exceed the bounds of friendship,—that she was resolved never to marry,—that the pretended judicial combat was a mockery of the divine will, and of human laws,—the

Glover not unnaturally grew angry.

"I cannot read thy thoughts, wench; nor can I pretend to guess under what wicked delusion it is that you kiss a declared lover,—suffer him to kiss you,—run to his house when a report is spread of his death, and fling yourself into his arms when you find him alone. All this shows very well in a girl prepared to obey her parents in a match sanctioned by her father; but such tokens of intimacy, bestowed on one whom a young woman. cannot esteem, and is determined not to marry, are uncomely and unmaidenly. You have already been more bounteous of your favors to Henry Smith, than your mother, whom God assoilzie, ever was to me before I married her. I tell thee, Catharine, this trifling with the love of an honest man is what I neither can, will, nor ought to endure. I have given my consent to the match, and I insist it shall take place without delay; and that you receive Henry Wynd to-morrow, as a man whose bride you are to be with all despatch."

"A power more potent than yours, father, will say no,"

replied Catharine.

"I will risk it; my power is a lawful one, that of a father over a child, and an erring child," answered her father. "God and man allow of my influence."

"Then, may Heaven help us!" said Catharine; "for if you

are obstinate in your purpose, we are all lost."

"We can expect no help from Heaven," said the Glover, "when we act with indiscretion. I am clerk enough myself to know that; and that your causeless resistance to my will is sinful, every priest will inform you. Ay, and more than that, you have spoken degradingly of the blessed appeal to God in the combat of ordeal. Take heed! for the Holy Church is awakened to watch her sheepfold, and to extirpate heresy by fire and steel; so much I warn thee of."

Catharine uttered a suppressed exclamation; and with difficulty compelling herself to assume an appearance of composure, promised her father, that if he would spare her any farther discussion of the subject till to-morrow morning, she would then meet him, determined to make a full discovery of

her sentiments.

With this promise Simon Glover was obliged to remain contented, though extremely anxious for the postponed explanation. It could not be levity or fickleness of character which induced his daughter to act with so much apparent inconsistency towards the man of his choice, and whom she had so lately unequivocally owned to be also the man of her own. What external force there could exist, of a kind powerful enough to change the resolutions she had so decidedly expressed within twenty-four hours, was a matter of complete mystery.

"But I will be as obstinate as she can be," thought the Glover, "and she shall either marry Henry Smith without further delay, or old Simon Glover will know an excellent

reason to the contrary."

The subject was not renewed during the evening; but early on the next morning, just at sunrising, Catharine knelt before the bed in which her parent still slumbered. Her heart sobbed as if it would burst, and her tears fell thick upon her father's face. The good old man awoke, looked up, crossed his child's forehead, and kissed her affectionately.

"I understand thee, Kate," he said; "thou art come to confession, and, I trust, art desirous to escape a heavy pen-

ance by being sincere."

Catharine was silent for an instant.

"I need not ask, my father, if you remember the Carthusian monk, Clement, and his preachings and lessons; at which, indeed, you assisted so often, that you cannot be ignorant men called you one of his converts, and with greater justice termed

me so likewise?"

"I am aware of both," said the old man, raising himself on his elbow; "but I defy foul fame to show that I ever owned him in any heretical proposition, though I loved to hear him talk of the corruptions of the Church, the misgovernment of the nobles, and the wild ignorance of the poor, proving, as it seemed to me, that the sole virtue of our commonweal, its strength, and its estimation, lay among the burgher craft of the better class, which I received as comfortable doctrine, and creditable to the town. And if he preached other than right doctrine, wherefore did his superiors in the Carthusian convent permit it? If the shepherds turn a wolf in sheep's clothing into the flock, they should not blame the sheep for being worried."

"They endured his preaching, nay, they encouraged it," said Catharine, "while the vices of the laity, the contentions

of the nobles, and the oppression of the poor, were the subject of his censure, and they rejoiced in the crowds, who, attracted to the Carthusian church, forsook those of the other convents. But the hypocrites—for such they are—joined with the other fraternities in accusing their preacher Clement, when, passing from censuring the crimes of the state, he began to display the pride, ignorance, and luxury of the churchmen themselves; their thirst of power, their usurpation over men's consciences, and their desire to augment their worldly wealth."

"For God's sake, Catharine," said her father, "speak within doors; your voice rises in tone, and your speech in bitterness,—your eyes sparkle. It is owing to this zeal in what concerns you no more than others, that malicious persons fix upon you the odious and dangerous name of a heretic."

"You know I speak no more than what is truth," said Catharine, "and which you yourself have avouched often."

"By needle and buckskin, no!" answered the Glover, hastily; "wouldst thou have me avouch what might cost me life and limb, land and goods? For a full commission hath been granted for taking and trying heretics, upon whom is laid the cause of all late tumults and miscarriages; wherefore, few words are best, wench. I am ever of mind with the old Maker.—

'Since word is thrall, and thought is free, Keep well thy tongue, I council thee.'"

"The counsel comes too late, father," answered Catharine, sinking down on a chair by her father's bedside. "The words have been spoken and heard; and it is indited against Simon Glover, burgess in Perth, that he hath spoken irreverent discourses of the doctrines of holy Church—"

"As I live by knife and needle," interrupted Simon, "it is a lie! I never was so silly as to speak of what I understood

not."

"And hath slandered the anointed of the Church, both re-

gular and secular," continued Catharine.

"Nay, I will never deny the truth," said the Glover; "an idle word I may have spoken at the ale-bench, or over a pottle pot of wine, or in right sure company; but, else, my tongue is not one to run my head into peril."

"So you think, my dearest father; but your slightest language has been espied, your best-meaning phrases have been

These lines are still extant in the ruinous house of an Abbot, and are said to be allusive to the holy man having kept a mistress.

perverted, and you are in dittay as a gross railer against Church and churchmen, and for holding discourse against them with loose and profligat? persons, such as the deceased Oliver Proudfute, the Smith Henry of the Wynd, and others, set forth as commending the doctrines of Father Clement, whom they charge with seven rank heresies, and seek for with staff and spear, to try him to the death.—But that," said Catharine, kneeling, and looking upwards with the aspect of one of those beauteous saints whom the Catholics have given to the fine arts,—"that they shall never do. He hath escaped from the net of the fowler; and, I thank Heaven, it was by my means."

"Thy means, girl, art thou mad?" said the amazed Glover.

"I will not deny what I glory in," answered Catharine; "it was by my means that Conachar was led to come hither with a party of men, and carry off the old man, who is now far beyond

the Highland line."

"Oh, my rash—my unlucky child!" said the Glover; "hast thou dared to aid the escape of one accused of heresy, and to invite Highlanders in arms to interfere with the administration of justice within burgh? Alas! thou hast offended both against the laws of the Church and those of the realm. What—what would become of us were this known?"

"It is known, my dear father," said the maiden, firmly; "known even to those who will be the most willing avengers of

the deed."

"This must be some idle notion, Catharine, or some trick of those cogging priests and nuns; it accords not with thy late

cheerful willingness to wed Henry Smith."

"Alas! dearest father, remember the dismal surprise occasioned by his reported death, and the joyful amazement at finding him alive; and deem it not wonder if I permitted myself, under your protection, to say more than my reflection justified. But then, I knew not the worst, and thought the danger exaggerated. Alas! I was yesterday fearfully undeceived, when the Abbess herself came hither, and with her the Dominican. They showed me the commission under the broad seal of Scotland, for inquiring into and punishing heresy; they showed me your name and my own, in a list of suspected persons; and it was with tears, real tears, that the Abbess conjured me to avert a dreadful fate, by a speedy retreat into the cloister; and that the monk pledged his word that you should not be molested if I complied."

"The foul fiend take them both, for weeping crocodiles!"

said the Glover.

"Alas!" replied Catharine, "complaint or anger will little help us; but you see I have had real cause for this present alarm."

"Alarm!—call it utter ruin.—Alas! my reckless child, where was your prudence when you ran headlong into such a snare?"

"Hear me, father," said Catharine; "there is still one mode of safety held out; it is one which I have often proposed, and for which I have in vain supplicated your permission."

"I understand you—the convent," said her father. "But,

Catharine, what abbess or prioress would dare—"

"That I will explain to you, father, and it will also show the circumstances which have made me seem unsteady of resolution to a degree which has brought censure upon me from yourself and others. Our confessor, old Father Francis, whom I chose from the Dominican convent at your command——"

"Ay, truly," interrupted the Glover; "and I so counselled and commanded thee, in order to take off the report that thy conscience was altogether under the direction of Father Cle-

ment."

"Well, this Father Francis has at different times urged and provoked me to converse on such matters as he judged I was likely to learn something of from the Carthusian preacher. Heaven forgive me my blindness! I fell into the snare, spoke freely, and, as he argued gently, as one who would fain be convinced, I even spoke warmly in defence of what I believed devoutly. The confessor assumed not his real aspect, and betrayed not his secret purpose, until he had learned all that I had to tell him. It was then that he threatened me with temporal punishment, and with eternal condemnation. Had his threats reached me alone, I could have stood firm; for their cruelty on earth I could have endured, and their power beyond this life I have no belief in."

"For Heaven's sake!" said the Glover, who was well-nigh beside himself at perceiving at every new word the increasing extremity of his daughter's danger, "beware of blaspheming the holy Church—whose arms are as prompt to strike as her

ears are sharp to hear."

"To me," said the Maid of Perth, again looking up, "the terrors of the threatened denunciations would have been of little avail; but when they spoke of involving thee, my father, in the charge against me, I own I trembled, and desired to compromise. The abbess Martha, of Elcho numbery, being my

mother's kinswoman, I told her my distresses, and obtained her promise that she would receive me, if, renouncing worldly love and thoughts of wedlock, I would take the veil in her sister-hood. She had conversation on the topic, I doubt not, with the Dominican Francis, and both joined in singing the same song. 'Remain in the world,' said they, 'and thy father and thou shall be brought to trial as heretics—assume the veil, and the errors of both shall be forgiven and cancelled.' They spoke not even of recantation of errors of doctrine; all should be peace if I would but enter the convent."

"I doubt not—I doubt not," said Simon; "the old Glover is thought rich, and his wealth would follow his daughter to the convent of Elcho, unless what the Dominicans might claim as their own share. So this was thy call to the veil—these thy

objections to Henry Wynd?"

"Indeed, father, the course was urged on all hands; nor did my own mind recoil from it. Sir John Ramorny threatened me with the powerful vengeance of the young Prince, if I continued to repel his wicked suit—and as for poor Henry, it is but of late that I have discovered, to my own surprise—that—that I love his virtues more than I dislike his faults. Alas! the discovery has only been made to render my quitting the world more difficult than when I thought I had thee only to regret!"

She rested her head on her hand, and wept bitterly.

"All this is folly," said the Glover. "Never was there an extremity so pinching, but what a wise man might find counsel, if he was daring to act upon it. This has never been the land or the people over whom priests could rule in the name of Rome, without their usurpation being controlled. If they are to punish each honest burgher who says the monks love gold. and that the lives of some of them cry shame upon the doctrines they teach, why truly, Stephen Smotherwell will not lack employment-and if all foolish maidens are to be secluded from the world because they follow the erring doctrines of a popular preaching friar, they must enlarge the nunneries and receive their inmates on slighter composition. Our privileges have often been defended against the Pope himself, by our good monarchs of yore; and when he pretended to interfere with the temporal government of the kingdom, there wanted not a Scottish Parliament, who told him his duty in a letter that should have been written in letters of gold. I have seen the epistle myself, and though I could not read it, the very sight of the seals of the right reverend prelates, and noble and true

berons, which hung at it, made my heart leap for joy. Thou shouldst not have kept this secret, my child; but it is no time to tax thee with thy fault. Go down, get me some food. I will mount instantly, and go to our Lord Provost, and have his advice, and, as I trust, his protection, and that of other true-hearted Scottish nobles, who will not see a true man trodden down for an idle word."

"Alas, my father!" said Catharine, "it was even this impetuosity which I dreaded. I knew if I made my plaint to you there would soon be fire and feud, as if religion, though sent to us by the father of peace, were fit only to be the mother of discord;—and hence I could now—even now—give up the world, and retire with my sorrow among the sisters of Elcho, would you but let me be the sacrifice. Only, father—comfort poor Henry, when we are parted forever—and do not—do not let him think of me too harshly—say Catharine will never vex him more by her remonstrances, but that she will never forget him in her prayers."

"The girl hath a tongue that would make a Saracen weep," said her father, his own eyes sympathizing with those of his daughter. "But I will not yield way to this combination between the nun and the priest, to rob me of my only child.— Away with you, girl, and let me don my clothes; and prepare yourself to obey me in what I may have to recommend for your safety. Get a few clothes together, and what valuables thou hast—also, take the keys of my iron box, which poor Henry Smith gave me, and divide what gold you find into two portions—put the one into a purse for thyself, and the other into the quilted girdle which I made on purpose to wear on journeys. Thus both shall be provided, in case fate should sunder us; in which event, God send the whirlwind may take the withered leaf, and spare the green one!—Let them make ready my horse instantly, and the white jennet that I bought for thee but a day since, hoping to see thee ride to St. John's Kirk, with maids and matrons, as blithe a bride as ever crossed the holy threshold. But it skills not talking—Away, and remember that the saints help those who are willing to help themselves. a word in answer—begone, I say—no wilfulness now. pilot, in calm weather, will let a sea-boy trifle with the rudder; but, by my soul, when winds howl, and waves arise, he stands by the helm himself.—Away; no reply."

Catharine left the room to execute, as well as she might, the commands of her father, who, gentle in disposition, and devotedly attached to his child, suffered her often, as it seemed.

to guide and rule both herself and him; yet who, as she knew, was wont to claim filial obedience, and exercise parental authority, with sufficient strictness, when the occasion seemed to

require an enforcement of domestic discipline.

While the fair Catharine was engaged in executing her father's behests, and the good old Glover was hastily attiring himself, as one who was about to take a journey, a horse's tramp was heard in the narrow street. The horseman was wrapped in his riding-cloak, having the cape of it drawn up, as if to hide the under part of his face, while his bonnet was pulled over his brows, and a broad plume obscured his upper features. He sprung from the saddle, and Dorothy had scarce time to reply to his inquiries that the Glover was in his bedroom, ere the stranger had ascended the stair and entered the sleeping apartment. Simon, astonished and alarmed, and disposed to see in this early visitant an apparitor or sumner, come to attach him and his daughter, was much relieved, when, as the stranger doffed the bonnet, and threw the skirt of the mantle from his face, he recognized the knightly Provost of the Fair City, a visit from whom, at any time, was a favor of no ordinary degree; but being made at such an hour, had something marvellous, and, connected with the circumstances of the times, even alarming.

"Sir Patrick Charteris!" said the Glover—"this high honor

done to your poor beadsman-"

"Hush!" said the knight, "there is no time for idle civilities. I came hither, because a man is, on trying occasions, his own safest page, and I can remain no longer than to bid thee fly, good Glover, since warrants are to be granted this day in council for the arrest of thy daughter and thee, under charge of heresy; and delay will cost you both your liberty for certain, and perhaps your lives."

"I have heard something of such a matter," said the Glover, "and was this instant setting forth to Kinfauns, to plead my innocence of this scandalous charge, to ask your lordship's

counsel, and to implore your protection."

"Thy innocence, friend Simon, will avail thee but little before prejudiced judges; my advice is, in one word, to fly, and
wait for happier times. As for my protection, we must tarry till
the tide turns ere it will in any sort avail thee. But if thou
canst lie concealed for a few days or weeks, I have little doubt
that the Churchmen, who, by siding with the Duke of Albany
in court intrigue, and by alleging the decay of the purity of
Catholic doctrine as the sole cause of the present national mis-

fortunes, have, at least for the present hour, an irresistible authority over the King, will receive a check. In the meanwhile, however, know that King Robert hath not only given way to this general warrant for inquisition after heresy, but hath confirmed the Pope's nomination of Henry Wardlaw, to be Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Primate of Scotland,* thus yielding to Rome those freedoms and immunities of the Scottish Church, which his ancestors, from the time of Malcolm Canmore, have so boldly defended. His brave fathers would have rather subscribed a covenant with the devil, than yielded in such a matter to the pretensions of Rome."

" Alas, and what remedy?"

"None, old man, save in some sudden court change," said Sir Patrick. "The King is but like a mirror, which, having no light itself, reflects back with equal readiness any which is placed near to it for the time. Now, although the Douglas is banded with Albany, yet the Earl is unfavorable to the high claims of those domineering priests, having quarelled with them about the exactions which his retinue hath raised on the Abbot of Arbroath. He will come back again with a high hand, for report says the Earl of March hath fled before him. When he returns we shall have a changed world, for his presence will control Albany; especially as many nobles, and I myself, as I tell you in confidence, are resolved to league with him to defend the general right. Thy exile, therefore, will end with his return to our court. Thou hast but to seek thee some temporary hiding-place."

"For that, my lord," said the Glover, "I can be at no loss, since I have just title to the protection of the Highland Chief,

Gilchrist MacIan, Chief of the Clan Quhele."

"Nay, if thou canst take hold of his mantle thou needs no help of any one else—neither Lowland churchman nor layman finds a free course of justice beyond the Highland frontier."

"But then my child, noble sir-my Catharine?" said the

Glover.

Mastere Henry of Wardlaw
That like til Vertue was to draw,
Chantour that time of Glasgu,
Commendit of alkyn Vertew,
The Pape had in affectioun,
Baith for his fame and his resoun.

Sua by this resoun speciale
Of the threttinth Benet Pape,
This Master Henry was Bischape
Of Sanct Andrewis with honoure.
Of Canon he was then Doctour,
WYNTOUN, B. ix, chap, ag.

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"Let her go with thee, man. The graddan cake will keep her white teeth in order, the goat's whey will make the blood spring to her cheek again, which these alarms have banished; and even the Fair Maiden of Perth may sleep soft enough on

a bed of Highland bracken."

"It is not from such idle respects, my lord, that I hesitate," said the Glover. "Catharine is the daughter of a plain burgher, and knows not nicety of food or lodging. But the son of MacIan hath been for many years a guest in my house, and I am obliged to say, that I have observed him looking at my daughter—who is as good as a betrothed bride—in a manner that, though I cared not for it in this lodging in Curfew Street, would give me some fear of consequences in a Highland glen, where I have no friend, and Conachar many."

The knightly Provost replied by a long whistle.—"Whew! whew!—Nay, in that case, I advise thee to send her to a nunnery at Elcho, where the Abbess, if I forget not, is some relation of yours. Indeed, she said so herself; adding, that she loved her kinswoman well, together with all that belongs to

thee, Simon."

"Truly, my lord, I do believe that the Abbess hath so much regard for me, that she would willingly receive the trust of my daughter, and my whole goods and gear into her sisterhood—Marry, her affection is something of a tenacious character, and would be loath to unloose its hold, either upon the wench or her tocher."

"Whew! whew!" again whistled the Knight of Kinfauns; "by the Thane's Cross, man, but this is an ill-favored pirn to wind. Yet it shall never be said the fairest maid in the Fair City was cooped up in a convent, like a kain-hen in a cavey, and she about to be married to the bold burgess, Henry Wynd. That tale shall not be told while I wear belt and spurs, and am called Provost of Perth."

"But what remede, my lord?" asked the Glover.

"We must all take our share of the risk. Come, get you and your daughter presently to horse. You shall ride with me, and we'll see who dare gloom at you. The summons is not yet served on thee, and if they send an apparitor to Kinfauns, without a warrant under the King's own hand, I make mine avow, by the Red Rover's soul! that he shall eat his writ, both wax and wether-skin. To horse, to horse! and," addressing Catharine, as she entered at the moment, "you too, my pretty maid.

To horse, and fear not for your quarters; They thrive in law that trust in Charters."

In a minute or two the father and daughter were on horse-back, both keeping an arrow's flight before the Provost, by his direction, that they might not seem to be of the same company. They passed the eastern gate in some haste, and rode forward roundly until they were out of sight. Sir Patrick followed leisurely; but when he was lost to the view of the warders, he spurred his mettled horse and soon came up with the Glover and Catharine, when a conversation ensued which throws light upon some previous passages of this history.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

Hail, land of bowmen! seed of those who scorn'd To stoop the neck to wide imperial Rome— O dearest half of Albion sea-wall'd! ALBARIA (1737)-

"I HAVE been devising a mode," said the well-meaning Provost, "by which I may make you both secure for a week or two from the malice of your enemies, when I have little doubt I may see a changed world at court. That I may be the better judge what is to be done, tell me frankly, Simon, the nature of your connection with Gilchrist MacIan, which leads you to repose such implicit confidence in him. You are a close observer of the rules of the city, and are aware of the severe penalties which they denounce against such burghers as have covine and

alliance with the Highland clans."

"True, my lord; but it is also known to you, that our craft, working in skins of cattle, stags, and every other description of hides, have a privilege, and are allowed to transact with those Highlanders, as with the men who can most readily supply us with the means of conducting our trade to the great profit of the burgh. Thus it hath chanced with me to have great dealings with these men; and I can take it on my salvation, that you nowhere find more just and honorable traffickers, or by whom a man may more easily make an honest penny. I have made, in my day, several distant journeys into the far Highlands, upon the faith of their chiefs; nor did I ever meet with a people more true to their word, when you can once prevail upon them so plight it in your behalf. And as for the Highland Chief,

Gilchrist McIan, saving that he is hasty in homicide and fireraising towards those with whom he hath deadly feud, I have nowhere seen a man who walketh a more just and upright path."

"It is more than I ever heard before," said Sir Patrick Charteris. "Yet I have known something of the Highland

runagates too."

"They show another favor, and a very different one, to their friends than to their enemies, as your lordship shall understand," said the Glover. "However, be that as it may, it chanced me to serve Gilchrist MacIan in a high matter. is now about eighteen years since, that it chanced, the Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan being at feud, as, indeed, they are seldom at peace, the former sustained such a defeat as wellnigh extirpated the family of their chief, MacIan. Seven of his sons were slain in battle, and after it, himself put to flight, and his castle taken and given to the flames. His wife, then near the time of giving birth to an infant, fled into the forest, attended by one faithful servant, and his daughter. Here, in sorrow and care enough, she gave birth to a boy, and as the misery of the mother's condition rendered her little able to suckle the infant, he was nursed with the milk of a doe, which the forester, who attended her, contrived to take alive in a It was not many months afterwards, that, in a second encounter of these fierce clans, MacIan defeated his enemies in his turn, and regained possession of the district which he had It was with unexpected rapture, that he found his wife and child were in existence, having never expected to see more of them than the bleached bones, from which the wolves and wild-cats had eaten the flesh.

"But a strong and prevailing prejudice, such as is often entertained by these wild people, prevented their Chief from enjoying the full happiness arising from having thus regained his only son in safety. An ancient prophecy was current among them, that the power of the tribe should fall by means of a boy born under a bush of holly, and suckled by a white doe. The circumstance, unfortunately for the Chief, tallied exactly with the birth of the only child which remained to him, and it was demanded of him by the elders of the clan, that the boy should be either put to death, or at least removed from the dominions of the tribe, and brought up in obscurity. Gilchrist MacIan was obliged to consent, and having made choice of the latter proposal, the child, under the name of Conachar, was brought up in my family, with the purpose, as was at first

intended, of concealing from him all knowledge who or what he was, or of his pretensions to authority over a numerous and warlike people. But as years rolled on, the elders of the tribe. who had exerted so much authority, were removed by death, or rendered incapable of interfering in the public affairs by age; while, on the other hand, the influence of Gilchrist MacIan was increased by his successful struggles against the Clan Chattan, in which he restored the equality betwixt the two contending confederacies, which had existed before the calamitous defeat of which I told your honor. Feeling himself thus firmly seated, he naturally became desirous to bring home his only son to his bosom and family; and for that purpose caused me to send the young Conachar, as he was called, more than once to the Highlands. He was a youth expressly made, by his form and gallantry of bearing, to gain his father's heart. At length, I suppose the lad either guessed the secret of his birth, or something of it was communicated to him; and the disgust which the paughty Hieland varlet had always shown for my honest trade, became more manifest; so that I dared not so much as lay my staff over his costard, for fear of receiving a stab with a dirk, as an answer in Gaelic to a Saxon remark. It was then that I wished to be well rid of him, the rather that he showed so much devotion to Catharine, who, forsooth, set herself up to wash the Ethiopian, and teach a wild Hielandman mercy and morals. She knows herself how it ended."

"Nay, my father," said Catharine, "it was surely but a

point of charity to snatch the brand from the burning."

"But a small point of wisdom," said her father, "to risk the burning of your own fingers for such an end.—What says

my lord to the matter!"

"My lord would not offend the Fair Maid of Perth," said Sir Patrick; "and he knows well the purity and truth of her mind. And yet I must needs say, that had this nursling of the doe been shrivelled, haggard, cross-made, and red-haired, like some Highlanders I have known, I question if the Fair Maiden of Perth would have bestowed so much zeal upon his conversion; and if Catharine had been as aged, wrinkled, and bent by years, as the old woman that opened the door to me this morning, I would wager my gold spurs against a pair of Highland brogues, that this wild roebuck would never have listened to a second lecture.—You laugh, Glover, and Catharine blushes a blush of anger. Let it pass, it is the way of the world."

"The way in which the men of the world esteem their neighbors, my lord," answered Catharine, with some spirit.

"Nay, fair saint, forgive a jest," said the knight; "and thou, Simon, tell us how this tale ended—with Conachar's es-

cape to the Highlands, I suppose?"

"With his return thither," said the Glover. "There was, for some two or three years, a fellow about Perth, a sort of messenger, who came and went under divers pretences, but was in fact the means of communication between Gilchrist MacIan and his son, young Conachar, or, as he is now called, Hector, From this gillie I learned, in general, that the banishment of the Dault an Neigh Dheil, or foster child of the White Doe. was again brought under consideration of the tribe. His foster father, Torquil of the Oak, the old forester, appeared with eight sons, the finest men of the clan, and demanded that the doom of banishment should be revoked. He spoke with the greater authority, as he was himself Taishatar, or a Seer, and supposed to have communication with the invisible world. He affirmed that he had performed a magical ceremony, termed Tine-Egan,* by which he evoked a fiend, from whom he extorted a confession that Conachar, now called Eachin, or Hector MacIan, was the only man in the approaching combat between the two hostile clans, who should come off without blood or blemish. Hence Torquil of the Oak argued that the presence of the fatal person was necessary to insure the victory. 'So much I am possessed of this,' said the forester, 'that unless Eachin fight in his place in the ranks of the Clan Ouhele, neither I, his foster father, nor any of my eight sons, will lift a weapon in the quarrel.'

This speech was received with much alarm; for the defection of nine men, the stoutest of the tribe, would be a serious blow, more especially if the combat, as begins to be rumored, should be decided by a small number from each side. The ancient superstition concerning the foster son of the White Doe was counterbalanced by a new and later prejudice, and the father took the opportunity of presenting to the clan his long-hidden son, whose youthful, but handsome and animated countenance, haughty carriage, and active limbs, excited the admiration of the clansmen, who joyfully received him as the beir and descendant of their Chief, notwithstanding the ominous

presage attending his birth and nurture.

"From this tale, my lord," continued Simon Glover, "your lordship may easily conceive why I myself should be secure of

^{*} Time-egas or Neidfyre, i. e. forced fire. All the fires in the house being extinguished, two men produced a flame of potent virtue by the friction of wood. This charm was used, within the memory of living persons, in the Hebrides, in cases of marrain among cattle.

a good reception among the Clan Ouhele; and you may also have reason to judge that it would be very rash in me to carry Catharine thither. And this, noble lord, is the heaviest of my troubles."

"We shall lighten the load, then," said Sir Patrick; "and, good Glover, I will take risk for thee and this damsel. My alliance with the Douglas gives me some interest with Marjory, Duchess of Rothsay, his daughter, the neglected wife of our wilful Prince. Rely on it, good Glover, that in her retinue thy daughter will be as secure as in a fenced castle. The Duchess keeps house now at Falkland, a castle which the Duke of Albany, to whom it belongs, has lent to her for her accommodation. I cannot promise you pleasure, Fair Maiden; for the Duchess Marjory of Rothsay is unfortunate, and therefore splenetic, haughty, and overbearing; conscious of the want of attractive qualities, therefore jealous of those women who possess them. But she is firm in faith, and noble in spirit, and would fling Pope or prelate into the ditch of her castle, who should come to arrest any one under her protection. You will therefore have absolute safety, though you may lack comfort."

"I have no title to more," said Catharine; "and deeply do I feel the kindness that is willing to secure me such honorable protection. If she be haughty, I will remember she is a Douglas, and hath right, as being such, to entertain as much pride as may become a mortal—if she be fretful, I will recollect that she is unfortunate—and if she be unreasonably captious, I will not forget that she is my protectress. Heed no longer for me, my lord, when you have placed me under the noble lady's charge.—But my poor father, to be exposed amongst these wild and dangerous people!"

"Think not of that, Catharine," said the Glover; "I am as familiar with brogues and bracken as if I had worn them myself. I have only to fear that the decisive battle may be fought before I can leave this country; and if the Clan Quhele lose the combat, I may suffer by the ruin of my protectors,"

"We must have that cared for," said Sir Patrick; "rely on my looking out for your safety—But which party will carry the

day, think you?"

"Frankly, my Lord Provost, I believe the Clan Chattan will have the worse; these nine children of the forest form a third nearly of the band surrounding the Chief of Clan Quhele, and are redoubted champions."

"And your apprentice, will he stand to it, thinkest thou?"

"He is hot as fire, Sir Patrick," answered the Glover; but he is also unstable as water. Nevertheless, if he is spared, he seems likely to be one day a brave man."

"But, as now, he has some of the White Doe's milk still

lurking about his liver, ha, Simon?"

"He has little experience, my lord," said the Glover, "and I need not tell an honored warrior like yourself, that danger must be familiar to us ere we can dally with it like a mistress."

This conversation brought them speedily to the Castle of Kinfauns, where, after a short refreshment, it was necessary that the father and the daughter should part, in order to seek their respective places of refuge. It was then first, as she saw that her father's anxiety on her account had drowned all recollections of his friend, that Catharine dropped, as if in a dream, the name of "Henry Gow."

"True, most true," continued her father; "we must possess

him of our purposes."

"Leave that to me," said Sir Patrick. "I will not trust to a messenger, nor will I send a letter, because, if I could write one, I think he could not read it. He will suffer anxiety in the meanwhile, but I will ride to Perth to-morrow by times, and

acquaint him with your designs."

The time of separation now approached. It was a bitter moment; but the manly character of the old burgher, and the devout resignation of Catharine to the will of Providence, made it lighter than might have been expected. The good Knight hurried the departure of the burgess, but in the kindest manner; and even went so far as to offer him some gold pieces in loan, which might, where specie was so scarce, be considered as the ne plus ultra of regard. The Glover, however, assured him he was amply provided, and departed on his journey in a north-westerly direction. The hospitable protection of Sir Patrick Charteris was no less manfested towards his fair guest. She was placed under the charge of a a duenna, who managed the good Knight's household, and was compelled to remain several days in Kinfauns, owing to the obstacles and delays interposed by a Tay boatman, named Kitt Henshaw, to whose charge she was to be committed, and whom the Provost highly .trusted.

Thus were severed the child and parent in a moment of great danger and difficulty, much augmented by circumstances of which they were then ignorant, and which seemed greatly to diminish any chance of safety that remained for them.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"This Austin humbly did."—" Did he?" quoth he.
"Austin may do the same again for me."
Porz's Prologue to Canterbury Tales from Chaucer.

THE course of our story will be best pursued by attending that of Simon Glover. It is not our purpose to indicate the exact local boundaries of the two contending clans, especially since they are not clearly pointed out by the historians who have transmitted accounts of this memorable feud. It is sufficient to say that the territory of the Clan Chattan extended far and wide, comprehending Caithness and Sutherland, and having for their paramount chief the powerful Earl of the latter shire, thence called Mohr ar chat.* In this general sense, the Keiths, the Sinclairs, the Guns, and other families and clans of great power were included in the confederacy. These, however, were not engaged in the present quarrel, which was limited to that part of the Clan Chattan occupying the extensive mountainous districts of Perthshire and Invernessshire, which form a large portion of what is called the northeastern Highlands. It is well known that two large septs. unquestionably known to belong to the Clan Chattan, the MacPhersons and the MacIntoshes, dispute to this day which of their chieftains was at the head of this Badenoch branch of the great confederacy, and both have of later times assumed the title of Captain of Clan Chattan. Non nostrum est-But, at all events. Badenoch must have been the centre of the confederacy, so far as involved in the feud of which we treat.

Of the rival league of Clan Quhele we have a still less distinct account, for reasons which will appear in the sequel. Some authors have identified them with the numerous and powerful sept of MacKay. If this is done on good authority, which is to be doubted, the MacKays must have shifted their settlements greatly since the reign of Robert III., since they are now to be found (as a clan) in the extreme northern parts

^{*} f.s. The Great Cat. The County of Caithness is supposed to have its name from Teutonic settlers of the race of the Catti, and heraldry has not neglected so fair an occasion, for that species of painted punning in which she used to delight. Touck not the cat but a gloss, is the motto of Mackintoon, alluding to his creat, which, as with most of the now scattered septs of the old Clan Chattan, is the Mountain Cat.

of Scotland, in the counties of Ross and Sutherland. We cannot, therefore, be so clear as we would wish in the geography of the story. Suffice it, that, directing his course in a north-westerly direction, the Glover travelled for a day's journey in the direction of the Breadalbane country, from which he hoped to reach the Castle where Gilchrist MacIan, the Captain of the Clan Quhele, and the father of his pupil Conachar, usually held his residence, with a barbarous pomp of attendance and ceremonial suited to his lofty pretensions.

We need not stop to describe the toil and terrors of such a journey, where the path was to be traced among wastes and mountains, now ascending precipitous ravines, now plunging into inextricable bogs, and often intersected with large brooks, and even rivers. But all these perils Simon Glover had before encountered, in quest of honest gain; and it was not to be supposed that he shunned or feared them where liberty, and

life itself, were at stake.

The danger from the warlike and uncivilized inhabitants of these wilds would have appeared to another at least as formidable as the perils of the journey. But Simon's knowledge of the manners and language of the people assured him on this An appeal to the hospitality of the wildest Gael was never unsuccessful; and the kern, that in other circumstances would have taken a man's life for the silver button of his cloak, would deprive himself of a meal to relieve the traveller who implored hospitality at the door of his bothy. The art of travelling in the Highlands was to appear as confident and defenceless as possible; and accordingly, the Glover carried no arms whatever, journeyed without the least appearance of precaution, and took good care to exhibit nothing which might excite cupidity. Another rule which he deemed it prudent to observe, was to avoid communication with any of the passengers whom he might chance to meet, except in the interchange of the common civilities of salutation, which the Highlanders rarely omit. Few opportunities occurred of exchanging even such passing greetings. The country, always lonely, seemed now entirely forsaken; and even in the little straths or valleys which he had occasion to pass or traverse, the hamlets were deserted, and the inhabitants had betaken themselves to woods and caves. This was easily accounted for, considering the imminent dangers of a feud, which all expected would become one of the most general signals for

Their territory, commonly called, after the chief of the MacKays, Lord Reay's country, has lately passed into the possession of the noble family of Stafford-Sutherland.

plunder and ravage that had ever distracted that unhappy

country.

Simon began to be alarmed at this state of desolation. He had made a halt since he left Kinfauns, to allow his nag some rest; and now he began to be anxious how he was to pass the night. He had reckoned upon spending it at the cottage of an old acquaintance, called Niel Booshalloch (or the Cow-herd), because he had charge of numerous herds of cattle belonging to the Captain of Clan Quhele, for which purpose he had a settlement on the banks of the Tay, not far from the spot where it leaves the lake of the same name. From this his old host and friend, with whom he had transacted many bargains for hides and furs, the old Glover hoped to learn the present state of the country, the prospect of peace or war, and the best measures to be taken for his own safety. It will be remembered that the news of the indentures of battle entered into for diminishing the extent of the feud, had only been communicated to King Robert the day before the Glover left Perth, and did not become public till some time afterwards.

"If Niel Booshalloch hath left his dwelling like the rest of them, I shall be finely holped up," thought Simon, "since I want not only the advantage of his good advice, but also his interest with Gilchrist MacIan; and, moreover, a night's quar-

ters and a supper."

Thus reflecting, he reached the top of a swelling green hill, and saw the splendid vision of Loch Tay lying beneath him, an immense plate of polished silver, its dark heathy mountains and leafless thickets of oak serving as an arabesque frame to a

magnificent mirror.

Indifferent to natural beauty at any time, Simon Glover was now particularly so; and the only part of the splendid land-scape on which he turned his eye was the angle or loop of meadow land, where the river Tay, rushing in full-swollen dignity from its parent lake, and wheeling around a beautiful valley of about a mile in breadth, begins his broad course to the south-eastward, like a conqueror and a legislator, to subdue and to enrich remote districts. Upon the sequestered spot, which is so beautifully situated between lake, mountain, and river, arose afterwards the feudal castle of The Ballough,* which in our time has been succeeded by the splendid palace of the Earls of Breadalbane.

But the Campbells, though they had already attained very great power in Argyleshire, had not yet extended themselves so

^{*} Ballock is Galic for the discharge of a lake into a river [also a pass].

far eastward as Loch Tay, the banks of which were, either by right, or by mere occupancy, possessed for the present by the Clan Quhele, whose choicest herds were fattened on the margin of the lake. In this valley, therefore, between the river and the lake, amid extensive forests of oak-wood, hazel, rowan-tree, and larches, arose the humble cottage of Niel Booshalloch, a village Eumæus, whose hospitable chimneys were seen to smoke plentifully, to the great encouragement of Simon Glover, who might otherwise have been obliged to spend the night in the open air, to his no small discomfort.

He reached the door of the cottage, whistled, shouted, and made his approach known. There was a baying of hounds and collies, and presently the master of the hut came forth. There was much care on his brow, and he seemed surprised at the sight of Simon Glover, though the herdsman covered both as well as he might; for nothing in that region could be reckoned more uncivil, than for the landlord to suffer anything to escape him in look or gesture, which might induce the visitor to think that his arrival was an unpleasing, or even an unexpected incident. The traveller's horse was conducted to a stable, which was almost too low to receive him, and the Glover himself was led into the mansion of the Booshalloch, where, according to the custom of the country, bread and cheese were placed before the wayfarer while more solid food was preparing. Simon, who understood all their habits, took no notice of the obvious marks of sadness on the brow of his entertainer, and on those of the family, until he had eaten somewhat for form's sake; after which he asked the general question, Was there any news in the country?

"Bad news as ever were told," said the herdsman; "our

father is no more."

"How?" said Simon, greatly alarmed, "is the Captain of

the Clan Quhele dead?"

"The Captain of the Clan Quhele never dies," answered the Booshalloch; "but Gilchrist MacIan died twenty hours since, and his son, Eachin MacIan, is now Captain."

"What, Eachin-that is Conachar-my apprentice?"

"As little of that subject as you list, brother Simon," said the herdsman. "It is to be remembered, friend, that your craft, which doth very well for a living in the douce city of Perth, is something too mechanical to be much esteemed at the foot of Ben Lawers, and on the banks of Loch Tay. We have not a Gaelic word by which we can even name a maker of gloves." "It would be strange if you had, friend Niel," said Simon dryly, "having so few gloves to wear. I think there be none in the whole Clan Quhele, save those which I myself gave to Gilchrist MacIan, whom God assoilzie, who esteemed them a choice propine. Most deeply do I regret his death, for I was coming to him on express business."

"You had better turn the nag's head southward with morning light," said the herdsman. "The funeral is instantly to take place, and it must be with short ceremony; for there is a battle to be fought by the Clan Quhele and the Clan Chattan, thirty champions on a side, as soon as Palm Sunday next, and we have brief time either to lament the dead or honor the

living."

"Yet are my affairs so pressing, that I must needs see the young Chief, were it but for a quarter of an hour," said the Glover.

"Hark thee, friend," replied his host, "I think thy business must be either to gather money or to make traffic. Now, if the Chief owe thee anything for upbringing or otherwise, ask him not to pay it when all the treasures of the tribe are called in for making gallant preparation of arms and equipment for their combatants, that we may meet these proud hill-cats in a fashion to show ourselves their superiors. But if thou comest to practise commerce with us, thy time is still worse chosen. Thou knowest that thou art already envied of many of our tribe, for having had the fosterage of the young Chief, which is a thing usually given to the best of the clan."

"But, St. Mary, man!" exclaimed the Glover, "men should remember the office was not conferred on me as a favor which I courted, but that it was accepted by me on importunity and entreaty, to my no small prejudice. This Conachar, or Hector of yours, or whatever you call him, has destroyed me doe-skins

to the amount of many pounds Scots."

"There again, now," said the Booshalloch, "you have spoken a word to cost your life;—any allusion to skins or hides, or especially to deer and does, may incur no less a forfeit. The Chief is young, and jealous of his rank—none knows the reason better than thou, friend Glover. He will naturally wish that everything concerning the opposition to his succession, and having reference to his exile, should be totally forgotten; and will not hold him in affection who shall recall the recollection of his people, or force back his own, upon what they must both remember with pain. Think how, at such a moment, they will look on the old Glover of Perth, to whom the Chief was so long

apprentice!—Come, come, old friend, you have erred in this. You are in over great haste to worship the rising sun, while his beams are yet level with the horizon. Come thou when he has climbed higher in the heavens, and thou shalt have thy share

of the warmth of his noonday height."

"Niel Booshalloch," said the Glover, "we have been old friends, as thou say'st; and, as I think thee a true one, I will speak to thee freely, though what I say might be perilous if spoken to others of thy clan. Thou think'st I come hither to make my own profit of thy young Chief, and it is natural thou But I would not, at my years, quit my own shouldst think so. chimney corner in Curfew Street, to bask me in the beams of the brightest sun that ever shone upon Highland heather. The very truth is, I come hither in extremity—my foes have the advantage of me, and have laid things to my charge whereof I am incapable, even in thought. Nevertheless, doom is like to go forth against me, and there is no remedy but that I must up and fly, or remain and perish. I come to your young Chief, as one who had refuge with me in his distress; who ate of my bread and drank of my cup. I ask of him refuge, which, as I trust, I shall need but a short time."

"That makes a different case," replied the herdsman, "So different, that if you came at midnight to the gate of MacIan, having the King of Scotland's head in your hand, and a thousand men in pursuit for the avenging of his blood, I could not think it for his honor to refuse you protection. And for your innocence or guilt it concerns not the case,—or rather, he ought the more to shelter you if guilty, seeing your necessity and his risk are both in that case the greater. I must straightway to him, that no hasty tongue tell him of your arriving hither with-

out saying the cause."

"A pity of your trouble," said the Glover; "but where lies the Chief?"

"He is quartered about ten miles hence, busied with the affairs of the funeral, and with preparations for the combat—the dead to the grave, and the living to battle."

"It is a long way, and will take you all night to go and come," said the Glover; "and I am very sure that Conachar,

when he knows it is I who---"

"Forget Conachar," said the herdsman, placing his finger on his lips. "And as for the ten miles, they are but a Highland leap, when one bears a message between his friend and his Chief."

So saying, and committing the traveller to the charge of his eldest son and his daughter, the active herdsman left his house

two hours before midnight, to which he returned long before sunrise. He did not disturb his wearied guest, but when the old man had arisen in the morning, he acquainted him that the funeral of the late Chieftain was to take place the same day, and that, although Eachin MacIan could not invite a Saxon to the funeral, he would be glad to receive him at the entertainment which was to follow.

"His will must be obeyed," said the Glover, half smiling at the change of relation between himself and his late apprentice. "The man is the master now, and I trust he will remember, that, when matters were otherwise between us, I did not use

any authority ungraciously."

"Troutsho, friend!" exclaimed Booshalloch, "the less of that you say the better. You will find yourself a right welcome guest to Eachin, and the deil a man dares stir you within his bounds. But fare you well, for I must go, as beseems me, to the burial of the best Chief the clan ever had, and the wisest Captain that ever cocked the sweet gale (bog-myrtle) in his bonnet. Farewell to you for a while, and if you will go to the top of the Tom-an-Lonach behind the house, you will see a gallant sight, and hear such a coronach as will reach the top of Ben Lawers. A boat will wait for you, three hours hence, at a wee bit creek about half-a-mile westward from the head of the Tay."

With these words he took his departure, followed by his three sons, to man the boat in which he was to join the rest of the mourners, and two daughters whose voices were wanted to join in the Lament, which was chanted, or rather screamed, on

such occasions of general affliction.

Simon Glover, finding himself alone, resorted to the stable to look after his nag, which, he found, had been well served with graddan, or bread made of scorched barley. kindness he was fully sensible, knowing that, probably, the family had little of this delicacy left to themselves, until the next harvest should bring them a scanty supply. In animal food they were well provided, and the lake found them abundance of fish for their lenten diet, which they did not observe very strictly; but bread was a delicacy very scanty in the Highlands. The bogs afforded a soft species of hay, none of the best to be sure, but Scottish horses, like their riders, were then accustomed to hard fare. Gauntlet, for this was the name of the palfrey, had his stall crammed full of dried fern for litter, and was otherwise as well provided for as Highland hospitality could contrive.

Simon Glover being thus left to his own painful reflections, nothing better remained, after having looked to the comforts of the dumb companion of his journey, than to follow the herdsman's advice, and ascending towards the top of an eminence called Tom-an-Lonach, or the Knoll of Yew-trees, after a walk of half-an-hour he reached the summit, and could look down on the broad expanse of the lake, of which the height commanded a noble view. A few aged and scattered yewtrees, of great size, still vindicated for the beautiful green hill the name attached to it. But a greater number had fallen a sacrifice to the general demand for bow-staves in that warlike age, the bow being a weapon much used by the mountaineers, though those which they employed, as well as their arrows, were, in shape and form, and especially in efficacy, far inferior to the archery of merry England. The dark and shattered individual yews which remained, were like the veterans of a broken host, occupying in disorder some post of advantage, with the stern purpose of resisting to the last. Behind this eminence, but detached from it, arose a higher hill, partly covered with copsewood, partly opening into glades of pasture, where the cattle strayed, finding, at this season of the year, a scanty sustenance among the springheads and marshy places, where the fresh grass began first to rise.

The opposite or northern shore of the lake presented a far more Alpine prospect than that upon which the Glover was stationed. Woods and thickets ran up the sides of the mountains, and disappeared among the sinussities formed by the winding ravines which separated them from each other; but far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil, arose the swart and bare mountains themselves, in the dark gray desola-

tion proper to the season.

Some were peaked, some broad-crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seemed to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lawers, and the still more lofty eminence of Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer season, and sometimes during the whole year. Yet the borders of this wild and sylvan region, where the mountains descended upon the lake, intimated, even at that early period, many traces of human habitation. Hamlets were seen, especially on the northern margin of the lake, half hid among the little glens that poured their tributary streams into Loch Tay, which, like many earthly things, made a fair show at a distance, but, when

more closely approached, were disgustful and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend even Indian wigwams. They were inhabited by a race who neither cultivated the earth nor cared for the enjoyments which industry procures. The women, although otherwise treated with affection, and even delicacy of respect, discharged all the absolutely necessary domestic labor. The men, excepting some reluctant use of an ill-formed plough, or more frequently a spade, grudgingly gone through, as a task infinitely beneath them, took no other employment than the charge of the herds of black cattle, in which their wealth consisted. At all other times they hunted, fished, or marauded, during the brief intervals of peace, by way of pastime; plundering with bolder license, and fighting with embittered animosity, in time of war, which, public or private, upon a broader or more restricted scale, formed the proper business of their lives, and the only one which they esteemed worthy of them.

The magnificent bosom of the lake itself was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in the Scottish lakes.* The ruins upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and pinnacles of a priory, where slumbered the remains of Sibilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, and consort of Alexander the First of Scotland. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the Captain of the clan Quhele, at least till times when the removal of the danger, now so imminently pressing, should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose

with all his ancestry.

A number of boats pushed off from various points of the near and more distant shore, many displaying sable banners, and others having their several pipers in the bow, who from time to time poured forth a few notes of a shrill, plaintive, and wailing character, and intimated to the Glover that the ceremony was about to take place. These sounds of lamentation were but the tuning, as it were, of the instruments, compared with the general wail which was speedily to be raised.

A distant sound was heard from far up the lake, even as it seemed from the remote and distant glens, out of which the Dochart and the Lochy pour their streams into Loch Tay.

was in a wild inaccessible spot, where the Campbells at a subsequent period founded their strong fortress of Finlayrigg, that the redoubted commander of the Clan Quhele drew his last breath; and to give due pomp to his funeral, his corpse was now to be brought down the Loch to the island assigned for his temporary place of rest. The funeral fleet, led by the Chieftain's barge, from which a huge black banner was displayed, had made more than two-thirds of its voyage ere it was visible from the eminence on which Simon Glover stood to overlook the ceremony. The instant the distant wail of the coronach was heard proceeding from the attendants on the funeral barge, all the subordinate sounds of lamentation were hushed at once, as the raven ceases to croak and the hawk to whistle, whenever the scream of the eagle is heard. The boats which had floated hither and thither upon the lake, like a flock of water-fowl dispersing themselves on its surface, now drew together with an appearance of order, that the funeral flotilla might pass onward, and that they themselves might fall into their proper places. In the meanwhile the piercing din of the war-pipes became louder and louder, and the cry from the numberless boats which followed that from which the black banner of the Chief was displayed, rose in wild unison up to the Toman-Lonach, from which the Glover viewed the spectacle. galley which headed the procession bore on its poop a species of scaffold, upon which, arrayed in white linen, and with the face bare, was displayed the corpse of the deceased Chieftain. His son, and the nearest relatives, filled the vessel, while a great number of boats, of every description that could be assembled, either on Loch Tay itself, or brought by land carriage from Loch Earn and otherwise, followed in the rear, some of them of very frail materials. There were even curraghs, composed of ox-hides stretched over hoops of willow, in the manner of the ancient British; and some committed themselves to rafts, formed for the occasion from the readiest materials that occurred, and united in such a precarious manner as to render it probable, that, before the accomplishment of the voyage, some of the clansmen of the deceased might be sent to attend their Chieftain in the world of spirits.

When the principal flotilla came in sight of the smaller group of boats collected towards the foot of the lake, and bearing off from the little island, they hailed each other with a shout so loud and general, and terminating in a cadence so wildly prolonged, that not only the deer started from their glens for miles around, and sought the distant recesses of the

mountains, but even the domestic cattle, accustomed to the voice of man, felt the full panic which the human shout strikes into the wilder tribes, and like them fled from their pasture

into morasses and dingles.

Summoned forth from their convent by those sounds, the monks who inhabited the little islet began to issue from their lowly portal, with cross and banner, and as much of ecclesiastical state as they had the means of displaying; their bells at the same time, of which the edifice possessed three, pealing the death-toll over the long lake, which came to the ears of the now silent multitude, mingled with the solemn chant of the Catholic Church, raised by the monks in their procession. Various ceremonies were gone through, while the kindred of the deceased carried the body ashore, and placing it on a bank long consecrated to the purpose, made the Deasil * around the departed. When the corpse was uplifted to be borne into the church another united yell burst from the assembled multitude, in which the deep shout of warriors, and the shrill wail of females joined their notes with the tremulous voice of age, and the babbling cry of childhood. The coronach was again, and for the last time, shrieked, as the body was carried into the interior of the church, where only the nearest relatives of the deceased, and the most distinguished of the leaders of the clan, were permitted to enter.† The last yell of woe was so terribly loud, and answered by so many hundred echoes, that the Glover instinctively raised his hands to his ears to shut out, or deaden at least, a sound so piercing. He kept this attitude, while the hawks, owls, and other birds, scared by the wild scream, had begun to settle in their retreats, when, as he withdrew his hands a voice close by him said,—

"Think you this, Simon Glover, the hymn of penitence and praise, with which it becomes poor forlorn man, cast out from his tenement of clay, to be wafted into the presence of

his Maker?"

The Glover turned, and in the old man, with a long white beard, who stood close beside him, had no difficulty, from the clear mild eye, and the benevolent cast of features, to recognize the Carthusian monk, Father Clement, no longer wearing his monastic habiliments, but wrapped in a frieze mantle, and having a Highland cap on his head.

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A very ancient custom, which consists in going three times round the body of a dead or hving person, imploring blessings upon him. The Deasil must be performed sunways, that is, by moving from right to left. If misfortune is imprecated the party moves witherwhins (German, WIDERSINN), that is against the sum, from left to right.

Note S. Highland Funeral Ceremonies.

It may be recollected that the Glover regarded this man with a combined feeling of respect and dislike-respect, which his judgment could not deny to the monk's person and character, and dislike, which arose from Father Clement's peculiar doctrines being the cause of his daughter's exile, and his own distress. It was not, therefore, with sentiments of unmixed satisfaction, that he returned the greetings of the Father, and replied to the reiterated question, What he thought of the funeral rites, which were discharged in so wild a manner,-"I know not, my good Father; but these men do their duty to their deceased Chief according to the fashion of their ancestors; they mean to express their regret for their friend's loss, and their prayers to Heaven in his behalf; and that which is done of good will, must, to my thinking, be accepted favorably. Had it been otherwise, methinks they had ere now been enlightened to do better."

"Thou are deceived," answered the monk. "God has sent his light amongst us all, though in various proportions; but man wilfully shuts his eyes and prefers darkness. This benighted people mingle with the ritual of the Roman Church the old heathen ceremonies of their own fathers, and thus unite with the abominations of a Church corrupted by wealth and

power the cruel and bloody ritual of savage Paynims."

"Father," said Simon, abruptly, "methinks your presence were more useful in yonder chapel, aiding your brethren in the discharge of their clerical duties, than in troubling and unsettling the belief of an humble, though ignorant Christian,

like myself."

"And wherefore say, good brother, that I would unfix thy principles of belief?" answered Clement. "So Heaven deal with me, as, were my life-blood necessary to cement the mind of any man to the holy religion he professeth, it should be

freely poured out for the purpose."

"Your speech is fair, Father, I grant you," said the Glover; "but if I am to judge the doctrine by the fruits, Heaven has punished me by the hand of the Church, for having hearkened thereto. Ere I heard you, my confessor was little moved, though I might have owned to have told a merry tale upon the ale-bench, even if a friar or a nun were the subject. If at a time I had called Father Hubert a better hunter of hares than of souls, I confessed me to the Vicar Vinesauf, who laughed and made me pay a reckoning for penance—or if I had said that the Vicar Vinesauf was more constant to his cup than to his breviary, I confessed me to Father Hubert, and a new hawk-

ing-glove made all well again; and thus I, my conscience, and Mother Church, lived together on terms of peace, friendship, and mutual forbearance. But since I have listened to you, Father Clement, this goodly union is broken to pieces, and nothing is thundered in my ear but purgatory in the next world, and fire and fagot in this. Therefore, avoid you, Father Clement, or speak to those who can understand your doctrine. I have no heart to be a martyr; I have never in my whole life had courage enough so much as to snuff a candle with my fingers; and, to speak the truth, I am minded to go back to Perth, sue out my pardon in the spiritual court, carry my fagot to the gallows' foot in token of recantation, and purchase my-self once more the name of a good Catholic, were it at the price of all the worldly wealth that remains to me."

"You are angry, my dearest brother," said Clement; "and repent you on the pinch of a little worldly danger, and a little worldly loss, for the good thoughts which you once enter-

tained."

"You speak at ease, Father Clement, since I think you have long forsworn the wealth and goods of the world, and are prepared to yield up your life, when it is demanded, in exchange for the doctrine you preach and believe. You are as ready to put on your pitched shirt and brimstone head-gear, as a naked man is to go to his bed, and it would seem you have not much more reluctance to the ceremony. But I still wear that which clings to me. My wealth is still my own, and I thank Heaven it is a decent pittance whereon to live—my life, too, is that of a hale old man of sixty, who is in no haste to bring it to a close—and if I were poor as Job, and on the edge of the grave, must I not still cling to my daughter, whom your doctrines have already cost so dear?"

"Thy daughter, friend Simon," said the Carthusian, "may

be truly called an angel upon earth."

"Ay; and by listening to your doctrines, Father, sne is now like to be called on to be an angel in heaven, and to be

transported thither in a chariot of fire.

"Nay, my good brother," said Clement, "desist, I pray you, to speak of what you little understand. Since it is wasting time to show thee the light that thou chafest against, yet listen to that which I have to say touching thy daughter, whose temporal felicity, though I weigh it not even for an instant in the scale against that which is spiritual, is nevertheless, in its order as dear to Clement Blair as to her own father."

The tears stood in the old man's eyes as he spoke, and

Simon Glover was in some degree mollified as he again addressed him.

"One would think thee, Father Clement, the kindest and most amiable of men; how comes it then, that thy steps are haunted by general ill-will wherever thou chancest to turn them? I could lay my life thou have contrived already to offend yonder half-score of poor frairs in their water-girdled cage, and that you have been prohibited from attendance on the funeral?"

"Even so, my son," said the Carthusian, "and I doubt whether their malice will suffer me to remain in this country. I did but speak a few sentences about the superstition and folly of frequenting St. Fillan's church, to detect theft by means of his bell—of bathing mad patients in his pool, to cure their infirmity of mind—and lo! the persecutors have cast me forth of their communion, as they will speedily cast me out of this life."

"Lo you there now," said the Glover, "see what it is for a man that cannot take a warning! Well, Father Clement, men will not cast me forth unless it were as a companion of yours. I pray you, therefore, tell me what you have to say of my daughter, and let us be less neighbors than we have been."

"This, then, brother Simon, I have to acquaint you with. This young Chief, who is swollen with contemplation of his own power and glory, loves one thing better than it all, and that is

thy daughter."

"He, Conachar!" exclaimed Simon. "My runagate ap-

prentice look up to my daughter!"

"Alas!" said Clement, "how close sits our worldly pride, even as ivy clings to the wall, and cannot be separated!—Look up to thy daughter, good Simon? Alas, no! The Captain of Clan Quhele, great as he is, and greater as he soon expects to be, looks down to the daughter of the Perth burgess, and considers himself demeaned in doing so. But, to use his own profane expression, Catharine is dearer to him than life here, and heaven hereafter—he cannot live without her."

"Then he may die, if he lists," said Simon Glover, "for she is betrothed to an honest burgess of Perth; and I would not break my word to make my daughter bride to the Prince of

Scotland."

"I thought it would be your answer," replied the Monk; "I would, worthy friend, thou couldst carry into thy spiritual concerns some part of that daring and resolved spirit with which thou canst direct thy temporal affairs."

"Hush thee -hush, Father Clement!" answered the

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Glover; "when thou fallest into that vein of argument, thy words savor of blazing tar, and that is a scent I like not. As to Catharine, I must manage as I can, so as not to displease the young dignitary; but well is it for me that she is far beyond his reach."

"She must then be distant indeed," said the Carthusian.

"And now, brother Simon, since you think it perilous to own me and my opinions, I must walk alone with my own doct rines, and the dangers they draw on me. But should your eye, less blinded than it now is by worldly hopes and fears, ever turn a glance back on him who soon may be snatched from you, remember that, by naught, save a deep sense of the truth and importance of the doctrine which he taught, could Clement Blair have learned to encounter, nay, to provoke, the animosity of the powerful and inveterate, to alarm the fears of the jealous and timid, to walk in the world as he belonged not to it, and to be accounted mad of men, that he might, if possible, win souls to God. Heaven be my witness, that I would comply in all lawful things, to conciliate the love and sympathy of my fellow-creatures! It is no light thing to be shunned by the worthy as an infected patient; to be persecuted by the Pharisees of the day as an unbelieving heretic; to be regarded with horror at once and contempt by the multitude, who consider me as a madman, who may be expected to turn mischiev-But were all these evils multiplied an hundred-fold, the fire within must not be stifled, the voice which says within me -Speak, must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel, even should I at length preach it from amidst the pile of flames!"

So spoke this bold witness; one of those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeed them, a manifestation of unadulterated Christianity, from the time of the Apostles to the age when, favored by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendor. selfish policy of the Glover was exposed in his own eyes; and he felt himself contemptible as he saw the Carthusian turn from him in all the hallowedness of resignation. He was even conscious of a momentary inclination to follow the example of the preacher's philanthropy and disinterested zeal; but it glanced like a flash of lightning through a dark vault, where there lies nothing to catch the blaze; and he slowly descended the hill, in a direction different from that of the Carthusian, forgetting him and his doctrines, and buried in anxious thoughts about his child's fate and his own.

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CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHTH.

What want these outlaws conquerors should have,
But History's purchased page to call them great,
And wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.
Byron.

The funeral obsequies being over, the same flotilla which had proceeded in solemn and sad array down the lake, prepared to return with displayed banners, and every demonstration of mirth and joy; for there was but brief time to celebrate festivals, when the awful conflict betwixt the Clan Quhele and their most formidable rivals so nearly approached. It had been agreed, therefore, that the funeral feast should be blended with that usually given at the inauguration of the

young Chief.

Some objections were made to this arrangement, as containing an evil omen. But, on the other hand, it had a species of recommendation, from the habits and feelings of the Highlanders, who, to this day, are wont to mingle a degree of solemn mirth with their mourning, and something resembling melancholy with their mirth. The usual aversion to speak or think of those have been beloved and lost, is less known to this grave and enthusiastic race, than it is to others. You hear not only the young mention (as is everywhere usual) the merits and the character of parents, who have, in the course of nature, predeceased them; but the widowed partner speaks in ordinary conversation, of the lost spouse, and, what is still stranger, the parents allude frequently to the beauty or valor of the child whom they have interred. The Scottish Highlanders appear to regard the separation of friends by death, as something less absolute and complete than it is generally esteemed in other countries, and converse of the dear connections, who have sought the grave before them, as if they had gone upon a long journey in which they themselves must soon follow. The funeral feast, therefore, being a general custom throughout Scotland, was not, in the opinion of those who were to share it, unseemingly mingled, on the present occasion, with the festivities which hailed the succession to the Chieftainship.

The barge which had lately borne the dead to the grave.

now conveyed the young MacIan to his new command; and the minstrels sent forth their gayest notes to gratulate Eachin's succession, as they had lately sounded their most doleful dirges when carrying Gilchrist to his grave. From the attendant flotilla rang notes of triumph and jubilee, instead of those yells of lamentation, which had so lately disturbed the echoes of Loch Tay; and a thousand voices hailed the youthful Chieftain as he stood on the poop, armed at all points, in the flower of early manhood, beauty, and activity, on the very spot where his father's corpse had so lately been extended, and surrounded by triumphant friends, as that had been by desolate mourners. One boat kept closest of the flotilla to the honored galley. Torquil of the Oak, a grizzled giant, was steersman; and his eight sons, each exceeding the ordinary stature of mankind, pulled the oars. Like some powerful and favorite wolf-hound, unloosed from his couples, and frolicking around a liberal master, the boat of the foster brethren passed the Chieftain's barge, now on one side, and now on another, and even rowed around it, as if in extravagance of joy; while, at the same time, with the jealous vigilance of the animal we have compared it to, they made it dangerous for any other of the flotilla to approach so near as themselves, from the risk of being run down by their impetuous and reckless manœuvres. eminent rank in the clan by the succession of their fosterbrother to the command of the Clan Ouhele, this was the tumultuous and almost terrible mode in which they testified their peculiar share in their Chief's triumph.

Far behind, and with different feelings, on the part of one at least of the company, came the small boat, in which, manned by the Booshalloch and one of his sons, Simon Glover was a

passenger.

"If we are bound for the head of the lake," said Simon to

his friend, "we shall hardly be there for hours."

But as he spoke, the crew of the boat of the foster brethren, or Leichtach,* on a signal from the Chief's galley, lay on their oars until the Booshalloch's boat came up, and throwing on board a rope of hides, which Niel made fast to the head of his skiff, they stretched to their oars once more; and notwith-standing they had the small boat in tow, swept through the lake with almost the same rapidity as before. The skiff was tugged on with a velocity which seemed to hazard the pulling her under water, or the separation of her head from her other timbers.

Simon Glover saw with anxiety the reckless fury of their course, and the bows of the boat occasionally brought within an inch or two of the level of the water; and though his friend Niel Booshalloch assured him it was all done in special honor, he heartily wished his voyage might have a safe termination. It had so, and much sooner than he apprehended; for the place of festivity was not four miles distant from the sepulchral island, being chosen to suit the Chieftain's course, which lay to the south-east, as soon as the banquet should be concluded.

A bay on the southern side of Loch Tay presented a beautiful beach of sparkling sand, on which the boats might land with ease, and a dry meadow, covered with turf, verdant considering the season, behind and around which rose high banks, fringed with copsewood, and displaying the lavish preparations

which had been made for the entertainment.

The Highlanders, well known for ready hatchet-men, had constructed a long arbor or silvan banqueting-room, capable of receiving two hundred men, while a number of smaller huts around seemed intended for sleeping apartments. rights, the couples, and rooftree of the temporary hall, were composed of mountain-pine, still covered with its bark. frame-work of the sides was of planks or spars of the same material, closely interwoven with the leafy boughs of the fir and other evergreens, which the neighboring woods afforded, while the hills had furnished plenty of heath to form the roof. Within this silvan palace the most important personages present were invited to hold high festival. Others of less note were to feast in various long sheds, constructed with less care; and tables of sod, or rough planks, placed in the open air, were allotted to the numberless multitude. At a distance were to be seen piles of glowing charcoal or blazing wood, around which countless cooks toiled, bustled, and fretted, like so many demons working in their native element. Pits, wrought in the hill-side, and lined with heated stones, served as ovens for stewing immense quantities of beef, mutton, and venisonwooden spits supported sheep and goats, which were roasted entire; others were cut into joints, and seethed in caldrons made of the animals' own skins sewed hastily together, and filled with water; while huge quantities of pike, trout, salmon, and char, were broiled with more ceremony on glowing embers. The Glover had seen many a Highland banquet, but never one the preparations for which were on such a scale of barbarous profusion.

He had little time, however, to admire the scene around

him; for, as soon as they landed on the beach, the Looshalloch observed with some embarrassment, that as they had not been bidden to the table of the dais, to which he seemed to have expected an invitation, they had best secure a place in one of the inferior bothies or booths; and was leading the way in that direction, when he was stopped by one of the bodyguards, appearing to act as master of ceremonies, who whispered something in his ear.

"I thought so," said the herdsman, much relieved; "I thought neither the stranger, nor the man that has my charge,

would be left out at the high table."

They were conducted accordingly into the ample lodge, within which were long ranges of tables already mostly occupied by the guests, while those who acted as domestics were placing upon them the abundant though rude materials of the festival. The young Chief, although he certainly saw the Glover and the herdsman enter, did not address any personal salute to either, and their places were assigned them in a distant corner, far beneath the Salt (a huge piece of antique silver-plate), the only article of value that the table displayed, and which was regarded by the Clan as a species of palladium, only produced and used on the most solemn occasions, such as the present.

The Booshalloch, somewhat discontented, muttered to Simon as he took his place—"These are changed days, friend. His father, rest his soul, would have spoken to us both; but these are bad manners which he has learned among you Sas-

senachs in the Low Country."

To this remark the Glover did not think it necessary to reply; instead of which he adverted to the evergreens, and particularly to the skins and other ornaments with which the interior of the bower was decorated. The most remarkable part of these ornaments was a number of Highland shirts of mail, with steel bonnets, battle-axes, and two-handed swords to match, which hung around the upper part of the room, together with targets highly and richly embossed. Each mail-shirt was hung over a well-dressed stag's hide, which at once displayed the armor to advantage, and saved it from suffering by damp.

"These," whispered the Booshalloch, "are the arms of the chosen champions of the Clan Quhele. They are twenty-nine in number, as you see, Eachin himself being the thirtieth, who wears his armor to-day, else had there been thirty. And he has not got such a good hauberk after all, as he should wear on Palm Sunday. These nine suits of harness, of such large size, are for the Leichtach, from whom so much is expected."

"And these goodly deer-hides," said Simon, the spirit of his profession awakening at the sight of the goods in which he traded—"think you the Chief will be disposed to chaffer for them?—they are in demand for the doublets which knights wear under their armor."

"Did I not pray you," said Niel Booshalloch, "to say noth-

ing on that subject?"

"It is the mail-shirts I speak of," said Simon—"may I ask if any of them were made by our celebrated Perth armorer, called Henry of the Wynd?"

"Thou art more unlucky than before," said Niel; "that man's name is to Eachin's temper like a whirlwind upon the

lake; yet no man knows for what cause."

"I can guess," thought our Glover, but gave no utterance to the thought; and, having twice lighted on unpleasant subjects of conversation, he prepared to apply himself, like those

around him, to his food, without starting another topic.

We have said as much of the preparations as may lead the reader to conclude, that the festival, in respect of the quality of the food, was of the most rude description; consisting chiefly of huge joints of meat, which were consumed with little respect to the fasting season, although several of the friars of the Island Convent graced and hallowed the board by their presence. The platters were of wood, and so were the hooped cogues or cups, out of which the guests quaffed their liquor, as also the broth or juice of the meat, which was held a delicacy. There were also various preparations of milk which were highly esteemed, and were eaten out of similar vessels. Bread was the scarcest article at the banquet, but the Glover and his patron Niel were served with two small loaves expressly for their own In eating, as indeed was then the case all over Britain. the guests used their knives called skenes, or the large poniards named dirks, without troubling themselves by the reflection that they might occasionally have served different or more fatal purposes.

At the upper end of the table stood a vacant seat, elevated a step or two above the floor. It was covered with a canopy of holly boughs and ivy, and there rested against it a sheathed sword and a folded banner. This had been the seat of the deceased Chieftain, and was left vacant in honor of him. Eachin occupied a lower chair on the right hand of the place

of honor.

The reader would be greatly mistaken who should follow out this description, by supposing that the guests behaved like a herd of hungry wolves, rushing upon a feast rarely offered to them. On the contrary, the Clan Quhele conducted themselves with that species of courteous reserve and attention to the wants of others, which is often found in primitive nations. especially such as are always in arms; because a general observance of the rules of courtesy is necessary to prevent quarrels, bloodshed, and death. The guests took the places assigned them by Torquil of the Oak, who, acting as Marischal Tach, i. e., sewer of the mess, touched with a white wand, without speaking a word, the place where each was to sit. Thus placed in order, the company patiently awaited for the portion assigned them, which was distributed among them by the Leichtach;—the bravest men, or more distinguished warriors of the tribe, being accommodated with a double mess, emphatically called bieyfir, or the portion of a man. When the sewers themselves had seen every one served, they resumed their places at the festival, and were each served with one of these larger messes of food. Water was placed within each man's reach, and a handful of soft moss served the purposes of a table-napkin, so that, as at an Eastern banquet, the hands were washed as often as the mess was changed. For amusement, the bard recited the praises of the deceased Chief and expressed the clan's confidence in the blossoming virtues of his successor. The Seanachie recited the genealogy of the tribe, which they traced to the race of the Dalriads; the harpers played within, while the war-pipes cheered the multitude without. The conversation among the guests was grave, subdued, and civil—no jest was attempted beyond the bounds of a very gentle pleasantry, calculated only to excite a passing smile. There were no raised voices, no contentious arguments; and Simon Glover had heard a hundred times more noise at a guild-feast in Perth, than was made on this occasion by two hundred wild mountaineers.

Even the liquor itself did not seem to raise the festive party above the same tone of decorous gravity. It was of various kinds—wine appeared in very small quantities, and was served out only to the principal guests, among which honored number Simon Glover was again included. The wine and the two wheaten loaves were, indeed, the only marks of notice which he received during the feast; but Niel Booshalloch, jealous of his master's reputation for hospitality, failed not to enlarge on them as proofs of high distinction. Distilled liquors, since so generally used in the Highlands, were then comparatively unknown. The usquebaugh was circulated in small quantities,

and was highly flavored with a decoction of saffron and other herbs, so as to resemble a medicinal potion rather than a festive cordial. Cider and mead were seen at the entertainment; but ale, brewed in great quantities for the purpose, and flowing round without restriction, was the liquor generally used, and that was drunk with a moderation much less known among the more modern Highlanders. A cup to the memory of the deceased Chieftain was the first pledge solemnly proclaimed after the banquet was finished; and a low murmur of benedictions was heard from the company, while the monks alone, uplifting their united voices, sung Requiem eternam dona. An unusual silence followed, as if something extraordinary was expected, when Eachin arose, with a bold and manly yet modest grace, and ascended the vacant seat or throne, saying with dignity and firmness—

"This seat and my father's inheritance I claim as my right

-so prosper me God and St. Barr!"

"How will you rule your father's children?" said an old man, the uncle of the deceased.

"I will defend them with my father's sword, and distribute

justice to them under my father's banner."

The old man, with a trembling hand, unsheathed the ponderous weapon, and holding it by the blade, offered the hilt to the young Chieftain's grasp; at the same time Torquil of the Oak unfurled the pennon of the tribe, and swung it repeatedly over Eachin's head, who, with singular grace and dexterity, brandished the huge claymore as in its defence. The guests raised a yelling shout, to testify their acceptance of the patriarchal Chief who claimed their allegiance, nor was there any who, in the graceful and agile youth before them, was disposed to recollect the subject of sinister vaticinations. As he stood in glittering mail, resting on the long sword, and acknowledging by gracious gestures the acclamations which rent the air within, without, and around, Simon Glover was tempted to doubt whether this majestic figure was that of the same lad whom he had often treated with little ceremony, and began to have some apprehension of the consequences of having done so. general burst of minstrelsy succeeded to the acclamations, and rock and greenwood rang to harp and pipes, as lately to shout and vell of woe.

It would be tedious to pursue the progress of the inaugural feast, or detail the pledges that were quaffed to former heroes of the clan, and above all to the twenty-nine brave Gallowglasses who were to fight in the approaching conflict, under the eye and

leading of their young Chief. The bards, assuming, in old times, the prophetic character combined with their own, ventured to assure them of the most distinguished victory, and to predict the fury with which the Blue Falcon, the emblem of the Clan Quhele, should rend to pieces the Mountain-cat, the well-known

badge of the Clan Chattan.

It was approaching sunset, when a bowl, called the gracecup, made of oak, hooped with silver, was handed round the table as the signal of dispersion, although it was left free to any who chose a longer carouse to retreat to any of the outer bothies. As for Simon Glover, the Booshalloch conducted him to a small hut, contrived, it would seem, for the use of a single individual, where a bed of heath and moss was arranged as well as the season would permit, and an ample supply of such delicacies as the late feast afforded, showed that all care had been taken for the inhabitant's accommodation.

"Do not leave this hut," said the Booshalloch, taking leave of his friend and protégé; "this is your place of rest. But apartments are lost on such a night of confusion, and if the

badger leaves his hole the tod * will creep into it."

To Simon Glover this arrangement was by no means disagreeable. He had been wearied by the noise of the day, and felt desirous of repose. After eating, therefore, a morsel, which his appetite scarce required, and drinking a cup of wine to expel the cold, he muttered his evening prayer wrapt himself in his cloak, and lay down on a couch which old acquaintance had made familiar and easy to him. The hum and murmur, and even the occasional shouts, of some of the festive multitude who continued revelling without, did not long interrupt his repose; and in about ten minutes he was as fast asleep as if he had lain in his own bed in Curfew Street.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

Still harping on my daughter.

HAMLET.

Two hours before the black-cock crew, Simon Glover was wakened by a well-known voice, which called him by name.

"What, Conachar!" he replied, as he started from sleep,

Tod. Scottite for for.



"is the morning so far advanced?" and raising his eyes, the person of whom he was dreaming stood before him; and at the same moment, the events of yesterday rushing on his recollection, he saw with surprise that the vision retained the form which sleep had assigned it, and it was not the mail-clad Highland Chief, with claymore in hand, as he had seen him the preceding night, but Conachar of Curfew Street, in his humble apprentice's garb, holding in his hand a switch of oak. An apparition would not more have surprised our Perth burgher. As he gazed with wonder, the youth turned upon him a piece of lighted bog-wood which he carried in a lantern, and to his waking exclamation replied,—

"Even so, father Simon; it is Conachar, come to renew our old acquaintance, when our intercourse will attract least

notice."

So saying, he sat down on a trestle which answered the purpose of a chair, and placing the lantern beside him, proceeded in the most friendly tone.

"I have tasted of thy good cheer many a day, father Simon

—I trust thou hast found no lack in my family?"

"None whatever, Eachin MacIan," answered the Glover, for the simplicity of the Celtic language and manners rejects all honorary titles; "it was even too good for this fasting season, and much too good for me, since I must be ashamed to think

how hard you fared in Curfew Street."

"Even too well, to use your own word," said Conachar, "for the deserts of an idle apprentice, and for the wants of a young Highlander. But yesterday, if there was, as I trust, enough of food, found you not, good Glover, some lack of courteous welcome? Excuse it not,—I know you did so. But I am young in authority with my people, and I must not too early draw their attention to the period of my residence in the Lowlands, which, however, I can never forget."

"I understand the cause entirely," said Simon; "and therefore it is unwillingly, and as it were by force, that I have made

so early a visit hither."

"Hush, father, hush! It is well you are come to see some of my Highland splendor while it yet sparkles—Return after Palm Sunday, and who knows whom or what you may find in the territories we now possess! The Wild-cat may have made his lodge where the banqueting bower of MacIan now stands."

The young Chief was silent, and pressed the top of the rod

to his lips, as if to guard against uttering more.

"There is no fear of that, Eachin," said Simon, in that

vague way in which lukewarm comforters endeavor to turn the reflections of their friends from the consideration of inevitable

danger.

Eachin; "and there is peril of utter ruin," answered Eachin; "and there is positive certainty of great loss. I marvel my father consented to this wily proposal of Albany. I would MacGillie Chattanach would agree with me, and then, instead of wasting our best blood against each other, we would go down together to Strathmore, and kill and take possession. I would rule at Perth, and he at Dundee, and all the Great Strath should be our own to the banks of the Firth of Tay. Such is the policy I have caught from your old gray head, Father Simon, when holding a trencher at thy back, and listening to thy evening talk with Bailie Craigdallie."

"The tongue is well called an unruly member," thought the Glover. "Here have I been holding a candle to the devil, to

show him the way to mischief."

But he only said aloud, "These plans come too late."

"Too late indeed!" answered Eachin. "The indentures of battle are signed by our marks and seals; the burning hate of the Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan is blown up to an inextinguishable flame by mutual insults and boasts. Yes, the time is passed by.—But to thine own affairs, Father Glover. religion that has brought thee hither, as I learn from Niel Surely, my experience of thy prudence did not Booshalloch. lead me to suspect thee of any quarrel with Mother Church. As for my old acquaintance, Father Clement, he is one of those who hunt after the crown of martyrdom, and think a stake, surrounded with blazing fagots, better worth embracing than a willing bride. He is a very knight-errant, in defence of his religious notions, and does battle wherever he comes. He hath already a quarrel with the monks of Sibyl's Isle yonder, about some point of doctrine—Hast seen him?"

"I have," answered Simon; "but we spoke little together

the time being pressing."

"He may have said that there is a third person,—one more likely, I think, to be a true fugitive for religion, than either you, a shrewd citizen, or he, a wrangling preacher,—who would be right heartily welcome to share our protection?—Thou are dull, man, and wilt not guess my meaning—thy daughter Catharine?"

These last words the young Chief spoke in English; and he continued the conversation in that language, as if apprehensive of being overheard; and, indeed, as if under the sense of some involuntary hesitation.

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"My daughter Catharine," said the Glover, remembering

what the Carthusian had told him, "is well and safe."

"But where, or with whom?" said the young Chief. "And wherefore came she not with you? Think you the Clan Quhele have no calliachs,* as active as old Dorothy, whose hand has warmed my haffits † before now, to wait upon the daughter of their Chieftain's master?"

"Again I thank you," said the Glover, "and doubt neither your power nor your will to protect my daughter, as well as myself. But an honorable lady, the friend of Sir Patrick Charteris, hath offered her a safe place of refuge, without the risk of a toilsome journey through a desolate and distracted country."

"Oh, ay,—Sir Patrick Charteris," said Eachin, in a more reserved and distant tone—"he must be preferred to all men,

without doubt; he is your friend, I think?"

Simon Glover longed to punish this affectation of a boy, who had been scolded four times a day for running into the street to see Sir Patrick Charteris ride past; but he checked his spirit of repartee, and simply said,—

"Sir Patrick Charteris has been Provost of Perth for seven years; and it is likely is so still, since the magistrates are

elected, not in Lent, but at St. Martinmas."

"Ah, Father Glover," said the youth, in his kinder and more familiar mode of address, "you are so used to see the sumptuous shows and pageants of Perth, that you would but little relish our barbarous festival in comparison. What didst thou think of our ceremonial of yesterday?"

"It was noble and touching," said the Glover; "and to me, who knew your father, most especially so. When you rested on the sword, and looked around you, methought I saw mine old friend Gilchrist MacIan arisen from the dead, and renewed

in years and in strength."

"I played my part there boldly, I trust; and showed little of that paltry apprentice boy, whom you used to—use just as ae deserved."

"Eachin resembles Conachar," said the Glover, "no more than a salmon resembles a par, though men say they are the same fish in a different state; or than a butterfly resembles a grub."

"Thinkest thou that while I was taking upon me the power which all women love, I would have been myself an object for a maiden's eye to rest upon? To speak plain, what would Catharine have thought of me in the ceremonial?"

[•] Old women.

"We approach the shallows now," thought Simon Glover;

" and without nice pilotage, we drive right on shore."

"Most women like show, Eachin; but I think my daughter Catharine be an exception. She would rejoice in the good fortune of her household friend and playmate; but she would not value the splendid MacIan, Captain of Clan Quhele, more

than the orphan Conachar."

"She is ever generous and disinterested," replied the young Chief. "But yourself, father, have seen the world for many more years than she has done, and can better form a judgment what power and wealth do for those who enjoy them. Think, and speak sincerely, what would be your own thoughts, if you saw your Catharine standing under yonder canopy, with the command over a hundred hills, and the devoted obedience of ten thousand vassals; and as the price of these advantages, her hand in that of the man who loves her the best in the world?"

" Meaning in your own, Conachar?" said Simon.

"Ay, Conachar call me—I love the name, since it was by

that I have been known to Catharine."

"Sincerely, then," said the Glover, endeavoring to give the least offensive turn to his reply, "my inmost thought would be the earnest wish that Catharine and I were safe in our humble booth in Curfew Street, with Dorothy for our only vassal."

"And with poor Conachar also, I trust? You would not

leave him to pine away in solitary grandeur?"

"I would not," answered the Glover, "wish so ill to the Clan Quhele, mine ancient friends, as to deprive them, at the moment of emergency, of a brave young Chief, and that Chief of the fame which he is about to acquire at their head in the approaching conflict."

Eachin bit his lip, to suppress his irritated feelings, as he replied,—"Words—words,—empty words, father Simon. You fear the Clan Quhele more than you love them, and you suppose their indignation would be formidable, should their Chief

marry the daughter of a burgess of Perth."

"And if I do fear such an issue, Hector MacIan, have I not reason? How have ill-assorted marriages had issue in the House of MacCallanmore, in that of the powerful MacLeans, nay, of the Lords of the Isles themselves? What has ever come of them but divorce and exheredation—sometimes worse fate—to the ambitious intruder? You could not marry my child before a priest, and you could only wed her with your left hand; and I"—he checked the strain of impetuosity which the

subject inspired, and concluded,—" And I am an honest, though humble burgher of Perth, who would rather my child were the lawful and undoubted spouse of a citizen in my own rank, than the licensed concubine of a monarch."

"I will wed Catharine before the priest and before the world,—before the altar and before the black stones of Iona," said the impetuous young man. "She is the love of my youth, and there is not a tie in religion or honor, but I will bind myself by them! I have sounded my people. If we do but win this combat—and, with the hope of gaining Catharine, we SHALL win it—my heart tells me so—I shall be so mich lord over their affections, that were I to take a bride from the almshouse, so it was my pleasure, they would hail her as if she were a daughter of MacCallanmore. —But you reject my suit?" said Eachin, sternly.

"You put words of offence in my mouth," said the old man, "and may next punish me for them, since I am wholly in your power. But, with my consent, my daughter shall never wed, save in her own degree. Her heart would break amid the constant wars and scenes of bloodshed which connect themselves with your lot. If you really love her, and recollect her dread of strife and combat, you would not wish her to be subjected to the train of military horrors in which you, like your father, must needs be inevitably and eternally engaged. Choose a bride amongst the daughters of the mountain-chiefs, my son, or fiery Lowland nobles. You are fair, young, rich, highborn, and powerful, and will not woo in vain. You will readily find one who will rejoice in your conquests, and cheer you under defeat. To Catharine, the one would be as frightful as the other. warrior must wear a steel gauntlet—a glove of kid-skin would be torn to pieces in an hour."

A dark cloud passed over the face of the young Chief, lately

animated with so much fire.

"Farewell," he said, "the only hope, which could have lighted me to fame or victory!"—He remained for a space silent, and intensely thoughtful, with downcast eyes, a lowering brow, and folded arms. At length he raised his hands, and said, "Father,—for such you have been to me,—I am about to tell you a secret. Reason and Pride both advise me to be silent, but Fate urges me, and must be obeyed. I am about to lodge in you the deepest and dearest secret that man ever confided to man. But beware—end this conference how it will—beware how you ever breathe a syllable of what I am now to trust to you; for know, that were you to do so in the most

remote corner of Scotland, I have ears to hear it even there, and a hand and poniard to reach a traitor's bosom.—I am—but the word will not out!"

"Do not speak it then," said the prudent Glover; "a secret is no longer safe when it crosses the lips of him who owns it; and I desire not a confidence so dangerous as you menace me with."

"Ay, but I must speak, and you must hear," said the youth "In this age of battle, father, you have yourself been a combatant?"

"Once only," replied Simon, "when the Southron assaulted the Fair City. I was summoned to take my part in the defence, as my tenure required, like that of other craftsmen, who are bound to keep watch and ward."

"And how felt you upon that matter?" inquired the young Chief.

"What can that import to the present business?" said

Simon, in some surprise.

"Much, else I had not asked the question," answered Eachin, in the tone of haughtiness which from time to time he assumed.

"An old man is easily brought to speak of olden times," said Simon, not unwilling, on an instant's reflection, to lead the conversation away from the subject of his daughter, " and I must needs confess, my feelings were much short of the high cheerful confidence, nay, the pleasure, with which I have seen other men go to battle. My life and profession were peaceful; and though I have not wanted the spirit of a man, when the time demanded it, yet I have seldom slept worse than the night before that onslaught. My ideas were harrowed by the tales we were told. (nothing short of the truth) about the Saxon archers; how they drew shafts of a cloth yard length, and used bows a third longer than ours. When I fell into a broken slumber, if but a straw in the mattress pricked my side, I started and waked, thinking an English arrow was quivering in my body. In the morning, as I began for very weariness to sink into some repose, I was waked by the tolling of the common bell, which called us burghers to the walls; I never heard its sound peal so like a passing knell before or since."

"Go on-what further chanced?" demanded Eachin.

"I did on my harness," said Simon, "such as it was—took my mother's blessing, a high-spirited woman, who spoke of my father's actions for the honor of the Fair Town. This heartened me, and I felt still bolder when I found myself ranked among the other crafts, all bowmen, for thou knowest the Perth citizens have good skill in archery. We were dispersed on the walls, several knights and squires in armor of proof being mingled amongst us, who kept a bold countenance, confident perhaps in their harness, and informed us, for our encouragement, that they would cut down with their swords and axes any of those who should attempt to quit their post. I was kindly assured of this myself by the old Kempe of Kinfauns, as he was called, this good Sir Patrick's father, then our Provost. He was a grandson of the Red Rover, Tom of Longueville, and a likely man to keep his word, which he addressed to me in especial, because a night of much discomfort may have made me look paler than usual; and, besides, I was but a lad."

"And did his exhortation add to your fear, or your resolu-

tion?" said Eachin, who seemed very attentive.

"To my resolution," answered Simon; "for I think nothing can make a man so bold to face one danger at some distance in his front, as the knowledge of another close behind him, to push him forward. Well—I mounted the walls in tolerable heart, and was placed with others on the Spey Tower, being accounted a good bowman. But a very cold fit seized me as I saw the English, in great order, with their archers in front, and their men-at-arms behind, marching forward to the attack in strong columns, three in number. They came on steadily, and some of us would fain have shot at them; but it was strictly forbidden, and we were obliged to remain motionless, sheltering ourselves behind the battlement as we best might. As the Southron formed their long ranks into lines, each man occupying his place as by magic, and preparing to cover themselves by large shields, called pavesses, which they planted before them, I again felt a strange breathlessness, and some desire to go home for a glass of distilled waters. But as I looked aside, I saw the worthy Kempe of Kinfauns bending a large crossbow, and I thought it pity he should waste the bolt on a true-hearted Scotsman, when so many English were in presence; so I e'en stayed where I was, being in a comfortable angle, formed by two battlements. The English then strode forward, and drew their bowstrings, not to the breast as your Highland kerne do, but to the ear,and sent off their volleys of Swallow-tails before we could call on St. Andrew. I winked when I saw them haul up their tackle, and I believe I started as the shafts began to rattle against the parapet. But looking round me, and seeing none hurt but John Squallit, the town-crier, whose jaws were pierced through with a cloth-yard shaft, I took heart of grace, and shot

in my turn with good will and good aim. A little man I shot at, who had just peeped out from behind his target, dropped with a shaft through his shoulder. The Provost cried.—'Well stitched, Simon Glover!'- Saint John, for his own town, my fellow-craftsmen!'-shouted I,-though I was then but an apprentice. And if you will believe me, in the rest of the skirmish, which was ended by the foes drawing off, I drew bowstring and loosed shaft as calmly as if I had been shooting at butts instead of men's breasts. I gained some credit, and I have ever afterwards thought, that in case of necessity (for with me it had never been matter of choice), I should not have lost it again.—And this is all I can tell of warlike experience in battle. Other dangers I have had, which I have endeavored to avoid like a wise man, or, when they were inevitable, I have faced them like a true one. Upon other terms a man cannot live or hold up his head in Scotland."

"I understand your tale," said Eachin; "but I shall find it difficult to make you credit mine, knowing the race of which I am descended, and especially that I am the son of him whom we have this day laid in the tomb—well that he lies where he will never learn what you are now to hear! Look, my father—the light which I bear grows short and pale, a few minutes will extinguish it—but before it expires, the hideous tale will be told.—Father, I am—a COWARD!——It is said at last, and the secret

of my disgrace is in keeping of another!"

The young man sank back in a species of syncope, produced by the agony of his mind as he made the fatal communication. The Glover, moved as well by fear as by compassion, applied himself to recall him to life, and succeeded in doing so, but not in restoring him to composure. He hid his face with his hands,

and his tears flowed plentifully and bitterly.

"For Our Lady's sake, be composed," said the old man, "and recall the vile word! I know you better than yourself—you are no coward, but only too young and inexperienced, ay, and somewhat too quick of fancy, to have the steady valor of a bearded man. I would hear no other man say that of you, Conachar, without giving him the lie—You are no coward—I have seen high sparks of spirit fly from you even on slight enough provocation."

"High sparks of pride and passion!" said the unfortunate youth; "but when saw you them supported by the resolution that should have backed them? the sparks you speak of fell on my dastardly heart as on a piece of ice which could catch fire from nothing—if my offended pride urged me to strike, my weak-

ness of mind prompted me the next moment to fly."

"Want of habit," said Simon; "it is by clambering over walls that youths learn to scale precipices. Begin with slight feuds—exercise daily the arms of your country in tourney with your followers."

"And what leisure is there for this?" exclaimed the young Chief, starting as if something horrid had occurred to his imag-"How many days are there betwixt this hour and Palm Sunday, and what is to chance then?—A list enclosed, from which no man can stir, more than the poor bear who is Sixty living men, the best and fiercest chained to his stake. (one alone excepted!) which Albyn can send down from her mountains, all athirst for each other's blood, while a king and his nobles, and shouting thousands besides, attend, as at a theatre, to encourage their demoniac fury! Blows clang, and blood flows, thicker, faster, redder—they rush on each other like madmen-they tear each other like wild beasts-the wounded are trodden to death amid the feet of their companions! Blood ebbs, arms become weak—but there must be no parley, no truce, no interruption, while any of the maimed wretches remain alive! Here is no crouching behind battlements, no fighting with missile weapons,—all is hand to hand, till hands can no longer be raised to maintain the ghastly conflict!—If such a field is so horrible in idea, what think you it will be in reality?"

The Glover remained silent.

"I say again, what think you?"

"I can only pity you, Conachar," said Simon. "It is hard to be the descendant of a lofty line—the son of a noble father—the leader by birth of a gallant array—and yet to want, or think you want (for still I trust the fault lies much in a quick fancy, that over-estimates danger),—to want that dogged quality, which is possessed by every game-cock that is worth a handful of corn, every hound that is worth a mess of offal. But how chanced it, that with such a consciousness of inability to fight in this battle, you proffered even now to share your chiefdom with my daughter? Your power must depend on your fighting this combat, and in that Catharine cannot help you."

"You mistake, old man," replied Eachin; "were Catharine to look kindly on the earnest love I bear her, it would carry me against the front of the enemies with the mettle of a war-horse. Overwhelming as my sense of weakness is, the feeling that Catharine looked on would give me strength. Say yet—oh, say yet—she shall be mine if we gain the combat, and not the Gow Chrom himself, whose heart is of a piece with his anvil, ever

went to battle so light as I shall do! One strong passion is conquered by another."

"This is folly, Conachar. Cannot the recollections of your interest, your honor, your kindred, do as much to stir your courage, as the thoughts of a brent-browed lass? Fie upon

you, man!"

"You tell me but what I have told myself—but it is in vain," replied Eachin, with a sigh. "It is only whilst the timid stag is paired with the doe, that he is desperate and dangerous. Be it from constitution—be it, as our Highland cailliachs will say, from the milk of the White Doe—be it from my peaceful education, and the experience of your strict restraint—be it, as you think, from an overheated fancy, which paints danger yet more dangerous and ghastly than it is in reality, I cannot tell. But I know my failing, and—yes, it must be said!—so sorely dread that I cannot conquer it, that, could I have your consent to my wishes on such terms, I would even here make a pause, renounce the rank I have assumed, and retire into humble life."

"What, turn Glover at last, Conachar?" said Simon; "this beats the legend of St. Crispin. Nay, nay, your hand was not framed for that; you shall spoil me no more doe-skins."

"Jest not," said Eachin, "I am serious. If I cannot labor, I will bring wealth enough to live without it. They will proclaim me recreant with horn and war-pipe—Let them do so—Catharine will love me the better that I have preferred the paths of peace to those of bloodshed, and Father Clement shall teach us to pity and forgive the world, which will load us with reproaches that wound not. I shall be the happiest of men—Catharine will enjoy all that unbounded affection can confer upon her, and will be freed from apprehension of the sights and sounds of horror, which your ill-assorted match would have prepared for her; and you, Father Glover, shall occupy your chimney-corner, the happiest and most honored man that ever—"

"Hold, Eachin—I prithee hold," said the Glover; "the fir light, with which this discourse must terminate, burns very low, and I would speak a word in my turn, and plain dealing is best. Though it may vex, or perhaps enrage you, let me end these visions by saying at once—Catharine can never be yours. A glove is the emblem of faith, and a man of my craft should therefore less than any other break his own. Catharine's hand is promised—promised to a man whom you may hate, but whom you must honor—to Henry the Armorer. The match is fitting

by degree, agreeable to their mutual wishes, and I have given my promise. It is best to be plain at once—resent my refusal as you will—I am wholly in your power—But nothing shall

make me break my word."

The Glover spoke thus decidedly, because he was aware from experience that the very irritable disposition of his former apprentice yielded in most cases to stern and decided resolution. Yet, recollecting where he was, it was with some feelings of fear that he saw the dying flame leap up, and spread a flash of light on the vision of Eachin, which seemed pale as the grave, while his eye rolled like that of a maniac in his fever fit. The light instantly sunk down and died, and Simon felt a momentary terror, lest he should have to dispute for his life with the youth, whom he knew to be capable of violent actions when highly excited, however short a period his nature could support the measures which his passion commenced. He was relieved by the voice of Eachin, who muttered in a hoarse and altered tone.—

"Let what we have spoken this night rest in silence forever—If thou bring'st it to light, thou wert better dig thine own

grave."

Thus speaking, the door of the hut opened, admitting a gleam of moonshine. The form of the retiring Chief crossed it for an instant, the hurdle was then closed, and the shieling left in darkness.

Simon Glover felt relieved, when a conversation, fraught with offence and danger, was thus peaceably terminated. But he remained deeply affected by the condition of Hector MacIan,

whom he had himself bred up.

"The poor child," said he, "to be called up to a place of eminence, only to be hurled from it with contempt! What he told me I partly knew, having often remarked that Conachar was more prone to quarrel than to fight. But this overpowering faint-heartedness, which neither shame nor necessity can overcome, I, though no Sir William Wallace, cannot conceive. And to propose himself for a husband to my daughter, as if a bride were to find courage for herself and the bridegroom! No, no—Catharine must wed a man to whom she may say—'Husband, spare your enemy'—not one in whose behalf she must cry—'Generous enemy, spare my husband.'"

Tired out with these reflections, the old man at length fell asleep. In the morning, he was awakened by his friend the Booshalloch, who, with something of a blank visage, proposed to him to return to his abode on the meadow at the Ballough.

He apologized, that the Chief could not see Simon Glover that morning, being busied with things about the expected combat; and that Eachin MacIan thought the residence at the Ballough would be safest for Simon Glover's health, and had given charge that every care should be taken for his protection and accommodation.

Niel Booshalloch dilated on these circumstances, to gloss over the neglect implied in the Chief's dismissing his visitor

without a particular audience.

"His father knew better," said the herdsman. "But where should he have learned manners, poor thing, and bred up among your Perth burghers, who, excepting yourself, neighbor Glover, who speak Gaelic as well as I do, are a race incapable of civility?"

Simon Glover, it may be well believed, felt none of the want of respect which his friend resented on his account. On the contrary, he greatly preferred the quiet residence of the good herdsman, to the tumultuous hospitality of the daily festival of the Chief, even if there had not just passed an interview with Eachin upon a subject which it would be most painful to revive.

To the Ballough, therefore, he quietly retreated, where, could he have been secure of Catharine's safety, his leisure was spent pleasantly enough. His amusement was sailing on the lake, in a little skiff which a Highland boy managed, while the old man angled. He frequently landed on the little island, where he mused over the tomb of his old friend Gilchrist MacIan, and made friends with the monks, presenting the prior with gloves of marten's fur, and the superior officers with, each of them, a pair made from the skin of the wild cat. The cutting and stitching of these little presents served to beguile the time after sunset, while the family of the herdsman crowded around, admiring his address, and listening to the tales and songs with which the old man had skill to pass away a heavy evening.

It must be confessed that the cautious Glover avoided the conversation of Father Clement, whom he erroneously considered as rather the author of his misfortunes, than the guiltless sharer of them. "I will not," he thought, "to please his fancies, lose the good will of these monks, which may be one day useful to me. I have suffered enough by his preachments already, I trow. Little the wiser and much the poorer have they made me. No, no, Catharine and Clement may think as they will; but I will take the first opportunity to sneak back like a rated bound at the call of his master, submit to a plentiful course of

and thus it happened.

haircloth and whipcord, disburse a lusty mulct, and become whole with the Church again."

More than a fortnight had passed since the Glover had arrived at Ballough, and he began to wonder that he had not heard news of Catharine or of Henry Wynd, to whom he concluded the Provost had communicated the plan and place of his retreat. He knew the stout Smith dared not come up into the Clan Quhele country, on account of various feuds with the inhabitants, and with Eachin himself, while bearing the name of Conachar; but yet the Glover thought Henry might have found means to send him a message, or a token, by some one of the various couriers who passed and repassed between the Court and the headquarters of the Clan Quhele, in order to concert the terms of the impending combat, the march of the parties to Perth, and other particulars requiring previous adjustment. It was now the middle of March, and the fatal Palm Sunday was fast approaching.

Whilst time was thus creeping on, the exiled Glover had not even once set eyes upon his former apprentice. The care that was taken to attend to his wants and convenience in every respect, showed that he was not forgotten; but yet when he heard the Chieftain's horn ringing through the woods, he usually made it a point to choose his walk in a different direction. One morning, however, he found himself unexpectedly in Eachin's close neighborhood, with scarce leisure to avoid him;

As Simon strolled pensively through a little silvan glade. surrounded on either side with tall forest trees, mixed with underwood, a white doe broke from the thicket, closely pursued by two deer grayhounds, one of which griped her haunch, the other her throat, and pulled her down within half a furlong of the Glover, who was something startled at the suddenness of the incident. The near and piercing blast of a horn, and the baying of a slow-hound, made Simon aware that the hunters were close behind, and on the trace of the deer. and the sound of men running through the copse, were heard close at hand. A moment's recollection would have satisfied Simon, that his best way was to stand fast, or retire slowly, and leave it to Eachin to acknowledge his presence or not, as he should see cause. But his desire of shunning the young man had grown into a kind of instinct, and in the alarm of finding him so near, Simon hid himself in a bush of hazels mixed with holly, which altogether concealed him. He had hardly done so, ere Eachin, rosy with exercise, dashed from the thicket into the open glade, accompanied by his foster-father, Torquil of the Oak. The latter, with equal strength and address, turned the struggling hind on her back, and holding her forefeet in his right hand, while he knelt on her body, offered his skene with the left, to the young Chief, that he might cut the animal's throat.

"It may not be, Torquil; do thine office, and take the assay thyself. I must not kill the likeness of my foster-mother."

This was spoken with a melancholy smile, while a tear at the same time stood in the speaker's eye. Torquil stared at his young Chief for an instant, then drew his sharp wood-knife across the creature's throat, with a cut so swift and steady, that the weapon reached the backbone. Then rising on his feet, and again fixing a long piercing look on the Chief, he said,—"As much as I have done to that hind, would I do to any living man whose ears could have heard my dault (foster-son) so much as name a white doe, and couple the word with Hector's name!"

If Simon had no reason before to keep himself concealed, this speech of Torquil furnished him with a pressing one.

"It cannot be concealed, Father Torquil," said Eachin; "it will all out to the broad day."

"What will out? what will to broad day?" asked Torquil

in surprise.

"It is the fatal secret," thought Simon; "and now, if this huge privy counsellor cannot keep silence, I shall be made answerable, I suppose, for Eachin's disgrace having been blown abroad."

Thinking thus anxiously, he availed himself, at the same time, of his position to see as much as he could of what passed between the afflicted Chieftain and his confidant, impelled by that spirit of curiosity which prompts us in the most momentous, as well as the most trivial occasions of life, and which is sometimes found to exist in company with great personal fear.

As Torquil listened to what Eachin communicated, the young man sank into his arms, and supporting himself on his shoulder, concluded his confession by a whisper into his ear. Torquil seemed to listen with such amazement as to make him incapable of crediting his ears. As if to be certain that it was Eachin who spoke, he gradually roused the youth from his reclining posture, and holding him up in some measure by a grasp on his shoulder, fixed on him an eye that seemed enlarged, and at the same time turned to stone, by the marvels be listened to. And so wild waxed the old man's visage after

he had heard the murmured communication, that Simon Glover apprehended that he would cast the youth from him as a dishonored thing, in which case he might have lighted among the very copse in which he lay concealed, and occasioned his discovery in a manner equally painful and dangerous. But the passions of Torquil, who entertained for his foster-child even a double portion of that passionate fondness which always attends that connection in the Highlands, took a different turn.

"I believe it not,"—he exclaimed;—"it is false of thy father's child;—false of thy mother's son;—falsest of MY dault! I offer my gage to heaven and hell, and will maintain the combat with him that shall call it true! Thou hast been spell-bound by an evil eye, my darling, and the fainting which you call cowardice is the work of magic. I remember the bat that struck the torch out on the hour that thou wert born,—that hour of grief and of joy. Cheer up, my beloved! Thou shalt with me to Iona, and the good St. Columbus, with the whole choir of blessed saints and angels, who ever favored thy race, shall take from thee the heart of the white doe, and return that which they have stolen from thee."

Eachin listened, with a look as if he would fain have believed the words of the comforter.

"But, Torquil," he said, "supposing this might avail us, the fatal day approaches, and if I go to the lists, I dread me we shall be shamed."

"It cannot be—it shall not!" said Torquil,—"Hell shall not prevail so far—we will steep thy sword in holy water, place vervain, St. John's-wort, and rowan-tree in thy crest. We will surround thee, I and thy eight brethren—thou shalt be safe as in a castle."

Again the youth helplessly muttered something, which, from the dejected note in which it was spoken, Simon could not understand, while Torquil's deep tones in reply fell full and dis

tinct upon his ear.

"Yes, there may be a chance of withdrawing thee from the conflict. Thou art the youngest who is to draw blade. Now, hear me, and thou shalt know what it is to have a foster-father's love, and how far it exceeds the love even of kinsmen. The youngest on the indenture of the Clan Chattan is Ferquhard Day. His father slew mine, and the red blood is seething hot between us—I looked to Palm Sunday as the term that should cool it—But mark!—Thou wouldst have thought that the blood in the veins of this Ferquhard Day, and in mine would not have mingled, had they been put into the same vessel, yet hath he

rast the eyes of his love upon my only daughter Eva—the fairest of our maidens. Think with what feelings I heard the news. It was as if a wolf from the skirts of Ferragon had said, 'Give me thy child in wedlock, Torquil.' My child thought not thus; she loves Ferquhard, and weeps away her color and strength in dread of the approaching battle. Let her give him but a sign of favor, and well I know he will forget kith and kin, forsake the field, and fly with her to the desert."

"He, the youngest of the champions of Clan Chattan, being absent, I, the youngest of the Clan Quhele, may be excused from combat," said Eachin, blushing at the mean chance

of safety thus opened to him."

"See now, my Chief," said Torquil, "and judge my thoughts towards thee—others might give thee their own lives and that of their sons—I sacrifice to thee the honor of my house."

"My friend, my father," repeated the Chief, folding Torquil to his bosom, "what a base wretch am I that have a spirit

dastardly enough to avail myself of your sacrifice!"

"Speak not of that—Green woods have ears. Let us back to the camp, and send our gillies for the venison.—Back, dogs, and follow at heel."

The slow-hound, or lyme-dog, luckily for Simon, had drenched his nose in the blood of the deer, else he might have found the Glover's lair in the thicket; but its more acute properties of scent being lost, it followed tranquilly with the gaze-hounds.

When the hunters were out of sight and hearing, the Glover arose, greatly relieved by their departure, and began to move off in the opposite direction, as fast as his age permitted. His

first reflection was on the fidelity of the foster-father.

"The wild mountain heart is faithful and true. Yonder man is more like the giants in romaunts, than a man of mould like ourselves; and yet Christians might take an example from him for his lealty. A simple contrivance this though, to finger a man from off their enemies' checker, as if there would not be twenty of the Wild-cats ready to supply his place."

Thus thought the Glover, not aware that the strictest proclamations were issued, prohibiting any of the two contending clans, their friends, allies, and dependents, from coming within fifty miles of Perth, during a week before and a week after the combat, which regulation was to be enforced by armed men.

So soon as our friend Simon arrived at the habitation of the herdsman, he found other news awaiting him. They were brought by Father Clement, who came in a pilgrim's cloak, or dalmatic, ready to commence his return to the southward, and desirous to take leave of his companion in exile, or to accept him as a travelling companion.

"But what," said the citizen, "has so suddenly induced you

to return within the reach of danger?"

"Have you not heard," said Father Clement, "that March and his English allies having retired into England before the Earl of Douglas, the good Earl has applied himself to redress the evils of the commonwealth, and hath written to the court letters, desiring that the warrant for the High Court of Commission against heresy be withdrawn, as a trouble to men's consciences—that the nomination of Henry of Wardlaw to be Prelate of St. Andrews, be referred to the Parliament, with sundry other things pleasing to the Commons? Now, most of the nobles that are with the King at Perth, and with them Sir Patrick Charteris, your worthy Provost, have declared for the proposals of the Douglas. The Duke of Albany hath agreed to them; whether from good-will or policy I know not. good King is easily persuaded to mild and gentle courses. And thus are the jaw-teeth of the oppressors dashed to pieces in their sockets, and the prev snatched from their ravening talons. · Will you with me to the Lowlands, or do you abide here a little space?"

Niel Booshalloch saved his friend the trouble of reply.

"He had the Chief's authority," he said, "for saying that Simon Glover should abide until the champions went down to the battle." In this answer the citizen saw something not quite consistent with his own perfect freedom of volition; but he cared little for it at the time, as it furnished a good apology

for not travelling along with the clergyman.

"An exemplary man," he said to his friend Niel Booshalloch, as soon as Father Clement had taken leave, "a great scholar, and a great saint. It is a pity almost he is no longer in danger to be burned, as his sermon at the stake would convert thousands. O Niel Booshalloch! Father Clement's pile would be a sweet savoring sacrifice, and a beacon to all devout Christians. But what would the burning of a borrell ignorant burgess like me serve? Men offer not up old glove leather for incense, nor are beacons fed with undressed hides, I trow? Sooth to speak, I have too little learning and too much fear to get credit by the affair, and therefore I should, in our homely phrase, have both the scathe and the scorn."

"True for you," answered the herdsman,

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

We must return to the characters of our dramatic narrative, whom we left at Perth, when we accompanied the Glover and his fair daughter to Kinfauns, and from that hospitable mansion traced the course of Simon to Loch Tay; and the Prince, as the highest personage, claims our immediate attention.

This rash and inconsiderate young man endured with some impatience his sequestered residence with the Lord High Constable, with whose company, otherwise in every respect satisfactory, he became dissatisfied, from no other reason than that he held in some degree the character of his warder. Incensed against his uncle, and displeased with his father, he longed, not unnaturally, for the society of Sir John Ramorny, on whom he had been so long accustomed to throw himself for amusement, and, though he would have resented the imputation as an insult, for guidance and direction. He therefore sent him a summons to attend him, providing his health permitted; and directed him to come by water to a little pavilion in the High Constable's garden, which, like that of Sir John's own lodgings, ran down to the Tay. In renewing an intimacy so dangerous, Rothsay only remembered that he had been Sir John Ramorny's munificent friend; while Sir John, on receiving the invitation, only recollected, on his part, the capricious insults he had sustained from his patron, the loss of his hand, and the lightness with which he had treated the subject, and the readiness with which Rothsay had abandoned his cause in the matter of the Bonnet-maker's slaughter. He laughed bitterly when he read the Prince's billet.

"Eviot," he said, "man a stout boat with six trusty men, trusty men, mark me,—lose not a moment; and bid Dwining instantly come hither.—Heaven smiles on us, my trusty friend," he said to the mediciner. "I was but beating my brains how to get access to this fickle boy, and here he sends to invite me."

"Hem!—I see the matter very clearly," said Dwining. "Heaven smiles on some untoward consequences—he! he!

"No matter, the trap is ready, and it is baited, too, my friend, with what would lure the boy from a sanctuary, though a troop with drawn weapons waited him in the churchyard, Yet it is scarce necessary. His own weariness of himself would have done the job. Get thy matters ready—thou goest with us. Write to him, as I cannot, that we come instantly to attend his commands, and do it clerkly. He reads well, and that he owes to me."

"He will be your valiancy's debtor for more knowledge before he dies—he! he! But is your bargain sure with the

Duke of Albany?"

"Enough to gratify my ambition, thy avarice, and the revenge of both. Aboard, aboard, and speedily; let Eviot throw in a few flasks of the choicest wine, and some cold baked meats."

"But your arm, my lord, Sir John? Does it not pain

you ? "

"The throbbing of my heart silences the pain of my wound.

It beats as it would burst my bosom."

"Heaven forbid!"—said Dwining, adding in a low voice, "It would be a strange sight if it should. I should like to dissect it, save that its stony case would spoil my best instruments."

In a few minutes they were in the boat, while a speedy

messenger carried the note to the Prince.

Rothsay was seated with the Constable, after their noontide repast. He was sullen and silent; and the Earl had just asked whether it was his pleasure that the table should be cleared, when a note, delivered to the Prince, changed at once his aspect.

"As you will," he said. "I go to the pavilion in the garden,—always with permission of my Lord Constable,—to re-

ceive my late Master of the Horse."

"My lord?" said Lord Errol.

"Ay, my lord; must I ask permission twice?"

"No, surely, my lord," answered the Constable; "but has your Royal Highness recollected that Sir John Ramorny—"

"Has not the plague, I hope?" replied the Duke of Rothsay. "Come, Errol, you would play the surly turnkey; but it

is not in your nature, -farewell for half-an-hour."

"A new folly!" said Errol, as the Prince, flinging open a lattice of the ground parlor in which they sat, stepped out into the garden. "A new folly, to call back that villain to his councils. But he is infatuated."

The Prince, in the mean time, looked back, and said hastily,---

"Your lordship's good housekeeping will afford us a flask or two of wine, and a slight collation in the pavilion. I love the al fresco of the river."

The constable bowed, and gave the necessary orders; so that Sir John found the materials of good cheer readily dis played, when, landing from his barge, he entered the pavilion.

"It grieves my heart to see your Highness under restraint," said Ramorny, with a well-executed appearance of sympathy.

"That grief of thine will grieve mine," said the Prince.
"I am sure here has Errol, and a right true-hearted lord he is, so tired me with grave looks, and something like grave lessons, that he has driven me back to thee, thou reprobate, from whom, as I expect nothing good, I may perhaps obtain something entertaining.—Yet, ere we say more, it was foul work, that upon the Fastern's Even, Ramorny. I well hope thou gavest not aim to it."

"On my honor, my lord, a simple mistake of the brute Bonthron. I did but hint to him that a dry beating would be due to the fellow by whom I had lost a hand; and, lo you, my knave makes a double mistake. He takes one man for an-

other, and instead of the baton he uses the axe."

"It is well that it went no farther. Small matter for the Bonnet-maker; but I had never forgiven you had the Armorer fallen. There is not his match in Britain.—But I hope they hanged the villain high enough?"

"If thirty feet might serve," replied Ramorny.

"Pah! no more of him," said Rothsay; his wretched name makes the good wine taste of blood.—And what are the news in Perth, Ramorny?—How stands it with the bona robas

and the galliards?"

"Little galliardise stirring, my lord," answered the knight.
"All eyes are turned to the motions of the Black Douglas, who comes with five thousand chosen men to put us all to rights, as if he were bound for another Otterburn. It is said he is to be Lieutenant again. It is certain many have declared for his faction."

"It is time, then, my feet were free," said Rothsay, "otherwise I may find a worse warder than Errol."

"Ah, my lord! were you once away from this place, you

might make as bold a head as Douglas."

"Ramorny," said the Prince, gravely, "I have but a confused remembrance of your once having proposed something horrible to me. Beware of such counsel. I would be free—I would have my person at my own disposal; but I will never

levy arms against my father, nor those it pleases him to trust."

"It was only for your Royal Highness's personal freedom that I was presuming to speak," answered Ramorny. "Were I in your Grace's place, I would get me into that good boat which hovers on the Tay, and drop quietly down to Fife, where you have many friends, and make free to take possession of Falkland. It is a royal castle; and though the King has bestowed it in gift on your uncle, yet surely—even if the grant were not subject to challenge—your Grace might make free with the residence of so near a relative."

"He hath made free with mine," said the Duke; "as the Stewartry of Renfrew can tell. But stay, Ramorny—hold—Did I not hear Errol say that the Lady Marjory Douglas, whom they call Duchess of Rothsay, is at Falkland? I would neither dwell with that lady, nor insult her by dislodging her."

"The lady was there, my lord," replied Ramorny, "but I

have sure advice that she is gone to meet her father.'

"Ha! to animate the Douglas against me? or, perhaps, to beg him to spare me, providing I come on my knees to her bed, as pilgrims say the Emirs and Amirals, upon whom a Saracen Soldan bestows a daughter in marriage, are bound to do?—Ramorny, I will act by the Douglas's own saying, 'It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' I will keep both foot and hand from fetters."

"No place fitter than Falkland," replied Ramorny. "I have enough of good yeomen to keep the place; and should your Highness wish to leave it, a brief ride reaches the sea in

three directions."

"You speak well. But we shall die of gloom youder. Neither mirth, music, nor maidens—Ha!" said the heedless Prince.

"Pardon me, noble Duke; but though the Lady Marjory Douglas be departed, like an errant dame in romance, to implore succor of her doughty sire, there is, I may say, a lovelier, I am sure a younger maiden, either presently at Falkland, or who will soon be on the road thither. Your Highness has not forgotten the Fair Maid of Perth?"

"Forget the prettiest wench in Scotland!—No—any more than thou hast forgotten the hand that thou hadst in the Cur-

few Street onslaught on St. Valentine's Eve."

"The hand that I had?—Your Highness would say the

[•] Implying, that it was better to keep the forest than shut themselves up in fortified places.

hand that I lost. As certain as I shall never regain it, Catharine Glover is, or will soon be, at Falkland. I will not flatter your Highness by saying she expects to meet you—in truth, she proposes to place herself under the protection of the Lady Marjory."

"The little traitress," said the Prince—"she too to turn

against me? She deserves punishment, Ramorny."

"I trust your Grace will make her penance a gentle one," replied the Knight.

"Faith, I would have been her Father Confessor long ago,

but I have ever found her coy."

"Opportunity was lacking, my lord," replied Ramorny; "and time presses even now."

"Nay, I am but too apt for a frolic; but my father----"

"He is personally safe," said Ramorny, "and as much at freedom as ever he can be; while your Highness-"

"Must brook fetters, conjugal or literal—I know it—Yonder comes Douglas with his daughter in his hand, as haughty, and as harsh-featured as himself, bating touches of age."

"And at Falkland sits in solitude the fairest wench in Scotland," said Ramorny. "Here is penance and restraint; yonder is joy and freedom."

"Thou hast prevailed, most sage counsellor," replied Roth-

say; "but, mark you, it shall be the last of my frolics."
"I trust so," replied Ramorny; "for, when at liberty, you may make a good accommodation with your royal father.'

"I will write to him, Ramorny-Get the writing materials-

No, I cannot put my thoughts in words-do thou write."

"Your Royal Highness forgets," said Ramorny, pointing to his mutilated arm.

"Ah! that cursed hand of yours. What can we do?"

"So please your Highness," answered his counsellor, "if you would use the hand of the mediciner, Dwining-He writes like a clerk."

"Hath he a hint of the circumstances? Is he possessed of them?"

"Fully," said Ramorny; and stepping to the window, he

called Dwining from the boat.

He entered the presence of the Prince of Scotland, creeping as if he trod upon eggs, with downcast eyes, and a frame that seemed shrunk up by a sense of awe produced by the occasion.

"There, fellow, are writing materials. I will make trial of you—thou knowest the case—place my conduct to my father in a fair light."

Dwining sat down, and in a few minutes wrote a letter,

which he handed to Sir John Ramorny.

"Why, the devil has aided thee, Dwining," said the Knight. "Listen, my dear lord.—'Respected father and liege Sovereign—Know that important considerations induce me to take my departure from this your court, purposing to make my abode at Falkland, both as the seat of my dearest uncle Albany, with whom I know your Majesty would desire me to use all familiarity, and as the residence of one from whom I have been too long estranged, and with whom I haste to exchange vows of the closest affection from henceforward."

The Duke of Rothsay and Ramorny laughed aloud; and the physician, who had listened to his own scroll as if it were a sentence of death, encouraged by their applause, raised his eyes, uttered faintly his chuckling note of He! he! and was again grave and silent, as if afraid he had transgressed the bounds of reverent respect.

"Admirable!" said the Prince—"Admirable! The old man will apply all this to the Duchess, as they call her, of Rothsay.—Dwining, thou shouldst be a sceretis to his Holiness the Pope, who sometimes, it is said, wants a scribe that can make one word record two meanings. I will subscribe it, and

have the praise of the device."

"And now, my lord," said Ramorny, sealing the letter, and leaving it behind, "will you not to boat?"

"Not till my chamberlain attends, with some clothes and

necessaries—and you may call my sewer also."

"My lord," said Ramorny, "time presses, and preparation will but excite suspicion. Your officers will follow with the mails to-morrow. For to-night, I trust my poor service may suffice to wait on you at table and chamber."

"Nay, this time it is thou who forgets," said the Prince, touching the wounded arm with his walking rod. "Recollect, man, thou canst neither carve a capon nor tie a point—a goodly

sewer, or valet of the mouth!"

Ramorny grinned with rage and pain; for his wound, though in a way of healing, was still highly sensitive, and even the pointing a finger towards it made him tremble.

"Will your Highness now be pleased to take boat?"

"Not till I take leave of the Lord Constable. Rothsay must not slip away, like a thief from a prison, from the house of Errol. Summon him hither."

"My Lord Duke," said Ramorny, "it may be dangerous to

our plan."

"To the devil with danger, thy plan, and thyself!—I must and will act to Errol as becomes us both."

The Earl entered, agreeably to the Prince's summons.

"I gave you this trouble, my lord," said Rothsay, with the dignified courtesy which he knew so well how to assume, "to thank you for your hospitality and your good company. I can enjoy them no longer, as pressing affairs call me to Falkland."

"My Lord," said the Lord High Constable, "I trust your

Grace remembers that you are under ward."

"How !-- under ward! If I am a prisoner, speak plainly-

if not, I will take my freedom to depart."

"I would, my lord, your Highness would request his Majesty's permission for this journey. There will be much displeasure."

"Mean you displeasure against yourself, my lord, or against

me?"

"I have already said your Highness lies in ward here; but if you determine to break it, I have no warrant—God forbid to put force on your inclinations. I can but entreat your Highness, for your own sake——"

"Of my own interests I am the best judge-Good evening

to you, my lord."

The wilful Prince stepped into the boat with Dwining and Ramorny, and, waiting for no other attendance, Eviot pushed off the vessel, which descended the Tay rapidly by the assist-

ance of sail and oar, and of the ebb-tide.

For some space the Duke of Rothsay appeared silent and moody, nor did his companions interrupt his reflections. He raised his head at length, and said, "My father loves a jest, and when all is over, he will take this frolic at no more serious rate than it deserves—a fit of youth, with which he will deal as he has with others.—Yonder, my masters, shows the old Hold of Kinfauns, frowning above the Tay. Now, tell me, John Ramorny, how thou hast dealt to get the Fair Maid of Perth out of the hands of yonder bull-headed Provost; for Errol told me it was rumored that she was under his protection."

"Truly, she was, my lord, with the purpose of being transferred to the patronage of the Duchess—I mean of the Lady Marjory of Douglas. Now, this beetle-headed Provost, who is after all but a piece of blundering valiancy, has, like most such, a retainer of some slyness and cunning, whom he uses in all his dealings, and whose suggestions he generally considers as his own ideas. Whenever I would possess myself of a land-

ward baron, I address myself to such a confidant, who, in the present case, is called Kitt Henshaw, an old skipper upon the Tay, and who, having in his time sailed as far as Campvere, holds with Sir Patrick Charteris the respect due to one who has seen foreign countries. This his agent I have made my own; and, by his means, have insinuated various apologies, in order to postpone the departure of Catharine for Falkland."

"But to what good purpose?"

"I know not if it is wise to tell your Highness, lest you should disapprove of my views.—I meant the officers of the Commission for inquiry into heretical opinions should have found the Fair Maid at Kinfauns,—for our beauty is a peevish, self-willed swerver from the Church,—and, certes, I designed that the Knight should have come in for his share of the fines and confiscations that were about to be inflicted. The monks were eager enough to be at him, seeing he hath had frequent disputes with them about the salmon-tithe."

"But wherefore wouldst thou have ruined the Knight's fortunes, and brought the beautiful young woman to the stake,

perchance?"

"Pshaw, my Lord Duke!—Monks never burn pretty maidens. An old woman might have been in some danger; and as for my Lord Provost, as they call him, if they had clipped off some of his fat acres, it would have been some atonement for the needless brave he put on me in St. John's Church."

"Methinks, John, it was but a base revenge," said Rothsay.

"Rest ye contented, my lord. He that cannot right himself by the hand, must use his head.—Well, that chance was over by the tender-hearted Douglas's declaring in favor of tender conscience; and then, my lord, old Henshaw found no further objections to carrying the Fair Maid of Perth to Falkland,—not to share the dulness of the Lady Marjory's society, as Sir Patrick Charteris and she herself doth opine, but to keep your Highness from tiring when we return from hunting in the park."

There was again a long pause, in which the Prince seemed to muse deeply. At length he spoke.—"Ramorny, I have a scruple in this matter; but if I name it to thee, the devil of sophistry, with which thou art possessed, will argue it out of me, as it has done many others. This girl is the most beautiful, one excepted, whom I ever saw or knew, and I like her the more that she bears some features of—Elizabeth of Dunbar. But she, I mean Catharine Glover, is contracted, and presently to be wedded to Henry the Armorer, a craftsman unequalled

for skill, and a man-at-arms yet unmatched in the barrace. To follow out this intrigue would do a good fellow too much wrong."

"Your Highness will not expect me to be very solicitous of Henry Smith's interest," said Ramorny, looking at his

wounded arm.

"By Saint Andrew with his shored cross, this disaster of thine is too much harped upon, John Ramorny! Others are content with putting a finger into every man's pie, but thou must thrust in the whole gory hand. It is done, and cannot be undone—let it be forgotten."

"Nay, my lord, you allude to it more frequently than I," answered the Knight,—"in derision, it is true; while I—but

I can be silent on the subject if I cannot forget it."

"Well, then, I tell thee that I have scruple about this intrigue. Dost thou remember when we went in a frolic to hear Father Clement preach, or rather to see this fair heretic, that he spoke as touchingly as a minstrel about the rich man taking away the poor man's only ewe lamb?"

"A great matter, indeed," answered Sir John, "that this churl's wife's eldest son should be fathered by the Prince of Scotland! How many earls would covet the like fate for their fair countesses? and how many that have had such good luck

sleep not a grain the worse for it?"

"And if I might presume to speak," said the mediciner, "the ancient laws of Scotland assigned such a privilege to every feudal lord over his female vassals, though lack of spirit and love of money hath made many exchange it for gold."

"I require no argument to urge me to be kind to a pretty woman: But this Catharine has been ever cold to me," said the

Prince.

"Nay, my lord," said Ramorny, "if, young, handsome, and a Prince, you know not how to make yourself acceptable to a

fine woman, it is not for me to say more."

"And if it were not far too great audacity in me to speak again, I would say," quoth the leech, "that all Perth knows that the *Gow Chrom* never was the maiden's choice, but fairly forced upon her by her father. I know for certain that she refused him repeatedly."

"Nay, if thou canst assure me of that, the case is much altered," said Rothsay. "Vulcan was a smith as well as Harry Wynd; he would needs wed Venus, and our Chronicles tell us

what came of it."

"Then long may Lady Venus live and be worshipped," said

Sir John Ramorny; "and success to the gallant knight Mars,

who goes a wooing to her goddess-ship!"

The discourse took a gay and idle turn for a few minutes; but the Duke of Rothsay soon dropped it. "I have left," he said, "yonder air of the prison-house behind me, and yet my spirits scarce revive. I feel that drowsy, not unpleasing, yet melancholy mood, that comes over us when exhausted by exercise, or satiated with pleasure. Some music now, stealing on the ear, yet not loud enough to make us lift the eye, were a treat for the gods."

"Your Grace has but to speak your wishes, and the nymphs of the Tay are as favorable as the fair ones upon the shore.—

Hark-it is a lute."

"A lute!" said the Duke of Rothsay, listening; "it is, and rarely touched. I should remember that dying fall. Steer towards the boat from whence the music comes."

"It is old Henshaw," said Ramorny, "working up the stream.

---How, skipper!"

The boatman answered the hail, and drew up alongside of

the Prince's barge.

"Oh, ho! my old friend!" said the Prince, recognizing the figure as well as the appointments of the French glee-woman, Louise. "I think I owe thee something for being the means of thy having a fright, at least, upon St. Valentine's day. Into this boat with thee, lute, puppy dog, scrip and all—I will prefer thee to a lady's service, who shall feed thy very cur on capons and canary."

"I trust your Highness will consider "-said Ramorny.

"I will consider nothing but my pleasure, John. Pray, do thou be so complying as to consider it also."

"Is it indeed to a lady's service you would promote me?"

said the glee-maiden. "And where does she dwell?"

" At Falkland," answered the Prince.

"Oh, I have heard of that great Lady!" said Louise; "and will you indeed prefer me to your right royal consort's service?"

"I will, by my honor—whenever I receive her as such—

Mark that reservation, John," said he aside to Ramorny.

The persons who were in the boat caught up the tidings, and concluding a reconciliation was about to take place betwirt the royal couple, exhorted Louise to profit by her good fortune, and add herself to the Duchess of Rothsay's train. Several offered her some acknowledgment for the exercise of her talents.

During this moment of delay, Ramorny whispered to Dwin-

ing; "Make in, knave, with some objection. This addition is one too many. Rouse thy wits, while I speak a word with Henshaw."

"If I might presume to speak," said Dwining, "as one who have made my studies both in Spain and Arabia, I would say, my lord, that the sickness has appeared in Edinburgh, and that there may be risk in admitting this young wanderer into your Highness's vicinity."

"Ah! and what is it to thee," said Rothsay, "whether I choose to be poisoned by the pestilence or the pothecary? Must

thou too needs thwart my humor?"

While the Prince thus silenced the remonstrances of Dwining, Sir John Ramorny had snatched a moment to learn from Henshaw that the removal of the Duchess of Rothsay from Falkland was still kept profoundly secret, and that Catharine Glover would arrive there that evening or the next morning, in expectation of being taken under the noble lady's protection.

The Duke of Rothsay, deeply plunged in thought, received this intimation so coldly, that Ramorny took the liberty of remonstrating. "This, my lord," he said, "is playing the spoiled child of fortune. You wish for liberty—it comes. You wish for beauty—it awaits you, with just so much delay as to render the boon more precious. Even your slightest desires seem a law to the Fates; for you desire music when it seems most distant, and the lute and song are at your hand. These things, so sent, should be enjoyed else we are but like petted children, who break and throw from them the toys they have wept themselves sick for."

"To enjoy pleasure, Ramorny," said the Prince, "a man should have suffered pain, as it requires fasting to gain a good appetite. We, who can have all for a wish, little enjoy that all when we have possessed it. Seest thou yonder thick cloud, which is about to burst to rain? It seems to stifle me—the waters look dark and lurid—the shores have lost their beautiful

"My lord, forgive your servant," said Ramorny. "You indulge a powerful imagination, as an unskilful horseman permits a fiery steed to rear until he falls back on his master and crushes him. I pray you shake off this lethargy. Shall the glee-maiden make some music?"

"Let her—but it must be melancholy; all mirth would at ...

this moment jar on my ear."

The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French;

the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves.

ı.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

2.

Yes, lay thee down, And while thy struggling pulses flutter, Bid the gray monk his soul-mass mutter, And the deep bell its death-tone utter— Thy life is gone.

3

Be not afraid.
"Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

The Prince made no observation on the music; and the maiden, at Ramorny's beck, went on from time to time with her minstrel craft, until the evening sunk down into rain, first soft and gentle, at length in great quantities, and accompanied by a cold wind. There was neither cloak nor covering for the Prince, and he sullenly rejected that which Ramorny offered.

"It is not for Rothsay to wear your cast garments, Sir John—this melted snow, which I feel pierce me to the very marrow, I am now encountering by your fault. Why did you presume

to put off the boat without my servants and apparel?"

Ramorny did not attempt an exculpation; for he knew the Prince was in one of those humors, when to enlarge upon a grievance was more pleasing to him than to have his mouth stopped by any reasonable apology. In sullen silence, or amid unsuppressed chiding, the boat arrived at the fishing village of Newburgh. The party landed, and found horses in readiness, which indeed Ramorny had long since provided for the occasion. Their quality underwent the Prince's bitter sarcasm, expressed to Ramorny sometimes by direct words, oftener by bitter gibes. At length they were mounted, and rode on through the closing night, and the falling rain, the Prince leading the way with reckless haste. The glee-maiden, mounted by his express order, attended them; and well for her that, accustomed to severe weather, and exercise both on foot and horseback, she supported

as firmly as the men the fatigues of the nocturnal ride. Ramorny was compelled to keep at the Prince's rein, being under no small anxiety lest, in his wayward fit, he might ride off from him entirely, and, taking refuge in the house of some loyal baron, escape the snare which was spread for him. He therefore suffered inexpressibly during the ride, both in mind and in body.

At length the forest of Falkland received them, and a glimpse of the moon showed the dark and huge tower, an appendage of royalty itself, though granted for a season to the Duke of Albany. On a signal given the drawbridge fell. Torches glared in the courtyard, menials attended, and the Prince, assisted from horseback, was ushered into an apartment, where Ramorny waited on him, together with Dwining, and entreated him to take the leech's advice. The Duke of Rothsay repulsed the proposal, haughtily ordered his bed to be prepared, and having stood for some time shivering in his dank garments, beside a large blazing fire, he retired to his apartment without taking leave of any one.

"You see the peevish humor of this childish boy, now," said Ramorny to Dwining; "can you wonder that a servant who has done so much for him as I have, should be tired of

such a master?"

"No, truly," said Dwining, "that and the promised Earldom of Lindores would shake any man's fidelity. But shall we commence with him this evening? He has, if eye and cheek speak true, the foundation of a fever within him, which will make our work easy, while it will seem the effect of nature."

"It is an opportunity lost," said Ramorny; "but we must delay our blow till he has seen this beauty, Catharine Glover. She may be hereafter a witness, that she saw him in good health, and master of his own motions, a brief space before—you understand me?"

Dwining nodded assent, and added,

"There is no time lost; for there is little difficulty in blighting a flower, exhausted from having been made to bloom too soon."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Ah me l in sooth he was a shameless wight, Sore given to revel and ungodly giee; Few earthly things found favor in his sight, Save concubines and carnal companie, And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree. Byrow.

WITH the next morning the humor of the Duke of Rothsay was changed. He complained, indeed, of pain and fever, but they rather seemed to stimulate than to overwhelm him. He was familiar with Ramorny; and, though he said nothing on the subject of the preceding night, it was plain he remembered what he desired to obliterate from the memory of his followers—the ill-humor he had then displayed. He was civil to every one, and jested with Ramorny on the subject of Catharine's arrival.

"How surprised will the pretty prude be at seeing herself in a family of men, when she expects to be admitted amongst the hoods and pinners of Dame Marjory's waiting-women! Thou hast not many of the tender sex in thy household, I take it, Ramorny?"

"Faith, none—except the minstrel wench—but a household drudge or two whom we may not dispense with. By the way, she is anxiously inquiring after the mistress your Highness promised to prefer her to.—Shall I dismiss her, to hunt for her

new mistress at leisure?"

"By no means, she will serve to amuse Catharine—And, hark you, were it not well to receive that coy jillet with something of a mumming?"

"How mean you, my lord?"

"Thou art dull, man.—We will not disappoint her, since she expects to find the Duchess of Rothsay—I will be Duke and Duchess in my own person."

"Still I do not comprehend."

"No one so dull as a wit," said the Prince, "when he does not hit off the scent at once.—My Duchess, as they call her, has been in as great a hurry to run away from Falkland, as I to come hither. We have both left our apparel behind. There is as much female trumpery in the wardrobe adjoining to my sleeping-room, as would equip a whole carnival. Look you, I will play Dame Majory, disposed on this day-bed here, with a

mourning veil and a wreath of willow, to show my forsaken plight; thou, John, wilt look starch and stiff enough for her Galwegian maid of honor, the Countess Hermigild; and Dwining shall present the old Hecate, her nurse,—only she hath more beard on her upper lip than Dwining on his whole face, and skull to boot. He should have the commodity of a beard to set her forth comformably. Get thy kitchen drudges, and what passable pages thou hast with thee, to make my women of the bedroom. Hearest thou?—about it instantly."

Ramorny hasted into the anteroom, and told Dwining the

Prince's device.

"Do thou look to humor the fool," he said; "I care not how little I see him, knowing what is to be done."

"Trust all to me," said the physician, shrugging his shoulders. "What sort of a butcher is he that can cut the lamb's

throat, yet is afraid to hear it bleat?"

"Tush, fear not my constancy.—I cannot forget that he would have cast me into the cloister with as little regard as if he threw away the truncheon of a broken lance. Begone—yet stay—ere you go to arrange this silly pageant, something must be settled to impose on the thick-witted Charteris. He is like enough, should he be left in the belief that the Duchess of Rothsay is still here, and Catharine Glover in attendance on her, to come down with offers of service, and the like, when, as I need scarce tell thee, his presence would be inconvenient. Indeed, this is the more likely, that some folk have given a warmer name to the iron-headed Knight's great and tender patronage of this damsel."

"With that hint, let me alone to deal with him. I will send him such a letter, that, for this month, he shall hold himself as ready for a journey to hell as to Falkland.—Can you tell me

the name of the Duchess's confessor?"

"Waltheof, a gray friar."

"Enough—then here I start."

In a few minutes, for he was a clerk of rare celerity, Dwining

finished a letter, which he placed in Ramorny's hand.

"This is admirable, and would have made thy fortune with Rothsay—I think I should have been too jealous to trust thee in his household, save that his day is closed."

"Read it aloud," said Dwining, "that we may judge if it goes trippingly off," and Ramorny read as follows:—"By command of our high and mighty Princess Marjory, Duchess of Rothsay, and so forth, we, Waltheof, unworthy brother of the order of St. Francis, do thee, Sir Patrick Charteris, Knight of

Kinfauns, to know, that her Highness marvels much at the temerity with which you have sent to her presence a woman, of whose fame she can judge but lightly, seeing she hath made her abode, without any necessity, for more than a week in thine. own castle, without company of any other female, saving menials; of which foul cohabitation the savor is gone up through Fife, Angus, and Perthshire. Nevertheless, her Highness, considering the case as one of human frailty, hath not caused this wanton one to be scourged with nettles, or otherwise to dree penance; but as two good brethren of the convent of Lindores, the Fathers Thickscull and Dundermore, have been summoned up to the Highlands upon an especial call, her Highness hath committed to their care this maiden Catharine, with charge to convey her to her father, whom she states to be residing beside Loch Tay, under whose protection she will find a situation more fitting her qualities and habits than the Castle of Falkland, while her Highness the Duchess of Rothsay abides there. She hath charged the said reverend brothers so to deal with the young woman, as may give her a sense of the sin of incontinence, and she commendeth thee to confession and penitence.—Signed, Waltheof, by command of an high and mighty Princess"—and so forth.

When he had finished, "Excellent-excellent!" Ramorny exclaimed. "This unexpected rebuff will drive Charteris mad! He hath been long making a sort of homage to this lady, and to find himself suspected of incontinence, when he was expecting the full credit of a charitable action, will altogether confound him; and, as thou say'st, it will be long enough ere he come hither to look after the damsel, or do honor to the dame. -But away to thy pageant, while I prepare that which shall

close the pageant forever."

It was an hour before noon, when Catharine, escorted by old Henshaw and a groom of the Knight of Kinfauns, arrived before the lordly tower of Falkland. The broad banner which was displayed from it bore the arms of Rothsay, the servants who appeared wore the colors of the Prince's household, all confirming the general belief that the Duchess still resided there. Catharine's heart throbbed, for she had heard that the Duchess had the pride as well as the high courage of the house of Douglas, and felt uncertain touching the reception she was to experience. On entering the Castle, she observed that the train was smaller than she had expected, but as the Duchess lived in close retirement, she was little surprised at this. In a species of anteroom she was met by a little old woman, who

seemed bent double with age, and supported herself upon an

ebony staff.

"Truly thou art welcome, fair daughter," said she, saluting Catharine, "and, as I may say, to an afflicted house; and I trust" (once more saluting her) "thou wilt be a consolation to my precious and right royal daughter the Duchess. Sit thee down, my child, till I see whether my lady be at leisure to receive thee. Ah, my child, thou art very lovely indeed, if Our Lady hath given to thee a soul to match with so fair a body."

With that the counterfeit old woman crept into the next apartment, where she found Rothsay in the masquerading habit he had prepared, and Ramorny, who had evaded taking part

in the pageant, in his ordinary attire.

"Thou art a precious rascal, Sir Doctor," said the Prince; by my honor, I think thou couldst find in thy heart to play out the whole play thyself, lover's part and all."

"If it were to save your Highness trouble," said the leech,

with his usual subdued laugh.

"No, no," said Rothsay, "I'll never need thy help, man—and tell me now, how look I, thus disposed on the couch—languishing and ladylike, ha?"

"Something too fine-complexioned and soft-featured, for the Lady Marjory of Douglas, if I may presume to say so," said

the leech.

"Away, villain, and marshal in this fair frost-piece—fear not she will complain of my effeminacy—and thou, Ramorny, away also."

As the knight left the apartment by one door, the fictitious old woman ushered in Catharine Glover by another. The room had been carefully darkened to twilight, so that Catharine saw the apparently female figure stretched on the couch without the least suspicion.

"Is that the maiden?" asked Rothsay, in a voice naturally sweet, and now carefully modulated to a whispering tone—" Let

her approach, Griselda, and kiss our hand."

The supposed nurse led the trembling maiden forward to the side of the couch, and signed to her to kneel. Catharine did so, and kissed with much devotion and simplicity the gloved hand which the counterfeit Duchess extended to her.

"Be not afraid," said the same musical voice; "in me you only see a melancholy example of the vanity of human greatness—happy those, my child, whose rank places them beneath the storms of state."

While he spoke, he put his arms around Catharine's neck

and drew her towards him, as if to salute her in token of welcome. But the kiss was bestowed with an earnestness which so much overacted the part of the fair patroness, that Catharine, concluding the Duchess had lost her senses, screamed aloud.

"Peace, fool! it is I—David of Rothsay."

Catharine looked around her—the nurse was gone, and the Duke tearing off his veil, she saw herself in the power of a daring young libertine.

"Now be present with me Heaven!" she said; "and thou

wilt, if I forsake not myself."

As this resolution darted through her mind, she repressed her disposition to scream, and, as far as she might, strove to conceal her fear.

"The jest hath been played," she said, with as much firmness as she could assume; "may I entreat that your Highness will now unhand me?" for he still kept hold of her arm.

"Nay, my pretty captive, struggle not-why should you

fear?"

"I do not struggle, my lord. As you are pleased to detain me, I will not, by striving, provoke you to use me ill, and give pain to yourself, when you have time to think."

"Why, thou traitress, thou hast held me captive for months," said the Prince; "and wilt thou not let me hold thee for a

moment?"

"This were gallantry, my lord, were it in the streets of Perth, where I might listen or escape as I listed—it is tyranny here."

"And if I did let thee go, whither wouldst thou fly?" said Rothsay. "The bridges are up—the portcullis down—and the men who follow me are strangely deaf to a peevish maiden's squalls. Be kind, therefore, and you shall know what it is to

oblige a Prince."

"Unloose me, then, my lord, and hear me appeal from thyself to thyself—from Rothsay to the Prince of Scotland.—I am the daughter of an humble but honest citizen. I am, I may well-nigh say, the spouse of a brave and honest man. If I have given your Highness any encouragement for what you have done, it has been unintentional. Thus forewarned, I entreat you to forego your power over me, and suffer me to depart. Your Highness can obtain nothing from me, save by means equally unworthy of knighthood or manhood."

"You are bold, Catharine," said the Prince, "but neither as a knight nor a man can I avoid accepting a defiance. I

must teach you the risk of such challenges."

While he spoke, he attempted to throw his arms again around her; but she eluded his grasp, and proceeded in the same tone of firm decision.

"My strength, my lord, is as great to defend myself in an honorable strife, as yours can be to assail me with a most dishonorable purpose. Do not shame yourself and me by putting it to the combat. You may stun me with blows, or you may call aid to overpower me; but, otherwise, you will fail of your purpose."

"What a brute you would make me!" said the Prince.
"The force I would use is no more than excuses women in

yielding to their own weakness."

He sat down in some emotion.

"Then keep it," said Catharine, "for those women who desire such an excuse. My resistance is that of the most determined mind, which love of honor and fear of shame ever inspired. Alas! my lord, could you succeed, you would but break every bond between me and life-between yourself and honor. I have been trained fraudulently here, by what decoys I know not; but were I to go dishonored hence, it would be to denounce the destroyer of my happiness to every quarter of Europe. I would take the palmer's staff in my hand, and wherever chivalry is honored, or the word Scotland has been heard, I would proclaim the heir of a hundred kings, the son of the godly Robert Stewart, the heir of the heroic Bruce—a truthless, faithless man, unworthy of the crown he expects, and of the spurs he wears. Every lady in wide Europe would hold your name too foul for her lips-every worthy knight would hold you a baffled, forsworn caitiff, false to the first vow of arms, the protection of woman, and the defence of the feeble."

Rothsay resumed his seat, and looked at her with a countenance in which resentment was mingled with admiration. "You forget to whom you speak, maiden. Know the distinction I have offered you is one for which hundreds, whose trains

you are born to bear, would feel gratitude."

"Once more, my lord," resumed Catharine, "keep these favors for those by whom they are prized; or rather reserve your time and your health for other and nobler pursuits—for the defence of your country and the happiness of your subjects. Alas, my lord! how willingly would an exulting people receive you for their chief!—How gladly would they close around you, did you show desire to head them against the oppression of the mighty, the violence of the lawless, the seduction of the vicious, and the tyranny of the hypocrite!"

The Duke of Rothsay, whose virtuous feelings were as easily excited as they were evanescent, was affected by the enthusiasm with which she spoke. "Forgive me, if I have alarmed you, maiden," he said; "thou art too noble-minded to be the toy of passing pleasure, for which my mistake destined thee; and I, even were thy birth worthy of thy noble spirit and transcendent beauty, have no heart to give thee; for by the homage of the heart only should such as thou be wooed. But my hopes have been blighted, Catharine—the only woman I ever loved has been torn from me in the very wantonness of policy, and a wife imposed on me whom I must ever detest, even had she the loveliness and softness which alone can render a woman amiable in my eyes. My health is fading even in early youth; and all that is left for me is to snatch such flowers as the short passage from life to the grave will now present. Look at my hectic cheek-feel, if you will, my intermitting pulse; and pity me, and excuse me, if I, whose rights as a prince and as a man have been trampled upon and usurped, feel occasional indifference towards the rights of others, and indulge a selfish desire to gratify the wish of the passing moment."

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed Catharine, with the enthusiasm which belonged to her character—"I will call you my dear lord,—for dear must the Heir of Bruce be to every child of Scotland,—let me not, I pray, hear you speak thus! Your glorious ancestor endured exile, persecution, the night of famine, and the day of unequal combat, to free his country,—do you practise the like self-denial to free yourself. Tear yourself from those who find their own way to greatness smoothed by feeding your follies. Distrust yon dark Ramorny!—You know it not, I am sure—you could not know;—but the wretch who could urge the daughter to courses of shame by threatening the life of the aged father, is capable of all that is vile—all that is treacherous!"

"Did Ramorny do this?" said the Prince.

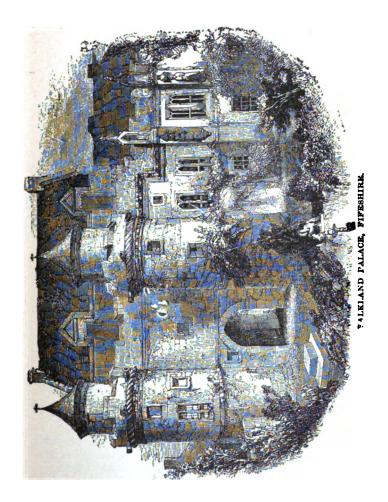
"He did indeed, my lord, and he dares not deny it."

"It shall be looked to," answered the Duke of Rothsay.
"I have ceased to love him; but he has suffered much for my sake, and I must see his services honorably requited,"

"His services !--Oh, my lord, if chronicles speak true, such services brought Troy to ruins, and gave the infidels possession

of Spain."

"Hush, maiden; speak within compass, I pray you," said the Prince, rising up. "Our conference ends here."



"Yet one word, my Lord Duke of Rothsay," said Catharine, with animation, while her beautiful countenance resembled that of an admonitory angel—"I cannot tell what impels me to speak thus boldly; but the fire burns within me, and will break out. Leave this castle without an hour's delay! the air is unwholesome for you. Dismiss this Ramorny before the day is ten minutes older! his company is most dangerous."

"What reason have you for saying this?"

"None in especial," answered Catharine, abashed at her own eagerness,—"none, perhaps; excepting my fears for your safety."

"To vague fears the Heir of Bruce must not listen.—What,

ho! who waits without?"

Ramorny entered, and bowed low to the Duke and to the maiden, whom, perhaps, he considered as likely to be preferred to the post of favorite Sultana, and, therefore, entitled to a courteous obeisance.

"Ramorny," said the Prince, "is there in the household any female of reputation, who is fit to wait on this young woman, till we can send her where she may desire to go?"

"I fear," replied Ramorny, "if it displease not your Highness to hear the truth, your household is indifferently provided in that way; and that, to speak the very verity, the glee-maiden is the most decorous amongst us."

"Let her wait upon this young person, then, since better may not be. And take patience, maiden, for a few hours."

Catharine retired.

"So, my lord,—part you so soon from the Fair Maid of Perth? This is, indeed, the very wantonness of victory."

"There is neither victory nor defeat in the case," returned the Prince, dryly. "The girl loves me not; nor do I love her well enough to torment myself concerning her scruples."

"The chaste Malcolm the Maiden revived in one of his

descendants!" said Ramorny.

"Favor me, sir, by a truce to your wit, or by choosing a different subject for its career. It is noon, I believe, and you will oblige me by commanding them to serve up dinner."

Ramorny left the room, but Rothsay thought he discovered a smile upon his countenance; and to be the subject of this man's satire, gave him no ordinary degree of pain. He sum moned, however, the knight to his table, and even admitted Dwining to the same honor. The conversation was of a lively and dissolute cast, a tone encouraged by the Prince, as if designing to counterbalance the gravity of his morals in the

morning, which Ramorny, who was read in old chronicles, had

, the boldness to liken to the continence of Scipio.

The banquet, notwithstanding the Duke's indifferent health, was protracted in idle wantonness far beyond the rules of temperance; and, whether owing simply to the strength of the wine which he drank, or the weakness of his constitution, or, as it is probable, because the last wine which he quaffed had been adulterated by Dwining, it so happened that the Prince, towards the end of the repast, fell into a lethargic sleep, from which it seemed impossible to rouse him. Sir John Ramorny and Dwining carried him to his chamber, accepting no other assistance than that of another person, whom we will afterwards give name to.

Next morning, it was announced that the Prince was taken ill of an infectious disorder; and to prevent its spreading through the household, no one was admitted to wait on him save his late Master of Horse, the physician Dwining, and the domestic already mentioned; one of whom seemed always to remain in the apartment, while the others observed a degree of precaution respecting their intercourse with the rest of the family, so strict as to maintain the belief that he was dangerously

ill of an infectious disorder.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tall thee tales
Of weeful ages, long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me.

KING RICHARD II. Act. V. Scene 1.

FAR different had been the fate of the misguided Heir of Scotland, from that which was publicly given out in the town of Falkland. His ambitious uncle had determined on his death, as the means of removing the first and most formidable barrier betwixt his own family and the throne. James, the younger son of the King, was a mere boy, who might at more leisure be easily set aside. Ramorny's views of aggrandizement, and the resentment which he had latterly entertained against his master, made him a willing agent in young Rothsay's destruction. Dwining's love of gold, and his native malignity of

disposition, rendered him equally forward. It had been resolved, with the most calculating cruelty, that all means which might leave behind marks of violence were to be carefully avoided, and the extinction of life suffered to take place of itself, by privation of every kind acting upon a frail and impaired constitution. The Prince of Scotland was not to be murdered, as Ramorny had expressed himself on another occasion,—he was only to cease to exist.

Rothsay's bedchamber in the tower of Falkland was well adapted for the execution of such a horrible project. A small narrow staircase, scarce known to exist, opened from thence by a trap-door to the subterranean dungeons of the castle, through a passage by which the feudal lord was wont to visit, in private, and in disguise, the inhabitants of those miserable regions. By this staircase the villains conveyed the insensible Prince to the lowest dungeon of the castle, so deep in the bowels of the earth, that no cries or groans, it was supposed, could possibly be heard, while the strength of its door and fastenings must for a long time have defied force, even if the entrance could have been discovered. Bonthron, who had been saved from the gallows for the purpose, was the willing agent of Ramorny's unparalleled cruelty to his misled and betrayed patron.

This wretch revisited the dungeon at the time when the Prince's lethargy began to wear off, and when, awaking to sensation, he felt himself deadly cold, unable to move, and oppressed with fetters, which scarce permitted him to stir from the dank straw on which he was laid. His first idea was, that he was in a fearful dream—his next brought a confused augury of the truth. He called, shouted—yelled at length in frenzy, -but no assistance came, and he was only answered by the vaulted roof of the dungeon. The agent of Hell heard these agonizing screams, and deliberately reckoned them against the taunts and reproaches with which Rothsay had expressed his instinctive aversion to him. When, exhausted and hopeless, the unhappy youth remained silent, the savage resolved to present himself before the eyes of his prisoner. The locks were drawn, the chain fell; the Prince raised himself as high as his fetters permitted—a red glare, against which he was fain to shut his eyes, streamed through the vault; and when he opened them again, it was on the ghastly form of one whom he had reason to think dead. He sunk back in horror. am judged and condemned!" he exclaimed; "and the most abhorred fiend in the infernal regions is sent to torment me!"

"I live, my lord," said Bonthron; "and that you may live and enjoy life, be pleased to sit up and eat your victuals."

"Free me from these irons," said the Prince,—"release me from this dungeon,—and, dog as thou art, thou shalt be the

richest man in Scotland."

"If you would give me the weight of your shackles in gold," said Bonthron, "I would rather see the iron on you than have the treasure myself!—But look up—you were wont to love delicate fare—behold how I have catered for you." The wretch, with fiendish glee, unfolded a piece of raw hide covering the bundle which he bore under his arm, and, passing the light to and fro before it, showed the unhappy Prince a bull's head recently hewn from the trunk, and known in Scotland as the certain signal of death. He placed it at the foot of the bed, or rather lair, on which the Prince lay—"Be moderate in your food," he said; "it is like to be long ere thou getst another meal."

"Tell me but one thing, wretch," said the Prince. "Does

Ramorny know of this practice?"

"How else hadst thou been decoyed hither?—Poor wood-

cock, thou art snared!" answered the murderer.

With these words the door shut, the bolts resounded, and the unhappy Prince was left to darkness, solitude, and misery. "Oh, my father!—my prophetic father!—The staff I leaned on has, indeed, proved a spear!"—We will not dwell on the subsequent hours, nay days, of bodily agony and mental despair.

But it was not the pleasure of Heaven that so great a crime

should be perpetrated with impunity.

Catharine Glover and the glee-woman, neglected by the other inmates, who seemed to be engaged with the tidings of the Prince's illness, were, however, refused permission to leave the Castle, until it should be seen how this alarming disease was to terminate, and whether it was actually an infectious sick-Forced on each other's society, the two desolate women became companions, if not friends; and the union drew somewhat closer, when Catharine discovered that this was the same female minstrel on whose account Henry Wynd had fallen under her displeasure. She now heard his complete vindication, and listened with ardor to the praises which Louise heaped on her gallant protector. On the other hand, the minstrel, who felt the superiority of Catharine's station and character, willingly dwelt upon a theme which seemed to please her, and recorded her gratitude to the stout Smith in the little song of "Bold and True," which was long a favorite in Scotland.

Oh, Bold and True,
In bonnet blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word,
Whose hand was faithful to his sword—
Seek Europe wide from sea to sea,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance-Have seen the gallant knights of France, Unrivall'd with the sword and lance— Have seen the sons of England true Wield the brown bill, and bend the yew. Search France the fair, and England free, But boany Blue-cap still for me!

In short, though Louise's disreputable occupation would have been in other circumstances an objection to Catharine's voluntarily frequenting her company, yet forced together as they now were, she found her an humble and accommodating companion.

They lived in this manner for four or five days, and, in order to avoid as much as possible the gaze, and perhaps the incivility, of the menials in the offices, they prepared their food in their own apartment. In the absolutely necessary intercourse with domestics, Louise, more accustomed to expedients, bolder by habit, and desirous to please Catharine, willingly took on herself the trouble of getting from the pantler the materials of their slender meal, and of arranging it with the dexterity of her country.

The glee-woman had been abroad for this purpose upon the sixth day, a little before noon; and the desire of fresh air, or the hope to find some salad or pot-herbs, or at least an early flower or two, with which to deck their board, had carried her into the small garden appertaining to the castle. She re-entered her apartment in the tower with a countenance pale as ashes, and a frame which trembled like an aspen-leaf. Her terror instantly extended itself to Catharine, who could hardly find words to ask what new misfortune had occurred.

" Is the Duke of Rothsay dead?"

"Worse! they are starving him alive."

"Madness, woman!"

"No, no, no, no!" said Louise, speaking under her breath, and huddling her words so thick upon each other, that Catharine could hardly catch the sense. "I was seeking for flowers to dress your pottage, because you said you loved them yesterday—my poor little dog, thrusting himself into a thicket of yew and holly bushes that grew out of some old ruins close to the

castle wall, came back whining and howling. I crept forward to see what might be the cause—and oh! I heard a groaning as of one in extreme pain, but so faint, that it seemed to arise out of the very depth of the earth. At length, I found it proceeded from a small rent in the wall, covered with ivy; and when I laid my ear close to the opening, I could hear the prince's voice distinctly say,—'It cannot now last long;' and then it sunk away in something like a prayer."

"Gracious Heaven?—did you speak to him?"

"I said, 'Is it you, my lord?' and the answer was, 'Who mocks me with that title?'—I asked him if I could help him, and he answered me with a voice I shall never forget,—'Food!—food!—I die of famine!' So I came hither to tell you.—What is to be done?—Shall we alarm the house?—"

"Alas! that were more likely to destroy than to aid him,"

said Catharine.

"And what then shall we do?" said Louise.

"I know not yet," said Catharine, prompt and bold on occasions of moment, though yielding to her companion in ingenuity of resource on ordinary occasions. "I know not yet—but something we will do—the blood of Bruce shall not die unaided."

So saying, she seized the small cruise which contained their soup, and the meat of which it was made, wrapped some thin cakes which she had baked, into the fold of her plaid, and, beckoning her companion to follow with a vessel of milk, also part of their provisions, she hastened towards the garden.

"So our fair vestal is stirring abroad?" said the only man she met, who was one of the menials; but Catharine passed on without notice or reply, and gained the little garden without

farther interruption.

Louise indicated to her a heap of ruins, which, covered with underwood, was close to the castle-wall. It had probably been originally a projection from the building; and the small fissure, which communicated with the dungeon, contrived for air, had terminated within it. But the aperture had been a little enlarged by decay, and admitted a dim ray of light to its recesses, although it could not be observed by those who visited the place with torch-light aids.

"Here is dead silence," said Catharine, after she had listened attentively for a moment.—"Heaven and earth, he is

gone!"

"We must risk something," said her companion, and ran her fingers over the strings of her guitar. A sigh was the only answer from the depth of the dungeon. Catharine then ventured to speak. "I am here, my lord—I am here, with food and drink."

"Ha! Ramorny?—The jest comes too late—I am dying,"

was the answer.

His brain is turned, and no wonder, thought Catharine; but whilst there is life, there may be hope.

"It is I, my lord, Catharine Glover-I have food, if I could

pass it safely to you."

" Heaven bless thee, maiden! I thought the pain was over,

but glows again within me at the name of food."

"The food is here, but how, ah how, can I pass it to you? the chink is so narrow, the wall is so thick! Yet there is a remedy—I have it. Quick, Louise; cut me a willow bough, the tallest you can find."

The glee-maiden obeyed, and by means of a cleft in the top of the wand, Catharine transmitted several morsels of the soft cakes, soaked in broth, which served at once for food and for drink.

The unfortunate young man ate little, and with difficulty, but prayed for a thousand blessings on the head of his comforter. "I had destined thee to be the slave of my vices," he said, "and yet thou triest to become the preserver of my life! But away, and save thyself."

"I will return with food as I shall see opportunity," said Catharine, just as the glee-maiden plucked her sleeve, and

desired her to be silent, and stand close.

Both couched among the ruins, and they heard the voices

of Ramorny and the mediciner in close conversation.

"He is stronger than I thought," said the former, in a low croaking tone. "How long held out Dalwolsy, when the Knight of Liddesdale prisoned him in his Castle of Hermitage?"

"For a fortnight," answered Dwining; "but he was a strong man, and had some assistance by grain which fell from a

granary above his prison house."*

"Were it not better end the matter more speedily? The Black Douglas comes this way. He is not in Albany's secret. He will demand to see the Prince, and all must be over ere he comes."

They passed on in their dark and fatal conversation.

Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, having irritated William Douglas, Lord of Gallowway, by obtaining the Sheriffship of Teviotdale, which the haughty baron considered due to himself, was surprised in Hawick, while exercising his office, and confined in Hermitage Castle until he died of famine in June, A.D. 1342. Godscroft (p. 75) mentions the circumstance of the grain dropping from the corn-loft.

"Now gain we the tower," said Catharine to her companion, when she saw they had left the garden. "I had a plan of escape for myself—I will turn it into one of rescue for the Prince. The dey-woman enters the Castle about vesper time, and usually leaves her cloak in the passage as she goes into the pantler's office with the milk. Take thou the cloak, muffle thyself close, and pass the warder boldly; he is usually drunken at that hour, and thou wilt go; as the dey-woman, unchallenged through gate and along bridge, if thou bear thyself with confidence. Then away to meet the Black Douglas; he is our nearest and only aid."

"But," said Louise, "is he not that terrible lord who

threatened me with shame and punishment?"

"Believe it," said Catharine, "such as thou or I never dwelt an hour in the Douglas's memory, either for good or evil. Tell him that his son-in-law, the Prince of Scotland, dies treacherously famished—in Falkland Castle, and thou wilt

merit not pardon only, but reward."

"I care not for reward," said Louise; "the deed will reward itself. But, methinks, to stay is more dangerous than to go—let me stay, then, and nourish the unhappy Prince, and do you depart to bring help. If they kill me before you return, I leave you my poor lute, and pray you to be kind to my poor Charlot."

"No, Louise," replied Catharine, "you are a more privileged and experienced wanderer than I—do you go—and if you find me dead on your return, as may well chance, give my poor father this ring, and a lock of my hair, and say, Catharine died in endeavoring to save the blood of Bruce. And give this other lock to Henry; say, Catharine thought of him to the last; and that if he has judged her too scrupulous touching the blood of others, he will then know it was not because she valued her own."

They sobbed in each other's arms; and the intervening hours till evening were spent in endeavoring to devise some better mode of supplying the captive with nourishment, and in the construction of a tube composed of hollow reeds, slipping into each other, by which liquids might be conveyed to him. The bell of the village church of Falkland tolled to vespers. The dey,* or farm-woman, entered with her pitchers, to deliver the milk for the family, and to hear and tell the news stirring. She had scarcely entered the kitchen, when the female minstrel, again throwing herself in Catharine's arms, and assuring

Hence, perhaps, dairy-woman and dairy.



CATHARINE GLOVER AND THE GLEE-MATDEN AT THE CELL.

her of her unalterable fidelity, crept in silence down stairs, the little dog under her arm. A moment after, she was seen by the breathless Catharine, wrapt in the dey-woman's cloak, and walking composedly across the drawbridge.

"So," said the warder, "you return early to-night, May Bridget? Small mirth towards in the hall—Ha, wench!—Sick

times are sad times!"

"I have forgotten my tallies," said the ready-witted Frenchwoman, "and will return in the skimming of a bowie."*

She went onward, avoiding the village of Falkland, and took a footpath which led through the park. breathed freely, and blessed God, when she saw her lost in the distance. It was another anxious hour for Catharine, which occurred before the escape of the fugitive was discovered. This happened so soon as the dey-girl, having taken an hour to perform a task which ten minutes might have accomplished. was about to return, and discovered that some one had taken away her gray frieze cloak. A strict search was set on foot; at length the women of the house remembered the glee-maiden, and ventured to suggest her as one not unlikely to exchange an old cloak for a new one. The warder, strictly questioned, averred he saw the dey-woman depart immediately after vespers; and, on this being contradicted by the party herself, he could suggest, as the only alternative, that it must needs have been the devil.

As, however, the glee-woman could not be found, the real circumstances of the case were easily guessed at; and the steward went to inform Sir John Ramorny and Dwining, who were now scarcely ever separate, of the escape of one of their female captives. Everything awakens the suspicions of the guilty. They looked on each other with faces of dismay, and then went together to the humble apartment of Catharine, that they might take her as much as possible by surprise, while they inquired into the facts attending Louise's disappearance.

"Where is your companion, young woman?" said Ramor-

ny, in a tone of austere gravity.

"I have no companion here," answered Catharine.

"Trifle not," replied the Knight; "I mean the glee-maiden, who lately dwelt in this chamber with you."

"She is gone, they tell me,"—said Catharine, "gone about an hour since."

[&]quot; i.e. A small mills-pail,-One of the sweetest couplets in Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd

⁶⁶ To bear the milk-bowie no pain was to me, When I at the buchting forgather'd wi' thee.**

"And whither?" said Dwining.

"How," answered Catharine, "should I know which way a professed wanderer may choose to travel? She was tired, no doubt, of a solitary life, so different from the scenes of feasting and dancing which her trade leads her to frequent. She is gone, and the only wonder is that she should have stayed so long."

"This, then," said Ramorny, "is all you have to tell us?"

"All that I have to tell you, Sir John," answered Catharine, firmly; "and if the Prince himself inquire, I can tell him

no more."

"There is little danger of his again doing you the honor to speak to you in person," said Ramorny, "even if Scotland should escape being rendered miserable by the sad event of his decease."

"Is the Duke of Rothsay so very ill?" asked Catharine.

"No help, save in Heaven," answered Ramorny, looking upward.

"Then may there yet be help there," said Catharine, "if

human aid prove unavailing!"

"Amen!" said Ramorny, with the most determined gravity; while Dwining adopted a face fit to echo the feeling, though it seemed to cost him a painful struggle to suppress his sneering, yet soft laugh of triumph, which was peculiarly excited by anything having a religious tendency.

"And it is men—earthly men, and not incarnate devils, who thus appeal to heaven, while they are devouring by inches the life-blood of their hapless master!" muttered Catharine, as her two baffled inquisitors left the apartment.—"Why sleeps the thunder?—But it will roll ere long, and oh! may it be to

preserve as well as to punish!"

The hour of dinner alone afforded a space, when, all in the Castle being occupied with that meal, Catharine thought she had the best opportunity of venturing to the breach in the wall, with the least chance of being observed. In waiting for the hour, she observed some stir in the Castle, which had been silent as the grave ever since the seclusion of the Duke of Rothsay. The portcullis was lowered and raised, and the creaking of the machinery was intermingled with the tramp of horse, as men-at-arms went out and returned with steeds hard-ridden and covered with foam. She observed, too, that such domestics as she casually saw from her window were in arms. All this made her heart throb high, for it augured the approach, of rescue; and besides, the bustle left the little garden more

lonely than ever. At length, the hour of noon arrived; she had taken care to provide, under pretence of her own wishes, which the pantler seemed disposed to indulge, such articles of food as could be the most easily conveyed to the unhappy captive. She whispered to intimate her presence—there was no answer—she spoke louder, still there was silence.

"He sleeps"—she muttered these words half aloud, and with a shuddering which was succeeded by a start and a scream,

when a voice replied behind her,—

"Yes, he sleeps-but it is forever."

She looked round—Sir John Ramorny stood behind her in complete armor, but the visor of his helmet was up, and displayed a countenance more resembling one about to die than to fight. He spoke with a grave tone, something between that of a calm observer of an interesting event, and of one who is an agent and partaker in it.

"Catharine," he said, "all is true which I tell you. He is dead—you have done your best for him—you can do no more."

"I will not—I cannot believe it," said Catharine. "Heaven be merciful to me! it would make one doubt of Providence, to

think so great a crime has been accomplished."

"Doubt not of Providence, Catharine, though it has suffered the profligate to fall by his own devices. Follow me—I have that to say which concerns you. I say follow" (for she hesitated), "unless you prefer being left to the mercies of the brute Bonthron, and the mediciner Henbane Dwining."

"I will follow you," said Catharine. "You cannot do

more to me than you are permitted."

He led the way into the tower, and mounted staircase after

staircase, and ladder after ladder.

Catharine's resolution failed her. "I will follow no farther," she said. "Whither would you lead me?—If to my death, I

"Only to the battlements of the castle, fool," said Ramorny, throwing wide a barred door which opened upon the vaulted roof of the castle, where men were bending mangonels, as they called them (military engines, that is, for throwing arrows or stones), getting ready cross-bows, and piling stones together. But the defenders did not exceed twenty in number, and Catha-

rine thought she could observe doubt and irresolution amongst them.

can die here."

"Catharine," said Ramorny, "I must not quit this station, which is necessary for my defence; but I can speak with you here as well as elsewhere."

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"Say on," answered Catharine.—"I am prepared to hear you."

"You have thrust yourself, Catharine, into a bloody secret.

Have you the firmness to keep it?"

" I do not understand you, Sir John," answered the maiden.

"Look you. I have slain—murdered, if you will—my late master, the Duke of Rothsay. The spark of life which your kindness would have fed was easily smothered. His last words called on his father. You are faint—bear up—you have more to hear. You know the crime, but you know not the provocation. See! this gauntlet is empty—I lost my right hand in his cause; and when I was no longer fit to serve him, I was cast off like a worn-out hound, my loss ridiculed, and a cloister recommended, instead of the halls and palaces in which I had my natural sphere! Think on this—pity and assist me."

"In what manner can you require my assistance?" said the trembling maiden; "I can neither repair your loss, nor cancel

your crime."

"Thou canst be silent, Catharine, on what thou hast seen and heard in yonder thicket. It is but a brief oblivion I ask of you, whose word will, I know, be listened to, whether you say such things were or were not. That of your mountebank companion, the foreigner, none will hold to be of a pin-point's value. If you grant me this, I will take your promise for my security, and throw the gate open to those who now approach it. If you will not promise silence, I defend this Castle till every one perishes, and I fling you headlong from these battlements. Ay, look at them—it is not a leap to be rashly braved. Seven courses of stairs brought you up hither, with fatigue and shortened breath; but you shall go from the top to the bottom in briefer time than you can breathe a sigh!—Speak the word, fair maid; for you speak to one unwilling to harm you, but determined in his purpose."

Catharine stood terrified, and without power of answering a man who seemed so desperate; but she was saved the necessity of reply by the approach of Dwining. He spoke with the same humble congés which at all times distinguished his manner, and with his usual suppressed ironical sneer, which gave that

manner the lie.

"I do you wrong, noble sir, to intrude on your valiancy when engaged with a fair damsel. But I come to ask a trifling question."

"Speak, tormentor!" said Ramorny; "ill news are sport

to thee even when they affect thyself, so that they concern others also."

"Hem!—he, he!—I only desired to know if your knight-hood proposed the chivalrous task of defending the Castle with your single hand—I crave pardon—I meant your single arm? The question is worth asking; for I am good for little to aid the defence, unless you could prevail on the besiegers to take physic—He, he, he!—and Bonthron is as drunk as ale and strong waters can make him—and you, he, and I, make up the whole garrison who are disposed for resistance."

"How !-Will the other dogs not fight?" said Ramorny.

"Never saw men who showed less stomach to the work," answered Dwining, "never.—But here come a brace of them—Venit extrema dies.—He, he, he!"

Eviot and his companion Buncle now approached, with sullen resolution in their faces, like men who had made their minds up to resist that authority which they had so long obeyed.

"How now!" said Ramorny, stepping forward to meet them.
"Wherefore from your posts? —Why have you left the barbican, Eviot?—And you other fellow, did I not charge you to look to the mangonels?"

"We have something to tell you, Sir John Ramorny,"

answered Eviot. "We will not fight in this quarrel."

"How!—my own squires control me?" exclaimed Ramorny.
"We were your squires and pages, my lord, while you were master of the Duke of Rothsay's household—It is bruited about

the Duke no longer lives—we desire to know the truth."

"What traitor dares spread such falsehoods?" said Ramorny.

"All who have gone out to skirt the forest, my lord, and I myself among others, bring back the same news. The minstrel woman who left the Castle yesterday has spread the report everywhere, that the Duke of Rothsay is murdered, or at death's door. The Douglas comes on us with a strong force——"

"And you, cowards, take advantage of an idle report to

forsake your master?" said Ramorny, indignantly.

"My lord," said Eviot, "let Buncle and myself see the Duke of Rothsay, and receive his personal orders for defence of this Castle, and if we do not fight to the death in that quarrel, I will consent to be hanged on its highest turret. But if he be gone by natural disease, we will yield up the Castle to the Earl of Douglas, who is, they say, the King's Lieutenant—Or if,—which Heaven forefend!—the noble Prince has had foul play, we will not involve ourselves in the guilt of using arms in defence of the murderers, be they who they will."

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"Eviot," said Ramorny, raising his mutilated arm, "had not that glove been empty, thou hadst not lived to utter two words of this insolence."

"It is as it is," answered Eviot, "and we do but our duty. I have followed you long, my lord, but here I draw bridle."

"Farewell, then, and a curse light on all of you!" exclaimed the incensed Baron. "Let my horse be brought forth!"

"Our Valiancy is about to run away," said the mediciner, who had crept close to Catharine's side before she was aware. "Catharine, thou art a superstitious fool, like most women; nevertheless, thou hast some mind, and I speak to thee as one of more understanding than the buffaloes which are herding about us. These haughty Barons who over-stride the world. what are they in the day of adversity?—chaff before the wind. Let their sledge-hammer hands, or their column-resembling legs, have injury, and bah !-- the men-at-arms are gone-heart and courage is nothing to them, lith and limb everything—give them animal strength, what are they better than furious bulls? take that away, and your hero of chivalry lies grovelling like the brute when he is hamstrung. Not so the Sage; while a grain of sense remains in a crushed or mutilated frame, his mind shall be strong as ever.—Catharine, this morning I was practising your death; but methinks I now rejoice that you may survive, to tell how the poor mediciner, the pill-gilder, the mortar-pounder, the poison-vender, met his fate, in company with the gallant Knight of Ramorny, Baron in possession, and Earl of Lindores in expectation.—God save his lordship!"

"Old man," said Catharine, "if thou be indeed so near the day of thy deserved doom, other thoughts were far wholesomer than the vain-glorious ravings of a vain philosophy.—Ask to see a holy man——"

"Yes," said Dwining, scornfully, "refer myself to a greasy monk, who does not—he! he! he!—understand the barbarous Latin he repeats by rote. Such would be a fitting counsellor to one who has studied both in Spain and Arabia! No, Catharine, I will choose a confessor that is pleasant to look upon, and you shall be honored with the office.—Now, look yonder at his Valiancy—his eyebrow drops with moisture, his lip trembles with agony; for his Valiancy—he! he! he!—is pleading for his life with his late domestics, and has not eloquence enough to persuade them to let him slip. See how the fibres of his face work as he implores the ungrateful brutes, whom he has heaped with obligations, to permit him to get such a start for his life as the hare has from the greyhounds

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when men course her fairly. Look also at the sullen, downcast, dogged faces, with which, fluctuating between fear and shame, the domestic traitors deny their lord this poor chance for his life. These things thought themselves the superior of a man like me! and you, foolish wench, think so meanly of your Deity, as to suppose wretches like them are the work of Omnipotence!"

"No! man of evil, no!" said Catharine, warmly; "the God I worship created these men with the attributes to know and adore him, to guard and defend their fellow-creatures, to practise holiness and virtue. Their own vices, and the temptations of the Evil One, have made them such as they now are. Oh. take the lesson home to thine own heart of adamant! Heaven made thee wiser than thy fellows, gave thee eyes to look into the secrets of nature, a sagacious heart, and a skilful hand; but thy pride has poisoned all these fair gifts, and made an ungodly Atheist of one who might have been a Christian sage!"

"Atheist, sayst thou?" answered Dwining; "perhaps I have doubts on that matter—but they will be soon solved Yonder comes one who will send me, as he has done thousands,

to the place where all mysteries shall be cleared."

Catharine followed the mediciner's eye up one of the forest glades, and beheld it occupied by a body of horsemen advancing at full gallop. In the midst was a pennon displayed, which, though its bearings were not visible to Catharine, was by a murmur around acknowledged as that of the Black Douglas. They halted within arrow-shot of the Castle, and a herald with two trumpets advanced up to the main portal, where, after a loud flourish, he demanded admittance for the high and dreaded Archibald Earl of Douglas, Lord Lieutenant of the King, and acting for the time with the plenary authority of his Majesty; commanding, at the same time, that the inmates of the Castle should lay down their arms, all under penalty of high treason.

"You hear?" said Eviot to Ramorny, who stood sullen and undecided. "Will you give orders to render the Castle, or

must I---

"No, villain!" interrupted the Knight, "to the last I will command you. Open the gates, drop the bridge, and render the castle to the Douglas."

"Now, that's what may be called a gallant exertion of free will," said Dwining. "Just as if the pieces of brass, that were screaming a minute since, should pretend to called those notes their own, which are breathed through them by a frowsy trumpeter."

"Wretched man!" said Catharine, "either be silent, or turn thy thoughts to the eternity, on the brink of which thou

art standing."

"And what is that to thee?" answered Dwining. "Thou canst not, wench, help hearing what I say to thee, and thou wilt tell it again, for thy sex cannot help that either. Perth and all Scotland shall know what a man they have lost in Henbane Dwining!"

The clash of armor now announced that the new comers had dismounted and entered the Castle, and were in the act of disarming the small garrison. Earl Douglas himself appeared on the battlements, with a few of his followers, and signed to them to take Ramorny and Dwining into custody. Others dragged from some nook the stupefied Bonthron.

"It was to these three that the custody of the Prince was solely committed, during his alleged illness?" said the Douglas, prosecuting an inquiry which he had commenced in the hall of

the Castle.

"No other saw him, my lord," said Eviot, "though I

offered my services."

"Conduct us to the Duke's apartment, and bring the prisoners with us.—Also, there should be a female in the Castle, if she hath not been murdered or spirited away,—the companion of the glee-maiden, who brought the first alarm."

"She is here, my lord," said Eviot, bringing Catharine for-

ward

Her beauty, and her agitation, made some impression even

upon the impassible Earl.

"Fear nothing, maiden," he said; "thou hast deserved both praise and reward. Tell to me, as thou wouldst confess to Heaven, the things thou hast witnessed in this Castle."

Few words served Catharine to unfold the dreadful story.

"It agrees," said the Douglas, "with the tale of the glee-maiden, from point to point.—Now, show us the Prince's

apartment."

They passed to the room which the unhappy Duke of Rothsay had been supposed to inhabit; but the key was not to be found, and the Earl could only obtain entrance by forcing the door. On entering, the wasted and squalid remains of the unhappy Prince were discovered, flung on the bed as if in haste. The intention of the murderers had apparently been to arrange the dead body so as to resemble a timely parted corpse, but they had been disconcerted by the alarm occasioned by the escape of Louise. Douglas looked on the

body of the misguided youth, whose wild passions and caprices had brought him to this fatal and premature catastrophe—

"I had wrongs to be redressed," he said; "but to see such

a sight as this banishes all remembrance of injury!"

"He! he!—It should have been arranged," said Dwining, "more to your omnipotence's pleasure; but you came suddenly

on us, and hasty masters make slovenly service."

Douglas seemed not to hear what his prisoner said, so closely did he examine the wan and wasted features, and stiffened limbs, of the dead body before him. Catharine, overcome by sickness and fainting, at length obtained permission to retire from the dreadful scene, and, through confusion of every description, found her way to her former apartment, where she was locked in the arms of Louise, who had returned in the interval.

The investigations of Douglas proceeded. The dying hand of the Prince was found to be clenched upon a lock of hair, resembling in color and texture the coal-black bristles of Bonthron. Thus, though famine had begun the work, it would seem that Rothsay's death had been finally accomplished by violence. The private stair to the dungeon, the keys of which were found at the subaltern assassin's belt,—the situation of the vault, its communication with the external air by the fissure in the walls, and the wretched lair of straw, with the fetters which remained there,—fully confirmed the story of Catharine and of the glee-woman.

"We will not hesitate an instant," said the Douglas to his near kinsman, the Lord Balveny, as soon as they returned from the dungeon. "Away with the murderers! hang them over

the battlements."

"But, my lord, some trial may be fitting," answered Bal-

veny.

"To what purpose?" answered Douglas. "I have taken them red-hand; my authority will stretch to instant execution. Yet stay—have we not some Jedwood men in our troop?"

"Plenty of Turnbulls, Rutherfords, Ainslies, and so forth,"

said Balveny.

"Call me an inquest of these together; they are all good men and true, saving a little shifting for their living. Do you see to the execution of these felons, while I hold a court in the great hall, and we'll try whether the jury or the Provost-marshal do their work first; we will have Jedwood justice,—hang in haste, and try at leisure."

"Yet stay, my lord," said Ramorny; "you may rue your

haste.—Will you grant me a word out of ear-shot?"

"Not for worlds," said Douglas; "speak out what thou

hast to say before all that are here present."

"Know all then," said Ramorny, aloud, "that this noble Earl had letters from the Duke of Albany and myself, sent him by the hand of yon cowardly deserter, Buncle—let him deny it if he dare,—counselling the removal of the Duke for a space from court, and his seclusion in this Castle of Falkland."

"But not a word," replied Douglas, sternly smiling, "of his being flung into a dungeon—famished—strangled.—Away with the wretches, Balveny; they pollute God's air too long."

The prisoners were dragged off to the battlements. But while the means of execution were in the act of being prepared, the apothecary expressed so ardent a desire to see Catharine once more, and, as he said, for the good of his soul, that the maiden, in hopes his obduracy might have undergone some change, even at the last hour, consented again to go to the battlements, and face a scene which her heart recoiled from. A single glance showed her Bonthron, sunk in total and drunken insensibility; Ramorny stripped of his armor, endeavoring in vain to conceal fear, while he spoke with a priest, whose good offices he had solicited; and Dwining, the same humble, obsequious-looking, crouching individual she had always known him. He held in his hand a little silver pen, with which he had been writing on a scrap of parchment.

"Catharine," he said—"he, he, he!—I wish to speak to thee on the nature of my religious faith."

"If such be thy intention, why lose time with me?-Speak

with this good father."

"The good father," said Dwining, "is—he, he!—already a worshipper of the deity whom I have served. I therefore prefer to give the altar of mine idol a new worshipper in thee, Catharine. This scrap of parchment will tell thee how to make your way into my chapel, where I have worshipped so often in safety. I leave the images which it contains to thee as a legacy, simply because I hate and contemn thee something less than any of the absurd wretches whom I have hitherto been obliged to call fellow-creatures. And now away!—or remain and see if the end of the quacksalver belies his life."

"Our Lady forbid!" said Catharine.

"Nay," said the mediciner, "I have but a single word to say, and yonder nobleman's valiancy may hear it if he will"

Lord Balveny approached, with some curiosity; for the undaunted resolution of a man who never wieldedsword or bore armor, and was in person a poor dwindled dwarf, had to him an air of something resembling sorcery.

"You see this trifling implement," said the criminal, showing the silver pen. "By means of this I can escape the power

even of the Black Douglas."

"Give him no ink nor paper," said Balveny, hastily; "he...

will draw a spell."

"Not so, please your wisdom and valiancy—he, he, he!"—said Dwining, with his usual chuckle, as he unscrewed the top of the pen, within which was a piece of sponge, or some such substance, no bigger than a pea. "Now, mark this"—said the prisoner, and drew it between his lips. The effect was instantaneous. He lay a dead corpse before them, the contemptuous sneer still on his countenance.

Catharine shrieked and fled, seeking, by a hasty descent, an escape from a sight so appalling. Lord Balveny was for a moment stupefied, and then exclaimed, "This may be glamour! hang him over the battlements, quick or dead. If his foul spirit hath only withdrawn for a space, it shall return to a

body with a dislocated neck."

His commands were obeyed. Ramorny and Bonthron were then ordered for execution. The last was hanged before he seemed quite to comprehend what was designed to be done with him. Ramorny, pale as death, yet with the same spirit of pride which had occasioned his ruin, pleaded his knighthood, and demanded the privilege of dying by decapitation by the

sword, and not by the noose.

"The Douglas never alters his doom," said Balveny. "But thou shalt have all thy rights.—Send the cook hither with a cleaver." The menial whom he called appeared at his summons. "What shakest thou for, fellow?" said Balveny; "here, strike me this man's gilt spurs from his heels with thy cleaver—And now, John Ramorny, thou art no longer a knight, but a knave—To the halter with him, provost marshal! hang him betwixt his companions, and higher than them if it may be."

In a quarter of an hour afterwards, Balveny descended to

tell the Douglas that the criminals were executed.

"Then there is no further use in the trial," said the Earl. "How say you, good men of inquest, were these men guilty of high-treason—ay or no?"

"Guilty," exclaimed the obsequious inquest, with edifying unanimity; "we need no farther evidence."

"Sound trumpets, and to horse then, with our own train only; and let each man keep silence on what has chanced here, until the proceedings shall be laid before the King, which cannot conveniently be till the battle of Palm Sunday shall be fought and ended. Select our attendants, and tell each man who either goes with us or remains behind, that he who prates dies."

In a few minutes the Douglas was on horseback, with the followers selected to attend his person. Expresses were sent to his daughter, the widowed Duchess of Rothsay, directing her to take her course to Perth, by the shores of Lochleven, without approaching Falkland, and committing to her charge Catharine Glover and the glee-woman, as persons whose safety he tendered.

As they rode through the forest, they looked back, and beheld the three bodies hanging, like specks darkening the walls of the old castle.

"The hand is punished," said Douglas; "but who shall arraign the head by whose direction the act was done!"

"You mean the Duke of Albany?" said Balveny.

"I do, kinsman; and were I to listen to the dictates of my heart, I would charge him with the deed, which I am certain he has authorized. But there is no proof of it beyond strong suspicion, and Albany has attached to himself the numerous friends of the house of Stewart, to whom, indeed, the imbecility of the King, and the ill-regulated habits of Rothsay, left no other choice of a leader. Were I, therefore, to break the band which I have so lately formed with Albany, the consequence must be civil war, an event ruinous to poor Scotland, while threatened by invasion from the activity of the Percy, backed by the treachery of March. No, Balveny—the punishment of Albany must rest with Heaven, which, in its own good time, will execute judgment on him and on his house."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

The hour is nigh: now hearts beat high; Each sword is sharpen'd well: And who dares die, who stoops to fly, To-morrow's light shall tell.

SIR EDWALD.

We are now to recall to our reader's recollection, that Simon Glover and his fair daughter had been hurried from their residence without having time to announce to Henry Smith, either their departure or the alarming cause of it. When, therefore, the lover appeared in Curfew Street, on the morning of their flight, instead of the hearty welcome of the honest burgher, and the April reception, half joy half censure, which he had been promised on the part of his lovely daughter, he received only the astounding intelligence, that her father and she had set off early, on the summons of a stranger, who had kept himself carefully muffled from observation. To this, Dorothy, whose talents for forestalling evil, and communicating her views of it, are known to the reader, chose to add, that she had no doubt her master and young mistress were bound for the Highlands, to avoid a visit which had been made since their departure, by two or three apparitors, who, in the name of a Commission appointed by the King, had searched the house. put seals upon such places as were supposed to contain papers. and left citations for father and daughter to appear before the Court of Commission on a day certain, under pain of outlawry. All these alarming particulars Dorothy took care to state in the gloomiest colors, and the only consolation which she afforded the alarmed lover was, that her master had charged her to tell him to reside quietly at Perth. and that he should soon hear news of them. This checked the Smith's first resolve, which was to follow them instantly to the Highlands, and partake the fate which they might encounter.

But when he recollected his repeated feuds with divers of the Clan Quhele, and particularly his personal quarrel with Conachar, who was now raised to be a high chief, he could not but think, on reflection, that his intrusion on their place of retirement was more likely to disturb the safety which they might otherwise enjoy there, than be of any service to them. He was well acquainted with Simon's habitual intimacy with

the Chief of the Clan Quhele, and justly augured that the Glover would obtain protection, which his own arrival might be likely to disturb, while his personal prowess could little avail him in a quarrel with a whole tribe of vindictive mountaineers. At the same time his heart throbbed with indignation, when he thought of Catharine being within the absolute power of young Conachar, whose rivalry he could not doubt, and who had now so many means of urging his suit. What if the young Chief should make the safety of the father depend on the favor of the daughter? He distrusted not Catharine's affections: but then her mode of thinking was so disinterested, and her attachment to her father so tender, that, if the love she bore her suitor was weighed against his security, or perhaps his life, it was matter of deep and awful doubt whether it might not be found light in the balance. Tormented by thoughts on which we need not dwell, he resolved nevertheless to remain at home, stifle his anxiety as he might, and await the promised intelligence from the old man.—It came, but it did not relieve his concern.

Sir Patrick Charteris had not forgotten his promise to communicate to the Smith the plans of the fugitives. But amid the bustle occasioned by the movement of troops, he could not himself convey the intelligence. He therefore intrusted to his agent, Kitt Henshaw, the task of making it known. But this worthy person, as the reader knows, was in the interest of Ramorny, whose business it was to conceal from every one, but especially from a lover so active and daring as Henry, the real place of Catharine's residence. Henshaw therefore aunounced to the anxious Smith, that his friend the Glover was secure in the Highlands; and though he affected to be more reserved on the subject of Catharine, he said little to contradict the belief, that she as well as Simon shared the protection of the Clan But he reiterated, in the name of Sir Patrick, assurances that father and daughter were both well, and that Henry would best consult his own interest and their safety, by remaining quiet, and waiting the course of events.

With an agonized heart, therefore, Henry Gow determined to remain quiet till he had more certain intelligence, and employed himself in finishing a shirt of mail, which he intended should be the best tempered, and the most finely polished that his skilful hands had ever executed. This exercise of his craft pleased him better than any other occupation which he could have adopted, and served as an apology for secluding himself in his workshop, and shunning society, where the idle reports which

were daily circulated, served only to perplex and disturb him. He resolved to trust in the warm regard of Simon, the faith of his daughter, and the friendship of the Provost, who, having so highly commended his valor in the combat with Bonthron, would never, he thought, desert him at this extremity of his fortunes. Time, however, passed on day by day; and it was not till Palm Sunday was near approaching that Sir Patrick Charteris, having entered the city to make some arrangements for the ensuing combat, bethought himself of making a visit to the Smith of the Wynd.

He entered his workshop with an air of sympathy unusual to him, and which made Henry instantly augur that he brought bad news. The Smith caught the alarm, and the uplifted hammer was arrested in its descent upon the heated iron, while the agitated arm that wielded it, strong before as that of a giant, became so powerless, that it was with difficulty Henry was able to place the weapon on the ground, instead of drop-

ping it from his hand.

"My poor Henry," said Sir Patrick, "I bring you but cold news—they are uncertain, however; and if true, they are such as a brave man like you should not take too deeply to heart."

"In God's name, my lord," said Henry, "I trust you bring

no evil news of Simon Glover or his daughter?"

"Touching themselves," said Sir Patrick, "no; they are safe and well. But as to thee, Henry, my tidings are more cold. Kitt Henshaw has, I think, apprised thee that I had endeavored to provide Catharine Glover with a safe protection in the house of an honorable lady, the Duchess of Rothsay. But she hath declined the charge; and Catharine hath been sent to her father in the Highlands. What is worst is to come. Thou mayst have heard that Gilchrist MacIan is dead, and that his son Eachin, who was known in Perth as the apprentice of old Simon, by the name of Conachar, is now the Chief of Clan Ouhele; and I heard from one of my domestics, that there is a strong rumor among the MacIans, that the young Chief seeks the hand of Catharine in marriage. My domestic learned this (as a secret, however) while in the Breadalbane country, on some arrangements touching the ensuing combat. The thing is uncertain; but, Henry, it wears a face of likelihood."

"Did your lordship's servant see Simon Glover and his daughter?" said Henry, struggling for breath, and coughing, to conceal from the Provost the excess of his agitation.

"He did not," said Sir Patrick; "the Highlanders seemed

jealous, and refused to permit him to speak to the old man, and he feared to alarm them by asking to see Catharine. Besides, he talks no Gaelic, nor had his informer much English, so there may be some mistake in the matter. Nevertheless, there is such a report, and I thought it best to tell it you. But you may be well assured, that the wedding cannot go on till the affair of Palm Sunday be over; and I advise you to take no step till we learn the circumstances of the matter, for certainty is most desirable, even when it is painful.—Go you to the Council-House," he added, after a pause, "to speak about the preparations for the lists in the North Inch? You will be welcomed there."

"No, my good lord."

"Well, Smith, I judge by your brief answer, that you are discomposed with this matter; but after all, women are weathercocks, that is the truth on't. Solomon and others have proved it before you."

And so Sir Patrick Charteris retired, fully convinced he had discharged the office of a comforter in the most satisfac-

tory manner.

With very different impressions did the unfortunate lover regard the tidings, and listen to the consoling commentary.

"The Provost," he said bitterly to himself, "is an excellent man; marry, he holds his knighthood so high, that if he speaks nonsense, a poor man must hold it sense, as he must praise dead ale if it be handed to him in his lordship's silver flagon. How would all this sound in another situation? Suppose I were rolling down the steep descent of the Corrichie Dhu, and before I came to the edge of the rock, comes my Lord Provost, and cries, 'Henry, there is a deep precipice, and I grieve to say you are in the fair way of rolling over it. But be not downcast, for Heaven may send a stone or a bush to stop your progress. However, I thought it would be comfort to you to know the worst, which you will be presently aware of. I do not know how many hundred feet deep the precipice descends, but you may form a judgment when you are at the bottom, for certainty is certainty. And hark ye, when come you to take a game at bowls?' And this gossip is to serve instead of any friendly attempt to save the poor wight's neck! When I think of this, I could go mad, seize my hammer, and break and destroy all around me. But I will be calm; and if this Highland kite, who calls himself a falcon, should stoop at my turtledove, he shall know whether a burgess of Perth can draw a bow or not."

It was now the Thursday before the fated Palm Sunday, and the champions on either side were expected to arrive the next day, that they might have the interval of Saturday to rest. refresh themselves, and prepare for the combat. Two or three of each of the contending parties were detached to receive directions about the encampment of their little band, and such other instructions as might be necessary to the proper ordering Henry was not, therefore, surprised at seeing a of the field. tall and powerful Highlander peering anxiously about the wynd in which he lived, in the manner in which the natives of a wild country examine the curiosities of one that is more civilized. The Smith's heart rose against the man, on account of his country, to which our Perth burgher bore a natural prejudice, and more especially as he observed the individual wear the plaid peculiar to the Clan Quhele. The sprig of oak leaves, worked in silk, intimated also that the individual was one of those personal guards of young Eachin, upon whose exertions in the future battle so much reliance was placed by those of their clan.

Having observed so much, Henry withdrew into his smithy, for the sight of the man raised his passion; and knowing that the Highlander came plighted to a solemn combat, and could not be the subject of any inferior quarrel, he was resolved at least to avoid friendly intercourse with him. In a few minutes, however, the door of the smithy flew open, and, fluttering in his tartans, which greatly magnified his actual size, the Gael entered with the haughty step of a man conscious of a personal dignity superior to anything which he is likely to meet with. He stood looking around him, and seemed to expect to be received with courtesy, and regarded with wonder. But Henry had no sort of inclination to indulge his vanity, and kept hammering away at a breastplate, which was lying upon his anvil, as if he were not aware of his visitor's presence.

"You are the Gow Chrom?" (the bandy-legged smith,) said

the Highlander.

"Those that wish to be crook-backed call me so," answered Henry.

"No offence meant," said the Highlander; "but her own

self comes to buy an armor."

"Her own self's bare shanks may trot hence with her," answered Henry,—"I have none to sell."

"If it was not within two days of Palm Sunday, herself would make you sing another song," retorted the Gael.

"And being the day it is," said Henry, with the same

contemptuous indifference, "I pray you to stand out of my light."

"You are an uncivil person; but her own self is fir nan ord too; and she knows the smith is fiery when the iron is hot."

"If her nainsell be hammer-man hersell, her nainsell may

make her nain harness," replied Henry.

"And so her nainsell would, and never fash you for the matter; but it is said, Gow Chrom, that you sing and whistle tunes over the swords and harnishes that you work, that have power to make the blades cut steel-links as if they were paper, and the plate and mail turn back steel lances as if they were boddle prins?"

"They tell your ignorance any nonsense that Christian men refuse to believe," said Henry. "I whistle at my work whatever comes uppermost, like an honest craftsman, and commonly it is the Highlandman's 'Och hone for Houghmanstares!'

My hammer goes naturally to that tune."

"Friend, it is but idle to spur a horse when his legs are hamshackled," said the Highlander, haughtily. "Her own self cannot fight even now, and there is little gallantry in taunting her thus."

"By nails and hammer, you are right there," said the Smith, altering his tone. "But speak out at once, friend, what is it thou wouldst have of me? I am in no humor for dallying."

"A hauberk for her Chief, Eachin MacIan," said the High-

lander.

"You are a hammerman, you say? Are you a judge of this?" said our Smith, producing from a chest the mail shirt

on which he had been lately employed.

The Gael handled it with a degree of admiration which had something of envy in it. He looked curiously at every part of its texture, and at length declared it the very best piece of armor that he had ever seen.

"A hundred cows and bullocks, and a good drift of sheep, would be e'en ower cheap an offer," said the Highlandman, by way of tentative; "but her nainsell will never bid thee less,

come by them how she can."

"It is a fair proffer," replied Henry; "but gold nor gear will never buy that harness. I want to try my own sword on my own armor; and I will not give that mail-coat to any one. but who will face me for the best of three blows and a thrust in the fair field; and it is your Chief's upon these terms."

"Hut, prut, man-take a drink and go to bed," said the

A man of the hammer

† Note U. Houghmanstares.



Highlander, in great scorn. "Are ye mad? Think ye the Captain of the Clan Quhele will be brawling and battling with a bit Perth burgess body like you? Whisht, man, and hearken, Her nainsell will do ye mair credit than ever belonged to your kin. She will fight you for the fair harness hersell."

"She must first show that she is my match," said Henry,

with a grim smile.

"How! I, one of Eachin MacIan's Leichtach, and not your match!"

"You may try me, if you will. You say you are a fir nan ord—Do you know how to cast a sledge-hammer?"

"Ay, truly—ask the eagle if he can fly over Ferragon."

"But before you strive with me, you must first try a cast with one of my Leichtach.—Here, Dunter, stand forth for the honor of Perth!—And now, Highlandman, there stands a row of hammers—choose which you will, and let us to the garden."

The Highlander, whose name was Norman nan Ord, or Norman of the Hammer, showed his title to the epithet by selecting the largest hammer of the set, at which Henry smiled. Dunter, the stout journeyman of the Smith, made what was called a prodigious cast; but the Highlander, making a desperate effort, threw beyond it by two or three feet, and looked with an air of triumph to Henry, who again smiled in reply.

"Will you mend that?" said the Gael, offering our Smith

the hammer.

"Not with that child's toy," said Henry, "which has scarce weight to fly against the wind.—Janniken, fetch me Samson; or one of you help the boy, for Samson is somewhat ponderous."

The hammer now produced was half as heavy again as that which the Highlander had selected as one of unusual weight. Norman stood astonished; but he was still more so when Henry, taking his position, swung the ponderous implement far behind his right haunch joint, and dismissed it from his hand as if it had flown from a warlike engine. The air groaned and whistled as the mass flew through it. Down at length it came, and the iron head sunk a foot into the earth, a full yard beyond the cast of Norman.

The Highlander, defeated and mortified, went to the spot where the weapon lay, lifted it, poised it in his hand with great wonder, and examined it closely, as if he expected to discover more in it than a common hammer. He at length returned it to the owner with a melancholy smile, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, as the Smith asked him whether he would not mend his cast.

"Norman has lost too much at the sport already," he replied. "She has lost her own name of the Hammerer. But does her ownself, the *Gow Chrom*, work at the anvil with that

horse's load of iron?"

"You shall see, brother," said Henry, leading the way to the smithy. "Dunter," he said, "rax me that bar from the furnace;" and uplifting Samson, as he called the monstrous hammer, he plied the metal with a hundred strokes from right to left—now with the right hand, now with the left, now with both, with so much strength at once and dexterity, that he worked off a small but beautifully proportioned horseshoe in half the time that an ordinary smith would have taken for the same purpose, using a more manageable implement.

"Oigh, oigh!" said the Highlander, "and what for would you be fighting with our young Chief, who is far above your standard, though you were the best smith ever wrought with

wind and fire?"

"Hark you!" said Henry—"You seem a good fellow, and I'll tell you the truth. Your master has wronged me, and I give him the harness freely for the chance of fighting him myself."

"Nay, if he hath wronged you, he must meet you," said the life-guardsman. "To do a man wrong takes the eagle's feather out of the Chief's bonnet; and were he the first in the Highlands, and to be sure so is Eachin, he must fight the man he has wronged, or else a rose falls from his chaplet."

"Will you move him to this," said Henry, "after the fight

on Sunday?"

"Oh, her nainsell will do her best, if the hawks have not got her nainsell's bones to pick; for you must know, brother, that Clan Chattan's claws pierce rather deep."

"The armor is your Chief's on that condition," said Henry; but I will disgrace him before the King and Court if he does

not pay me the price."

"Deil a fear, deil a fear; I will bring him in to the barrace

myself," said Norman, "assuredly."

"You will do me a pleasure," replied Henry; "and that you may remember your promise, I will bestow on you this dirk. Look—If you hold it truly, and can strike between the mail-hood and the collar of your enemy, the surgeon will be needless."

The Highlander was lavish in his expressions of gratitude,

and took his leave.

"I have given him the best mail harness I ever wrought,"

said the Smith to himself, rather repenting his liberality, "for the poor chance that he will bring his Chief into a fair field with me; and then let Catharine be his who can win her fairly. But much I dread the youth will find some evasion, unless he have such luck on Palm Sunday as may induce him to try another combat. That is some hope, however; for I have often, ere now, seen a raw young fellow shoot up, after his first fight, from a dwarf into a giant-queller."

Thus, with little hope, but with the most determined resolution, Henry Smith awaited the time that should decide his fate. What made him augur the worst, was the silence both of the Glover and of his daughter. They are ashamed, he said, to

confess the truth to me, and therefore they are silent.

Upon the Friday at noon, the two bands of thirty men each, representing the contending Clans, arrived at the several points

where they were to halt for refreshments.

The Clan Quhele was entertained hospitably at the rich Abbey of Scone, while the Provost regaled their rivals at his Castle of Kinfauns; the utmost care being taken to treat both parties with the most punctilious attention, and to afford neither an opportunity of complaining of partiality. All points of etiquette were, in the meanwhile, discussed and settled by the Lord High Constable Errol, and the young Earl of Crawford, the former acting on the part of the Clan Chattan, and the latter patronizing the Clan Quhele. Messengers were passing continually from one Earl to the other, and they held more than six meetings within thirty hours, before the ceremonial of the field could be exactly arranged.

Meanwhile, in case of revival of ancient quarrels, many seeds of which existed betwixt the burghers and their mountain neighbors, a proclamation commanded the citizens not to approach within half-a-mile of the place where the Highlanders were quartered; while on their part the intended combatants were prohibited from approaching Perth without special license. Troops were stationed to enforce this order, who did their charge so scrupulously as to prevent Simon Glover himself, burgess and citizen of Perth, from approaching the town, because he owned having come thither at the same time with the champions of Eachin MacIan, and wore a plaid around him of their check or pattern. This interruption prevented Simon from seeking out Henry Wynd, and possessing him with a true knowledge of all that had happened since their separation, which intercourse, had it taken place, must have materially altered the catastrophe of our narrative.

On Saturday afternoon another arrival took place, which interested the city almost as much the preparations for the expected combat. This was the approach of the Earl Douglas, who rode through the town with a troop of only thirty horse, but all of whom were knights and gentlemen of the first consequence. Men's eyes followed this dreaded peer as they pursue the flight of an eagle through the clouds, unable to ken the course of the bird of Jove, yet silent, attentive, and as earnest in observing him, as if they could guess the object for which he sweeps through the firmament. He rode slowly through the city, and passed out of the northern gate. He next alighted at the Dominican Convent, and desired to see the Duke of Albany. The Earl was introduced instantly, and received by the Duke with a manner which was meant to be graceful and conciliatory, but which could not conceal both art and inquietude. When the first greetings were over, the Earl said with great gravity, "I bring you melancholy news. Your Grace's royal Nephew, the Duke of Rothsay, is no more, and I fear hath perished by some foul practices."

"Practices!" said the Duke, in confusion, "what practices?
—who dared practice on the heir of the Scottish throne?"

"'Tis not for me to state how these doubts arise," said Douglas—"but men say the eagle was killed with an arrow fledged from his own wing, and the oak trunk bent by a wedge of the same wood."

"Earl of Douglas," said the Duke of Albany, "I am no reader of riddles."

"Nor am I a propounder of them," said Douglas, haughtily. "Your Grace will find particulars in these papers worthy of perusal. I will go for half-an-hour to the cloister garden,* and then rejoin you."

"You go not to the King, my lord?" said Albany.

"No," answered Douglas; "I trust your Grace will agree with me that we should conceal this great family misfortune from our Sovereign till the business of to-morrow be decided."

"I willingly agree," said Albany. "If the King heard of this loss, he could not witness the combat; and if he appear not in person, these men are likely to refuse to fight, and the whole work is cast loose. But I pray you sit down, my lord, while I read these melancholy papers respecting poor Rothsay."

He passed the papers through his hands, turning some over with a hasty glance, and dwelling on others as if their contents had been of the last importance. When he had spent nearly a

^{*} Note V. Gardens of the Dominicans.

quarter of an hour in this manner, he raised his eyes, and said very gravely, "My lord, in these most melancholy documents, it is yet a comfort to see nothing which can renew the divisions in the King's councils, which were settled by the last solemn agreement between your lordship and myself. My unhappy nephew was by that agreement to be set aside, until Time should send him a graver judgment. He is now removed by Fate, and our purpose in that matter is anticipated and rendered unnecessary."

"If your Grace," replied the Earl, "sees nothing to disturb the good understanding which the tranquillity and safety of Scotland require should exist between us, I am not so ill a

friend of my country as to look closely for such."

"I understand you, my Lord of Douglas," said Albany, eagerly. "You hastily judged that I should be offended with your lordship for exercising your powers of Lieutenancy, and punishing the detestable murderers within my territory of Falkland. Credit me, on the contrary, I am obliged to your lordship for taking out of my hands the punishment of these wretches, as t would have broken my heart even to have looked on them. The Scottish Parliament will inquire, doubtless, into this pacrilegious deed; and happy am I that the avenging sword has been in the hand of a man so important as your lordship. Our communication together, as your lordship must well recollect, bore only concerning a proposed restraint of my unfortunate mephew, until the advance of a year or two had taught him discretion?"

"Such was certainly your Grace's purpose, as expressed to

ne," said the Earl; "I can safely avouch it."

"Why, then, noble Earl, we cannot be censured, because villains, for their own revengeful ends, appear to have engrafted a bloody termination on our honest purpose?"

"The Parliament will judge it after their wisdom," said

Douglas. "For my part, my conscience acquits me."

"And mine assoilizes me," said the Duke with solemnity.

"Now, my lord, touching the custody of the boy James,* who succeeds to his father's claims of inheritance?"

"The King must decide it," said Douglas, impatient of the conference. "I will consent to his residence anywhere save at

Stirling, Doune, or Falkland."

With that he left the apartment abruptly.

"He is gone," muttered the crafty Albany "and he must

Second son of Robert III., brother of the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay, and afterwards King James I. of Scotland.

be my ally—yet feels himself disposed to be my mortal foe. No matter—Rothsay sleeps with his fathers—James may fol low in time, and then—a crown is the recompense of my perplexities."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

Thretty for thretty faucht in Barreris,
At Sanct Johnstoun on a day besyde the Black Freris.

WYNTOUN.

PALM SUNDAY now dawned. At an earlier period of the Christian Church, the use of any of the days of Passion Week for the purpose of combat, would have been accounted a profanity worthy of excommunication. The Church of Rome, to her infinite honor, had decided that during the holy season of Easter, when the redemption of man from his fallen state was accomplished, the sword of war should be sheathed, and angry monarchs should respect the season termed the Truce of God. The ferocious violence of the latter wars betwixt Scotland and England had destroyed all observance of this decent and religious ordinance. Very often the most solemn occasions were chosen by one party for an attack, because they hoped to find the other engaged in religious duties, and unprovided for defence. Thus the truce, once considered as proper to the season, had been discontinued; and it became not unusual even to select the sacred festivals of the Church for decision of the trial by combat, to which this intended contest bore a considerable resemblance.

On the present occasion, however, the duties of the day were observed with the usual solemnity, and the combatants themselves took share in them. Bearing branches of yew in their hands, as the readiest substitute for palm-boughs, they marched respectively to the Dominican and Carthusian convents, to hear High Mass, and, by a show at least of devotion, to prepare themselves for the bloody strife of the day. Great care had of course been taken, that, during this march, they should not even come within the sound of each other's bagpipes; for it was certain that, like game-cocks exchanging mutual notes of defiance, they would have sought out and attacked each other before they arrived at the place of combat.

The citizens of Perth crowded to see the unusual proces-

sion on the streets, and thronged the churches where the two clans attended their devotions, to witness their behavior, and to form a judgment from their appearance which was most likely to obtain the advantage in the approaching conflict. Their demeanor in the church, although not habitual frequenters of places of devotion, was perfectly decorous; and notwithstanding their wild and untamed dispositions, there were few of the mountaineers who seemed affected either with curiosity or wonder. They appeared to think it beneath their dignity of character to testify either curiosity or surprise at many things which were probably then presented to them for the first time.

On the issue of the combat, few even of the most competent judges dared venture a prediction; although the great size of Torquil and his eight stalwart sons, induced some who professed themselves judges of the thews and sinews of men, to incline to ascribe the advantage to the party of the Clan Quhele. The opinion of the female sex was much decided by the handsome form, noble countenance, and gallant demeanor of Eachin MacIan. There were more than one who imagined they had recollection of his features; but his splendid military attire rendered the humble Glover's apprentice unrecognizable

in the young Highland Chief, saving by one person.

That person, as may well be supposed, was the Smith of the Wynd, who had been the foremost in the crowd that thronged to see the gallant champions of Clan Quhele. It was with mingled feelings of dislike, jealousy, and something approaching to admiration, that he saw the Glover's apprentice stripped of his mean slough, and blazing forth as a chieftain, who, by his quick eye and gallant demeanor, the noble shape of his brow and throat, his splendid arms and well-proportioned limbs, seemed well worthy to hold the foremost rank among men selected to live or die for the honor of their race. The Smith could hardly think that he looked upon the same passionate boy, whom he had brushed off as he might a wasp that stung him, and, in mere compassion, forbore to despatch by treading on him.

"He looks it gallantly with my noble hauberk," thus muttered Henry to himself, "the best I ever wrought. Yet if he and I stood together where there was neither hand to help nor eye to see, by all that is blessed in this holy church, the good harness should return to its owner! All that I am worth would I give for three fair blows on his shoulders to undo my own best work; but such happiness will never be mine. If he

escape from the conflict, it will be with so high a character for courage, that he may well disdain to put his fortune, in its freshness, to the risk of an encounter with a poor burgess like myself. He will fight by his champion, and turn me over to my fellow-craftsman the Hammerer, when all I can reap will be the pleasure of knocking a Highland bullock on the head. If I could but see Simon Glover!—I will to the other church in quest of him, since for sure he must have come down from the

Highlands."

The congregation was moving from the Church of the Dominicans, when the Smith formed this determination, which he endeavored to carry into speedy execution, by thrusting through the crowd as hastily as the solemnity of the place and occasion would permit. In making his way through the press, he was at one instant carried so close to Eachin that their eyes encountered. The Smith's hardy and embrowned countenance colored up like the heated iron on which he wrought, and retained its dark-red hue for several minutes. Eachin's features glowed with a brighter blush of indignation, and a glance of fiery hatred was shot from his eyes. But the sudden flush died away in ashy paleness, and his gaze instantly avoided the unfriendly but steady look with which it was encountered.

Torquil, whose eye never quitted his foster-son, saw his emotion, and looked anxiously around to discover the cause. But Henry was already at a distance, and hastening on his way to the Carthusian Convent. Here also the religious service of the day was ended; and those who had so lately borne palms in honor of the great event which brought peace on earth, and goodwill to the children of men, were now streaming to the place of combat; some prepared to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, or to lose their own; others to view the deadly strife, with the sayage delight which the Heathens took in the

contests of their gladiators.

The crowd was so great, that any other person might well have despaired of making way through it. But the general deference entertained for Henry of the Wynd, as the Champion of Perth, and the universal sense of his ability to force a passage, induced all to unite in yielding room for him, so that he was presently quite close to the warriors of the Clan Chattan. Their pipers marched at the head of their column. Next followed the well-known banner, displaying a mountain cat rampant, with the appropriate caution—"Touch not the cat but (i.e. without) the glove." The chief followed with his two-handed sword advanced, as if to protect the emblem of the

tribe. He was a man of middle stature, more than fifty years old, but betraying, neither in features nor form, any decay of strength, or symptoms of age. His dark-red close-curled locks were in part checkered by a few grizzled hairs, but his step and gesture were as light, in the dance, in the chase, or in the battle, as if he had not passed his thirtieth year. His gray eye gleamed with a wild light, expressive of valor and ferocity mingled; but wisdom and experience dwelt on the expression of his forehead, eyebrows, and lips. The chosen champions followed by two and two. There was a cast of anxiety on several of their faces, for they had that morning discovered the absence of one of their appointed number; and, in a contest so desperate as was expected, the loss seemed a matter of importance to all save to their high-mettled Chief, MacGillie Chattanach.

"Say nothing to the Saxons of his absence," said this bold leader, when the diminution of his force was reported to him. "The false Lowland tongues might say that one of Clan Chattan was a coward, and perhaps that the rest favored his escape, in order to have a pretence to avoid the battle. I am sure that Ferquhard Day will be found in the ranks ere we are ready for battle; or, if he should not, am not I man enough for two of the Clan Quhele? or would we not fight them fifteen to thirty, rather than lose the renown that this day will bring us?"

The tribe received the brave speech of their leader with applause, yet there were anxious looks thrown out in hopes of espying the return of the deserter; and perhaps the Chief himself was the only one of the determined band who was totally

indifferent on the subject.

They marched on through the streets without seeing any thing of Ferquhard Day, who, many a mile beyond the mountains, was busied in receiving such indemnification as successful love could bestow for the loss of honor. MacGillie Chattanach marched on without seeming to observe the absence of the deserter, and entered upon the North Inch, a beautiful and level plain, closely adjacent to the city, and appropriated to the martial exercises of the inhabitants.

The plain is washed on one side by the deep and swelling Tay. There was erected within it a strong palisade, enclosing on three sides a space of one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy-four yards in width. The fourth side of the lists was considered as sufficiently fenced by the river. An amphitheatre for the accommodation of spectators surrounded the

palisade, leaving a large space free to be occupied by armed men on foot and horseback, and for the more ordinary class of spectators. At the extremity of the lists which was nearest to the city there was a range of elevated galleries for the King and his courtiers, so highly decorated with rustic treillage, intermingled with gilded ornaments, that the spot retains to this day the name of the Golden, or Gilded Arbor.

The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle-tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe, advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers, who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their

places by their respective brattachs.

The multitude received both bands with the same general shout, with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be ad mitted to the interior. A strong body of men-at-arms guarded either access; and the Earl Marshal at the one, and the Lord High Constable at the other, carefully examined each individual, to see whether he had the appropriate arms, being steel cap, mail-shirt, two-handed sword, and dagger. They also examined the numbers of each party; and great was the alarm among the multitude, when the Earl of Errol held up his hand and cried,—"Ho!—The combat cannot proceed, for the Clan Chattan lack one of their number."

"What reck of that?" said the young Earl of Crawford;

"they should have counted better ere they left home."

The Earl Marshal, however, agreed with the Constable, that the fight could not proceed until the inequality should be removed; and a general apprehension was excited in the assembled multitude, that after all the preparation there would be no battle.

Of all present, there were only two perhaps who rejoiced at the prospect of the combat being adjourned; and these were, the Captain of the Clan Quhele, and the tender-hearted King Robert. Meanwhile the two Chiefs, each attended by a special friend and adviser, met in the midst of the lists, having, to assist them in determining what was to be done, the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Constable, the Earl of Crawford, and Sir Patrick Charteris. The Chief of the Clan Chattan declared himself willing and desirous of fighting upon the spot, without

regard to the disparity of numbers.

"That," said Torquil of the Oak, "Clan Quhele will never consent to. You can never win honor from us with the sword, and you seek but a subterfuge, that you may say when you are defeated, as you know you will be, that it was for want of the number of your band fully counted out. But I make a proposal—Ferquhard Day was the youngest of your band, Eachin MacIan is the youngest of ours—we will set him aside in place of the man who has fled from the combat."

"A most unjust and unequal proposal," exclaimed Toshach Beg, the second, as he might be termed, of MacGillie Chattanach. "The life of the Chief is to the Clan the breath of our nostrils, nor will we ever consent that our Chief shall be exposed to dangers which the Captain of Clan Quhele does not share."

Torquil saw with deep anxiety that his plan was about to fail, when the objection was made to Hector's being withdrawn from the battle; and he was meditating how to support his proposal, when Eachin himself interfered. His timidity, it must be observed, was not of that sordid and selfish nature which induces those who are infected by it calmly to submit to dishonor rather than risk danger. On the contrary, he was morally brave, though constitutionally timid, and the shame of avoiding the combat became at the moment more powerful than the fear of facing it.

"I will not hear," he said, "of a scheme which will leave my sword sheathed during this day's glorious combat. If I am young in arms, there are enough of brave men around me,

whom I may imitate if I cannot equal."

He spoke these words in a spirit which imposed on Torquil,

and perhaps on the young Chief himself.

"Now, God bless his noble heart!" said the foster-father to himself. "I was sure the foul spell would be broken through, and that the tardy spirit which besieged him would fly at the sound of the pipe, and the first flutter of the Brattach!"

"Hear me, Lord Marshal," said the Constable. "The hour of combat may not be much longer postponed, for the day approaches to high noon. Let the Chief of Clan Chattan take the half-hour which remains, to find, if he can, a substitute for this deserter; if he cannot, let them fight as they stand."

"Content I am," said the Marshal, "though, as none of his

own clan are nearer than fifty miles, I see not how MacGillie

Chattanach is to find an auxiliary."

"That is his business," said the High Constable; "but if he offers a high reward, there are enough of stout yeomen surrounding the lists, who will be glad enough to stretch their limbs in such a game as is expected. I myself, did my quality and charge permit, would blithely take a turn of work amongst these wild fellows, and think it fame won."

They communicated their decision to the Highlanders, and the Chief of the Clan Chattan replied,—"You have judged impartially and nobly, my lords, and I deem myself obliged to follow your direction.—So make proclamation, heralds, that if any one will take his share with Clan Chattan of the honors and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in my ranks."

"You are something chary of your treasure, Chief," said the Earl Marshal; "a gold crown is poor payment for such a cam-

paign as is before you."

"If there be any man willing to fight for honor," replied MacGillie Chattanach, "the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draws his sword for gold alone."

The heralds had made their progress, moving half-way round the lists, stopping from time to time, to make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highlanders, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None showed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd, as he stood without the barrier, speaking from time to time with Bailie Craigdallie, or rather listening vaguely to what the magistrate was saying to him.

"Ha! what proclaim they?" he cried out.

"A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach," said the Host of the Griffin, "who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn wild cat for the day, and be killed a little in his service! That's all."

"How?" exclaimed the Smith, eagerly; "Do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?"

"Ay, marry do they," said Griffin; "but I think they will find no such fools in Perth."

He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the Smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, willing to do

battle on the part of the Clan Chattan.

A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while tase grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry's behavior, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The Provost was especially shocked.

"Thou art mad," he said, "Henry! Thou hast neither

two-handed sword nor shirt of mail."

"Truly no," said Henry, "for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay Chief of the Clam Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy's brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one."

"This must not be," said Errol. "Hark thee, armorer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good

Spanish sword."

"I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay; but the yoke with which your brave ancestor turned the battle at Loncarty, would serve my turn well enough. I am little used to sword or harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being

cracked, or the other lay on without snapping."

The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude. and passed into the town, that the dauntless Smith was about to fight without armor, when, just as the fated hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a female was heard screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. The widow of Oliver Proudfute was soon recognized, and the arms which she bore were those of the Smith himself, which, occupied by her husband on the fatal evening when he was murdered, had been naturally conveyed to his house with the dead body, and were now, by the exertions of his grateful widow, brought to the lists at a moment when such proved weapons were of the last consequence to their owner. joyfully received the well-known arms, and the widow with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, "God for the champion of the widow and orphan, and ill luck to all who come before him!"

Confident at feeling himself in his well-proved armor,

Henry shook himself as if to settle the steel shirt around him. and unsheathing the two-handed sword, made it flourish over his head, cutting the air through which it whistled in the form of the figure eight, with an ease and sleight of hand, that proved how powerfully and skilfully he could wield the ponderous weapon. The champions were now ordered to march in their turns around the lists, crossing so as to avoid meeting each other, and making obeisance as they passed the Golden Arbor where the King was seated.

While this course was performing, most of the spectators were again curiously comparing the stature, limbs, and sinews of the two parties, and endeavoring to form a conjecture as to the probable issue of the combat. The feud of a hundred years, with all its acts of aggression and retaliation, was con centrated in the bosom of each combatant. Their countenances seemed fiercely writhen into the wildest expression of pride, hate, and a desperate purpose of fighting to the very last.

The spectators murmured a joyful applause, in high-wrought expectation of the bloody game. Wagers were offered and accepted both on the general issue of the conflict, and on the feats of particular champions. The clear, frank, and elated look of Henry Smith, rendered him a general favorite among the spectators, and odds, to use the modern expression, were taken, that he would kill three of his opponents before he him-Scarcely was the Smith equipped for the combat, when the commands of the Chiefs ordered the champions into their places; and at the same moment Henry heard the voice of Simon Glover issuing from the crowd, who were now silent with expectation, and calling on him, "Harry Smith, Harry Smith, what madness hath possessed thee?"

"Ay, he wishes to save his hopeful son-in-law, that is, or is to be, from the Smith's handling," was Henry's first thoughthis second was to turn and speak with him-and his third, that he could on no pretext desert the band which he had joined, or even seem desirous to delay the fight, consistently

with honor.

He turned himself, therefore, to the business of the hour. Both parties were disposed by the respective Chiefs in three lines, each containing ten men. They were arranged with such intervals between each individual, as offered him scope to wield his sword, the blade of which was five feet long, not including the handle. The second and third lines were to come up as reserves, in case the first experienced disaster.

On the right of the array of Clan Quhele, the Chief, Eachin MacIan, placed himself in the second line betwixt two of his foster brothers. Four of them occupied the right of the first line, whilst the father and two others protected the rear of the beloved chieftain. Torquil, in particular, kept close behind, for the purpose of covering him. Thus Eachin stood in the centre of nine of the strongest men of his band, having four especial defenders in front, one on each hand, and three in his rear.

The line of the Clan Chattan was arranged in precisely the same order, only that the Chief occupied the centre of the middle rank, instead of being on the extreme right. This induced Henry Smith, who saw in the opposing bands only one enemy, and that was the unhappy Eachin, to propose placing himself on the left of the front rank of the Clan Chattan. But the leader disapproved of this arrangement; and having reminded Henry that he owed him obedience, as having taken wages at his hand, he commanded him to occupy the space in the third line, immediately behind himself, a post of honor, certainly, which Henry could not decline, though he accepted of it with reluctance.

When the clans were thus drawn up opposed to each other, they intimated their feudal animosity, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, which, uttered by the Clan Quhele, was answered and echoed back by the Clan Chattan, the whole at the same time shaking their swords, and menacing each other, as if they meant to conquer the imagination of their op-

ponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.

At this trying moment, Torquil, who had never feared for himself, was agitated with alarm on the part of his Dault, yet consoled by observing that he kept a determined posture; and that the few words which he spoke to his clan were delivered boldly, and well calculated to animate them to combat, as expressing his resolution to partake their fate in death or victory. But there was no time for further observation. The trumpets of the King sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together in the centre of the ground, as a furious land torrent encounters an advancing tide.

For an instant or two the front lines, hewing at each other with their long swords, seemed engaged in a succession of single combats; but the second and third ranks soon came up on either side, actuated alike by the eagerness of hatred and

the thirst of honor, pressed through the intervals, and rendered the scene a tumultuous chaos, over which the huge swords rose and sunk, some still glittering, others streaming with blood. appearing, from the wild rapidity with which they were swayed rather to be put in motion by some complicated machinery, than to be wielded by human hands. Some of the combatants too much crowded together to use those long weapons, had already betaken themselves to their poniards, and endeavored to get within the sword sweep of those opposed to them. the mean time, blood flowed fast, and the groans of those who fell began to mingle with the cries of those who fought; for, according to the manner of the Highlanders at all times, they could hardly be said to shout, but to yell. Those of the spectators, whose eyes were best accustomed to such scenes of blood and confusion, could nevertheless discover no advantage vet acquired by either party. The conflict swaved, indeed, at different intervals, forwards or backwards, but it was only in momentary superiority, which the party who acquired it almost instantly lost by a corresponding exertion on the other side. The wild notes of the pipers were still heard above the tumult, and stimulated to farther exertions the fury of the combatants.

At once, however, and as if by mutual agreement, the instruments sounded a retreat; it was expressed in wailing notes, which seemed to imply a dirge for the fallen. The two parties disengaged themselves from each other, to take breath for a few minutes. The eyes of the spectators greedily surveyed the shattered array of the combatants as they drew off from the contest, but found it still impossible to decide which had sustained the greater loss. It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists; but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away) showed more wounded men than the Clan Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chin, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, showed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The Chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his body-guard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when old Torquil, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings.

The two Chiefs, atter allowing their followers to breathe for the space of about ten minutes, again drew up in their files, diminished by nearly one-third of their original number. They now chose their ground nearer to the river than that on which they had formerly encountered, which was encumbered with the wounded and the slain. Some of the former were observed, from time to time, to raise themselves to gain a glimpse of the field, and sink back, most of them to die from the effusion of blood which poured from the terrific gashes inflicted by the claymore.

Harry Smith was easily distinguished by his Lowland habit, as well as his remaining on the spot where they had first encountered, where he stood leaning on a sword beside a corpse, whose bonneted head, carried to ten yards' distance from the body by the force of the blow which had swept it off, exhibited the oak-leaf, the appropriate ornament of the body-guard of Eachin MacIan. Since he slew this man, Henry had not struck a blow, but had contented himself with warding off many that were dealt at himself, and some which were aimed at the Chief. MacGillie Chattanach became alarmed, when, having given the signal that his men should again draw together, he observed that his powerful recruit remained at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them.

"What ails thee, man?" said the Chief. "Can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come and make in

to the combat."

"You as good as called me hireling but now," replied Henry
—"If I am such," pointing to the headless corpse, "I have
done enough for my day's wage."

"He that serves me without counting his hours," replied

the Chief, "I reward him without reckoning wages."

"Then," said the Smith, "I fight as a volunteer, and in the

post which best likes me."

"All that is at your own discretion," replied MacGillie Chattanach, who saw the prudence of humoring an auxiliary of such promise.

"It is enough," said Henry; and shouldering his heavy weapon, he joined the rest of the combatants with alacrity, and placed himself opposite to the Chief of the Clan Quhele.

It was then, for the first time, that Eachin showed some uncertainty. He had long looked up to Henry as the best combatant which Perth and its neighborhood could bring into the lists. His hatred to him as a rival was mingled with recollection of the ease with which he had once, though unarmed, foiled him

own sudden and desperate attack; and when he beheld him with his eyes fixed in his direction, the dripping sword in his hand, and obviously meditating an attack on him individually, his courage fell, and he gave symptoms of wavering, which did

not escape his foster-father.

It was lucky for Eachin that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to conceive the idea of one of his own tribe, much less of his Chief and foster-son, being deficient in animal courage. Could he have imagined this, his grief and rage might have driven him to the fierce extremity of taking Eachin's life, to save him from staining his honor. But his mind rejected the idea that his Dault was a personal coward, as something which was monstrous and unnatural. That he was under the influence of enchantment, was a solution which superstition had suggested, and he now anxiously, but in a whisper, demanded of Hector, "Does the spell now darken thy spirit, Eachin?"

"Yes, wretch that I am," answered the unhappy youth;

"and yonder stands the fell enchanter!"

"What!" exclaimed Torquil, "and you wear harness of his making?—Norman, miserable boy, why brought you that accursed mail?"

"If my arrow has flown astray, I can but shoot my life after it," answered Norman-nan-Ord.--" Stand firm, you shall see me

break the spell."

"Yes, stand firm," said Torquil. "He may be a fell enchanter; but my own ear has heard, and my own tongue has told, that Eachin shall leave the battle whole, free and unwounded—let us see the Saxon wizard who can gainsay that. He may be a strong man, but the fair forest of the oak shall fall, stock and bough, ere he lay a finger on my Dault. Ring around him, my sons,—Bas air son Eachin!"

The sons of Torquil shouted back the words, which signify,

"Death for Hector."

Encouraged by their devotion, Eachin renewed his spirit, and called boldly to the minstrels of his clan, "Seid suas," that

is, Strike up.

The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly than at first, as men who knew and respected each other's valor. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman, however, sprang forward to cover his foster-brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, as if both parties were will-

ing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropped the long and cumbrous weapon, leapt lightly over the Smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and, being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, "You taught me the stab!"

But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended forever. Even as

it was, he was slightly wounded.

"Fool!" he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger backwards, "you were taught the thrust, but not the parry;" and fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young Chief, who now stood open before him.

But the sonorous voice of Torquil thundered out, "Far eil air son Eachin!" (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren who flanked their Chief on each side, thrust forward upon Henry, and, striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive.

"Forward, race of the Tiger Cat!" cried MacGillie Chattanach; "save the brave Saxon; let these kites feel your talons!"

Already much wounded, the Chief dragged himself up to the Smith's assistance, and cut down one of the *Leichtach*, by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other.

"Reist air son Eachin /" (Again for Hector), shouted the faithful foster-father.

"Bas air son Eachin!" (Death for Hector,) answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the fury of the Smith and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valor, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan Chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the neces-

sity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their Chief told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the Chief's body-guard, including Torquil himself.

They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to increase. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through or exterminating the band of bold hearts who continued to light around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of, "Another for Hector!" was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign, "Death for Hector!" and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to

another pause.

The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk, through exhaustion, into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost.

The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood,

and less encumbered with the bodies of the slain.

"For God's sake—for the sake of the mercy which we daily pray for," said the kind-hearted old King to the Duke of A!-bany, "let this be ended! Wherefore should these wretched rags and remnants of humanity be suffered to complete their butchery?—Surely they will now be ruled, and accept of peace on moderate terms?"

"Compose yourself, my liege," said his brother. "These men are the pest of the Lowlands. Both Chiefs are still living—if they go back unharmed, the whole day's work is cast away. Remember your promise to the council, that you would not cry hold."

"You compel me to a great crime, Albany, both as a King, who should protect his subjects, and as a Christian man, who

respects the brother of his faith."

"You judge wrong, my lord," said the Duke; "these are not loving subjects, but disobedient rebels, as my Lord of Crawford can bear witness; and they are still less Christian men, for the Prior of the Dominicans will vouch for me, that they are more than half heathen."

The King sighed deeply. "You must work your pleasure, and are too wise for me to contend with. I can but turn away, and shut my eyes from the sights and sounds of a carnage which makes me sicken. But well I know that God will punish me for even witnessing this waste of human life."

"Sound, trumpets," said Albany; "their wounds will stiffen

if they dally longer."

While this was passing, Torquil was embracing and encour-

aging his young Chief.

"Resist the witchcraft but a few minutes longer! Be of good cheer—you will come off without either scar or scratch, wem or wound. Be of good cheer!"

"How can I be of good cheer," said Eachin, "while my brave kinsmen have one by one died at my feet?—died all for me, who could never deserve the least of their kindness!"

"And for what were they born save to die for their Chief?" said Torquil, composedly "Why lament that the arrow returns not to the quiver, providing it hit the mark? Cheer up yet—Here are Tormot and I but little hurt, while the wild-cats drag themselves through the plain as if they were half-throttled by the terriers—Yet one brave stand, and the day shall be your own, though it may well be that you alone remain alive.—

Minstrels, sound the gathering!"

The pipers on both sides blew their charge, and the combatants again mingled in battle, not indeed with the same strength, but with unabated inveteracy. They were joined by those whose duty it was to have remained neuter, but who now found themselves unable to do so. The two old champions who bore the standards, had gradually advanced from the extremity of the lists, and now approached close to the immediate scene of action. When they beheld the carnage more nearly, they were mutually impelled by the desire to revenge their brethren, or not to survive them. They attacked each other furiously with the lances to which the standards were attached, closed after exchanging several deadly thrusts, then grappled in close strife, still holding their banners, until at

length, in the eagerness of their conflict, they fell together into the Tay, and were found drowned after the combat, closely locked in each other's arms. The fury of battle, the frenzy of rage and despair, infected next the minstrels. The two pipers. who, during the conflict, had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their brethren, now saw the dispute well-nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it. The instrument which he used, or at least that part of it called the chanter, is preserved in the family of a Highland Chief to this day, and is much honored under the name of the Federan Dhu, or Black Chanter.*

Meanwhile, in the final charge, young Tormot, devoted like his brethren, by his father Torquil, to the protection of his Chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing sword of the Smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen, and Torquil, with his foster-son and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day.

"My son Tormot!" he said, "my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all.—Now, my darling Dault, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armor, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so, I will rush on these crippled men, and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling

The present Cluny MacPherson, Chief of his Clan, is in possession of this ancient trophy of their presence at the North Inch. Another account of it is given by a tradition, which says, that an aërial minstrel appeared over the heads of the Clan Chattan, and having played some wild strains, let the instrument drop from his band. Being made of glass, it was broken by the fall, excepting only the chanter, which, as usual, was of human vitz. The MacPherson piper secured this enchanted pipe, and the possession of it is still considered as ensuring the prosperity of the clan.

of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a m in should die."

While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young Chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart.

"My father, my father, my more than parent!" said the unhappy Eachin—"Stay with me!—with you by my side, I feel I can fight to the last."

"It is impossible," said Torquil. "I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless

thee, beloved of my soul!"

And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war-cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, Bas air son Eachin /- The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout, he struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him.—" Brave battle, hawk-well flown, falcon!" exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions, which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed, and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognized the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict, had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants—that of engaging in single combat with Hector. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.

Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death-fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well-nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, Bas air son Eachin!—The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the

deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected, at the same moment, that he was without defensive armor, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death; and, drawing one ineffectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream of the Tay. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river, although, perhaps, not a dozen of those who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances. Henry looked after the fugitive in silence and surprise, but could not speculate on the consequences of his flight, on account of the faintness which seemed to overpower him as soon as the animation of the contest had subsided. He sat down on the grassy bank, and endeavored to staunch such of his wounds as were pouring fastest.

The victors had the general meed of gratulation. The Duke of Albany and others went down to survey the field;

and Henry Wynd was honored with particular notice.

"If thou wilt follow me, good fellow," said the Black Douglas, "I will change thy leathern apron for a knight's girdle, and thy burgage tenement for an hundred-pound-land to maintain thy rank withal."

"I thank you humbly, my lord," said the Smith, dejectedly, but I have shed blood enough already; and Heaven has punished me, by foiling the only purpose for which I entered

the combat."

"How, friend?" said Douglas. "Didst thou not fight for the Clan Chattan, and have they not gained a glorious conquest?"

"I fought for my own hand," said the Smith, indifferently;

and the expression is still proverbial in Scotland.*

The good King Robert now came up on an ambling palfrey, having entered the barriers for the purpose of causing the wounded to be looked after.

[·] Meaning, I did such a thing for my own pleasure, not for your profit.

"My Lord of Douglas," he said, "you wex the poor man with temporal matters, when it seems he may have short time to consider those that are spiritual. He has no friends here who will bear him where his bodily wounds, and the health of his soul, may be both cared for?"

"He hath as many friends as there are good men in Perth," said Sir Patrick Charteris; "and I esteem myself one of the

closest."

"A churl will savor of churl's kind"—said the haughty Douglas, turning his horse aside; "the proffer of knighthood from the sword of Douglas had recalled him from death's door, had there been a drop of gentle blood in his body."

Disregarding the taunt of the mighty Earl, the Knight of Kinfauns dismounted to take Henry in his arms as he now sunk back from very faintness. But he was prevented by Simon Glover, who, with other burgesses of consideration, had now entered the barrace.

"Henry, my beloved son Henry!" said the old man. "Oh, what tempted you to this fatal affray!—Dying—speechless."

"No-not speechless," said Henry.-" Catharine-"

He could utter no more.

"Catharine is well, I trust: and shall be thine—that is, if——"

"If she be safe, thou wouldst say, old man," said the Douglas, who, though something affronted at Henry's rejection of his offer, was too magnanimous not to interest himself in what was passing, —"She is safe, if Douglas's banner can protect her safe, and shall be rich. Douglas can give wealth to those who value it more than honor."

"For her safety, my lord, let the heartfelt thanks and blessings of a father go with the noble Douglas. For wealth, we are rich enough—Gold cannot restore my beloved son."

"A marvel!" said the Earl,—"a churl refuses nobility—a

citizen despises gold!"

"Under your lordship's favor," said Sir Patrick, "I, who am knight and noble, take license to say that such a brave man as Henry Wynd may reject honorable titles—such an honest

man as this reverend citizen may dispense with gold."

"You do well, Sir Patrick, to speak for your town, and I take no offence," said the Douglas. "I force my bounty on no one.—But," he added, in a whisper to Albany, "your Grace must withdraw the King from this bloody sight, for he must know that to-night which will ring over broad Scotland when to-morrow dawns. This feud is ended. Yet even I grieve

that so many brave Scottish men lie here slain, whose brands might have decided a pitched field in their country's cause."

With difficulty King Robert was withdrawn from the field; the tears running down his aged cheeks and white beard, as he conjured all around him, nobles and priests, that care should be taken for the bodies and souls of the few wounded survivors, and honorable burial rendered to the slain. The priests who were present answered zealously for both services, and redeemed their pledge faithfully and piously.

Thus ended this celebrated conflict of the North Inch of Perth. Of sixty-four brave men (the minstrels and standard-bearers included) who strode manfully to the fatal field, seven alone survived, who were conveyed from thence in litters, in a case little different from the dead and dying around them, and mingled with them in the sad procession which conveyed them from the scene of their strife. Eachin alone had left it void of

wounds, and void of honor.

It remains but to say, that not a man of the Clan Quhele survived the bloody combat, except the fugitive Chief; and the consequence of the defeat was the dissolution of their confederacy. The clans of which it consisted are now only matter of conjecture to the antiquary, for, after this eventful contest, they never assembled under the same banner. The Clan Chattan, on the other hand, continued to increase and flourish; and the best families of the Northern Highlands boast their descent from the race of the Cat-a-Mountain.*

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

WHILE the King rode slowly back to the convent which he then occupied, Albany, with a discomposed aspect and faltering voice asked the Earl of Douglas, "Will not your lordship, who saw this most melancholy scene at Falkland, communicate the tidings to my unhappy brother?"

"Not for broad Scotland," said the Douglas. "I would sooner bare my breast, within flight-shot, as a butt to an hundred Tynedale bowmen. No; by St. Bride of Douglas! I could but say I saw the ill-fated youth dead. How he came by his

death, your Grace can perhaps better explain. Were not for the rebellion of March, and the English war, I would speak my own mind of it." So saying, and making his obeisance to the King, the Earl rode off to his own lodgings, leaving Albany to tell his tale as he best could.

"The rebellion and the English war?" said the Duke to himself,—"Ay, and thine own interest, haughty Earl, which, imperious as thou art, thou darest not separate from mine. Well, since the task falls on me, I must and will discharge it."

He followed the King into his apartment. The King looked

at him with surprise after he had assumed his usual seat.

"Thy countenance is ghastly, Robin," said the King. "I would thou wouldst think more deeply when blood is to be spilled, since its consequences affect thee so powerfully. And yet, Robin, I love thee the better that thy kind nature will sometimes shows itself, even through thy reflecting policy."

"I would to Heaven, my royal brother," said Albany, with a voice half choked, "that the bloody field we have seen were the worst we had to see or hear of this day. I should waste little sorrow on the wild kerne who lie piled on it like carrion. But "—he paused.

"How?" exclaimed the King, in terror,—"What new evil?—Rothsay?—It must be—it is Rothsay!—Speak out!—What new folly has been done?—What fresh mischance?"

"My lord-my liege-folly and mischance are now ended

with my hapless nephew."

"He is dead!—he is dead!" screamed the agonized parent. "Albany, as thy brother, I conjure thee—But no—I am thy brother no longer! As thy King, dark and subtle man, I charge thee to tell the worst!"

Albany faltered out,—"The details are but imperfectly known to me—but the certainty is, that my unhappy nephew was found dead in his apartment last night from sudden illness—as I have heard."

"O Rothsay!—O my beloved David!—Would to God I had

died for thee, my son-my son!"

So spoke, in the emphatic words of Scripture, the helpless and bereft father, tearing his gray beard and hoary hair, while Albany, speechless and conscience-struck, did not venture to interrupt the tempest of his grief. But the agony of the King's sorrow almost instantly changed to fury—a mood so contrary to the gentleness and timidity of his nature, that the remorse of Albany was drowned in his fear.

"And this is the end," said the King, "of thy moral saws

and religious maxims!—But the besotted father, who gave the son into thy hands, who gave the innocent lamb to the butcher, is a King! and thou shalt know it to thy cost. Shall the murderer stand in presence of his brother—stained with the blood of that brother's son? No!—What ho, without there!—MacLouis!—Brandanes!—Treachery!—Murder!—Take arms, if you love the Stewart!"

MacLouis, with several of the guards, rushed into the apart-

ment.

"Murder and treason!" exclaimed the miserable King. "Brandanes—your noble Prince"—here his grief and agitation interrupted for a moment the fatal information it was his object to convey. At length he resumed his broken speech,—"Ap axe and a block instantly into the court-yard!—Arrest"—The word choked his utterance.

"Arrest whom, my noble liege?" said MacLouis, who, observing the King influenced by a tide of passion so different from the gentleness of his ordinary demeanor, almost conjectured that his brain had been disturbed by the unusual horrors of the combat he had witnessed,—"Whom shall I arrest, my liege?" he replied. "Here is none but your Grace's royal brother of Albany."

"Most true," said the King, his brief fit of vindictive passion soon dying away. "Most true—none but Albany—none but my parent's child—none but my brother. O God! enable me to quell the sinful passion which glows in this bosom—

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!"

MacLouis cast a look of wonder towards the Duke of Albany, who endeavored to hide his confusion under an affectation of deep sympathy, and muttered to the officer—

"The great misfortune has been too much for his under-

standing.'

"What misfortune, please your Grace?" replied MacLouis. "I have heard of none."

"How !--not heard of the death of my nephew Roth-

say?"

"The Duke of Rothsay dead, my Lord of Albany?" exclaimed the faithful Brandane, with the utmost horror and astonishment.—"When, how, and where?"

"Two days since—the manner as yet unknown—at Falk-

land."

MacLouis gazed at the Duke for an instant; then, with a kindling eye and determined look, said to the King, who seemed deeply engaged in his mental devotion—"My liege! a

minute or two since you left a word—one word—unspoken. Let it pass your lips, and your pleasure is law to your Brandanes!"

"I was praying against temptation, MacLouis," said the heart-broken King, "and you bring it to me. Would you arm a madman with a drawn weapon?—But oh, Albany! my friend, my brother—my bosom counsellor!—how—how camest thou by the heart to do this!"

Albany, seeing that the King's mood was softening, replied with more firmness than before,—"My castle has no barrier against the power of death—I have not deserved the foul suspicions which your Majesty's words imply. I pardon them, from the distraction of a bereaved father. But I am willing to swear by cross and altar—by my share in salvation, by the souls of our royal parents—"

"Be silent, Robert!" said the King; "add not perjury to murder.—And was this all done to gain a step nearer to a crown and sceptre? Take them to thee at once, man; and mayst thou feel as I have done, that they are both of red-hot iron!—Oh, Rothsay, Rothsay! thou hast at least escaped being a king!"

"My liege," said MacLouis, "let me remind you, that the crown and sceptre of Scotland are, when your Majesty ceases to bear them, the right of Prince James, who succeeds to his brother's rights."

"True, MacLouis," said the King, eagerly, "and will succeed, poor child, to his brother's perils! Thanks, MacLouis, thanks-You have reminded me that I have still work upon earth. Get thy Brandanes under arms with what speed thou Let no man go with us whose truth is not known to None in especial who has trafficked with the Duke of Albany—that man, I mean, who calls himself my brother!—and order my litter to be instantly prepared. We will to Dumbar-Precipices, and tides, and my ton, MacLouis, or to Bute. Brandanes' hearts, shall defend the child till we can put oceans betwixt him and his cruel uncle's ambition.—Farewell, Robert of Albany—farewell forever, thou hard-hearted, bloody man! Enjoy such share of power as the Douglas may permit thee -But seek not to see my face again, far less to approach my remaining child! for, that hour thou dost, my guards shall have orders to stab thee down with their partisans!-Mac-Louis, look it be so directed."

The Duke of Albany left the presence without attempting further justification or reply.

What tollowed is matter of history. In the ensuing Parliament, the Duke of Albany prevailed on that body to declare him innocent of the death of Rothsay, while, at the same time, he showed his own sense of guilt by taking out a remission or pardon for the offence. The unhappy and aged monarch secluded himself in his castle of Rothsay, in Bute, to mourn over the son he had lost, and watch with feverish anxiety over the life of him who remained. As the best step for the youthful James's security, he sent him to France to receive his education at the court of the reigning sovereign. But the vessel in which the Prince of Scotland sailed, was taken by an English cruiser; and, although there was a truce for the moment betwixt the kingdoms, Henry IV. ungenerously detained him a prisoner. This last blow completely broke the heart of the unhappy King Robert III. Vengeance followed, though with a slow pace, the treachery and cruelty of his brother. Robert of Albany's own gray hairs went, indeed, in peace to the grave, and he transferred the regency which he had so foully acquired to his son Murdoch. But nineteen years after the death of the old King, James I. returned to Scotland, and Duke Murdoch of Albany, with his sons, was brought to the scaffold, in expiation of his father's guilt, and his own."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ha',
as aye some cause to smile.

Burns

We now return to the Fair Maid of Perth, who had been sent from the horrible scene at Falkland, by order of the Douglas, to be placed under the protection of his daughter, the now widowed Duchess of Rothsay. That lady's temporary residence was a religious house called Campsie, the ruins of which still occupy a striking situation on the Tay. It arose on the summit of a precipitous rock, which descends on the princely river, there rendered peculiarly remarkable by the cataract called Campsie Linn, where its waters rush tumultu-

^{*} Note X. Death of the Duke of Rotheay.

ously over a range of basaltic rock, which intercepts the current like a dike erected by human hands. Delighted with a site so romantic, the monks of the Abbey of Cupar reared a structure there, dedicated to an obscure Saint, named St. Hunnand, and hither they were wont themselves to retire for pleasure or devotion. It had readily opened its gates to admit the noble lady who was its present inmate, as the country was under the influence of the powerful Lord Drummond, the ally of the Douglas. There the Earl's letters were presented to the Duches by the leader of the escort which conducted Catharine and the glee-maiden to Campsie. Whatever reason she might have to complain of Rothsay, his horrible and unexpected end greatly shocked the noble lady, and she spent the greater part of the night in indulging her grief, and in devotional exercises.

On the next morning, which was that of the memorable Palm Sunday, she ordered Catharine Glover and the minstrel into her presence. The spirits of both the young women had been much sunk and shaken by the dreadful scenes in which they had so lately been engaged; and the outward appearance of the Duchess Marjory was, like that of her father, more calculated to inspire awe than confidence. She spoke with kindness, however, though apparently in deep affliction, and learned from them all which they had to tell concerning the fate of her erring and inconsiderate husband. She appeared grateful for the efforts which Catharine and the glee-maiden had made, at their own extreme peril, to save Rothsay from his horrible She invited them to join in her devotions; and at the hour of dinner gave them her hand to kiss, and dismissed them to their own refection, assuring both, and Catharine in particular, of her efficient protection, which should include, she said, her father's, and be a wall around them both, so long as she herself lived.

They retired from the presence of the widowed Princess, and partook of a repast with her duennas and ladies, all of whom, amid their profound sorrow, showed a character of stateliness, which chilled the light heart of the Frenchwoman, and imposed restraint even on the more serious character of Catharine Glover. The friends, for so we may now term them, were fain, therefore, to escape from the society of these persons, all of them born gentlewomen, who thought themselves but ill-assorted with a burgher's daughter and a strolling gleemaiden, and saw them with pleasure go out to walk in the neighborhood of the convent. A little garden, with its bushes and fruit-trees, advanced on one side of the convent, so as to

skirt the precipice, from which it was only separated by a parapet built on the ledge of the rock, so low that the eye might easily measure the depth of the crag, and gaze on the conflicting waters which foamed, struggled, and chafed over the reef below.

The fair Maiden of Perth and her companion walked slowly on a path that ran within this parapet, looked at the romantic prospect, and judged what it must be when the advancing summer should clothe the grove with leaves. They observed for some time a deep silence. At length the gay and bold spirit of the glee-maiden rose above the circumstances in which she had been and was now placed.

"Do the horrors of Falkland, fair May, still weigh down your spirits? Strive to forget them as I do; we cannot tread life's path lightly, if we shake not from our mantles the rain-

drops as they fall."

"These horrors are not to be forgotten," answered Catharine. "Yet my mind is at present anxious respecting my father's safety; and I cannot but think how many brave men may be at this instant leaving the world, even within six miles of us, or little farther."

"You mean the combat betwixt sixty champions, of which the Douglas's equerry told us yesterday? It were a sight for a minstrel to witness. But out upon these womanish eyes of mine—they could never see swords cross each other without being dazzled. But see,—look yonder, May Catharine, look yonder! That flying messenger certainly brings news of the battle."

"Methinks I should know him who runs so wildly, said Catharine—"But if it be him I think of, some wild thoughts

are urging his speed."

As she spoke, the runner directed his course to the garden. Louise's little dog ran to meet him, barking furiously, but came back, to cower, creep, and growl behind its mistress; for even dumb animals can distinguish when men are driven on by the furious energy of irresistible passion, and dread to cross or encounter them in their career. The fugitive rushed into the garden at the same reckless pace. His head was bare, his hair dishevelled; his rich acton, and all his other vestments, looked as if they had been lately drenched in water. His leathern buskins were cut and torn, and his feet marked the sod with blood.—His countenance was wild, haggard, and highly excited, or, as the Scottish phrase expresses it, much raised.

"Conachar!" said Catharine, as he advanced, apparently without seeing what was before him, as hares are said to do when severely pressed by the greyhounds. But he stopped short when he heard his own name.

"Conachar," said Catharine, "or rather Eachin MacIan-what means all this?—Have the Clan Quhele sustained a

defeat?"

"I have borne such names as this maiden gives me," said the fugitive, after a moment's recollection. "Yes, I was called Conachar when I was happy, and Eachin when I was powerful. But now I have no name, and there is no such clan as thou speak'st of; and thou art a foolish maid to speak of that which is not to one who has no existence."

"Alas! unfortunate---"

"And why unfortunate, I pray you?" exclaimed the youth.
"If I am coward and villain, have not villany and cowardice command over the elements?—Have not I braved the water without its choking me, and trod the firm earth without its opening to devour me? And shall a mortal oppose my purpose?"

"He raves, alas!" said Catharine. "Haste to call some help. He will not harm me; but I fear he will do evil to himself. See how he stares down on the roaring waterfall!"

The glee-woman hastened to do as she was ordered; and Conachar's half-frenzied spirit seemed relieved by her absence. "Catharine," he said, "now she is gone, I will say I know thee—I know thy love of peace, and hatred of war. hearken—I have, rather than strike a blow at my enemy, given up all that a man calls dearest-I have lost honor, fame and friends; and such friends!" (he placed his hands before his face.)—"Oh! their love surpassed the love of woman! Why should I hide my tears?—All know my shame—all should see my sorrow. Yes, all might see, but who would pity it?—Catharine, as I ran like a madman down the strath, man and womat called shame on me!—The beggar to whom I flung an alms, that I might purchase one blessing, threw it back in disgust, and with a curse upon the coward! Each bell that tolled, rung out, Shame on the recreant caitiff! The brute beasts in their lowing and bleating—the wild winds in their rustling and howling—the hoarse waters in their dash and roar, cried, Out upon the dastard!—The faithful nine are still pursuing me, they cry, with feeble voice, "Strike but one blow in our re venge, we all died for you!'"

While the unhappy youth thus raved, a rustling was heare

in the bushes. "There is but one way!" he exclaim, springing upon the parapet, but with a terrified glance towards the thicket, through which one or two attendants were stealing, with the purpose of surprising him. But the instant he saw a human form emerge from the cover of the bushes, he waved his hands wildly over his head, and shrieking out, "Bas air Eachin!" plunged down the precipice into the raging cataract beneath.

It is needless to say, that aught save thistle-down must have been dashed to pieces in such a fall. But the river was swelled, and the remains of the unhappy youth were never seen. A varying tradition has assigned more than one supplement to the history. It is said, by one account, that the young Captain of Clan Quhele swam safe to shore, far below the Linns of Campsie; and that, wandering disconsolately in the deserts of Rannoch, he met with Father Clement, who had taken up his abode in the wilderness as a hermit, on the principle of the old Culdees. He converted, it is said, the heart-broken and penitent Conachar, who lived with him in his cell, sharing his devotion and privations, till death removed them in succession.

Another wilder legion supposes that he was snatched from death by the *Daione Shie*, or fairy-folk; and that he continues to wander through wood and wild, armed like an ancient Highlander, but carrying his sword in his left hand. The phantom appears always in deep grief. Sometimes he seems about to attack the traveller, but, when resisted with courage, always flies. These legends are founded on two peculiar points in his story—his evincing timidity, and his committing suicide; both of them circumstances almost unexampled in the history of a Mountain Chief.

When Simon Glover, having seen his friend Henry duly taken care of in his own house in Curfew Street, arrived that evening at the Place of Campsie, he found his daughter extremely ill of a fever, in consequence of the scenes to which she had lately been a witness, and particularly the catastrophe of her late playmate. The affection of the glee-maiden rendered her so attentive and careful a nurse that the Glover said it should not be his fault if she ever touched lute again, save for her own amusement.

It was some time ere Simon ventured to tell his daughter of Henry's late exploits, and his severe wounds; and he took care to make the most of the encouraging circumstance that her faithful lover had refused both honor and wealth, rather

than become a professed soldier and follow the Douglas. Catharine sighed deeply, and shook her head at the history of bloody Palm Sunday on the North Inch. But apparently she had reflected that men rarely advance in civilization or refinement beyond the ideas of their own age, and that a headlong and exuberant courage, like that of Henry Smith, was, in the iron days in which they lived, preferable to the deficiency which had led to Conachar's catastrophe. If she had any doubts on the subject, they were removed in due time by Henry's protestations, so soon as restored health enabled him to plead his own cause.

"I should blush to say, Catharine, that I am even sick of the thoughts of doing battle. Yonder last field showed carnage enough to glut a tiger. I am therefore resolved to hang up my broadsword, never to be drawn more unless against the

enemies of Scotland."

"And should Scotland call for it," said Catharine, "I will

buckle it round you."

"And, Catharine," said the joyful Glover, "we will pay largely for soul masses for those who have fallen by Henry's sword; and that will not only cure spiritual flaws, but make us friends with the Church again."

"For that purpose, father," said Catharine, "the hoards of the wretched Dwining may be applied. He bequeathed them to me, but I think you would not mix his base blood-money

with your honest gains!"

"I would bring the plague into my house as soon," said

the resolute Glover.

The treasures of the wicked apothecary were distributed accordingly among the four monasteries; nor was there ever after a breath of suspicion concerning the orthodoxy of old

Simon or his daughter.

Henry and Catharine were married within four months after the battle of the North Inch, and never did the corporations of the glovers and hammermen trip their sword-dance so featly as at the wedding of the boldest burgess and brightest maiden in Perth. Ten months after, a gallant infant filled the well-spread cradle, and was rocked by Louise, to the tune of

Bold and True In bonnet blue.

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded, as "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knicht, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns. and ane Gracious Princess, Marjory, Dowaire of his Serene Highness David, umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage a family rises fast; and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the Gow Chrom and the Fair Maid of Perth.

NOTES TO THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

NOTE A, p. 10.—Translation of Fordun.

[In the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred and ninety-six, a great part of the north of Scotland, beyond the mountains, was disturbed by two pestilent Caterans and their followers; namely, Scheabeg and his kin, of the Clan Kay, and Christi-Jonson, with his kin, called the Clan Quhele, who by no paction or management could be pacified, and by no art of the king or governor could be subdued, until the noble and active Lord, David of Lindesay and Crawford, and the Lord Thomas, Earl of Moray, applied to the task their diligence and powers, and so arranged matters betwixt the parties that they agreed to meet before the king on a certain day at Perth, and each to select thirty of his tribe, to encounter with swords, bows and arrows, and targets, all other weapons and armor excluded, by which encounter an end might be put to the strife of the clans, and the land enjoy peace. This contract highly pleased both parties; and on the next day of the month before the feast of St. Michael, on the North Inch of Perth, before the king, governor, and an immense multitude, they accordingly compeared duly, and entered into a most fierce conflict, in which, out of the sixty, all were killed save one of the Clan Kay, and eleven of the opposite side. It also fell out there, that, after they were all assembled in the lists, one of them, looking around for a mode of escape, leaped from among the whole body into the river Tay, and crossed it by swimming. He was pursued by thousands, but never caught. The two parties stood thereupon astonished, as unable to proceed with the engagement on account of the want of the fugitive; for the party having its numbers entire would not consent to let one be taken away; nor could the other party by any reward induce anyone to supply the place of the absentee. All stood clustering in stupor, accordingly, complaining of the loss of the fugitive. And that whole business seemed even likely to break short, when lo! into the midst of the space there broke a common mechanic, low in stature, but fierce in aspect, saying, "Here am I! who will induce me to enter with these workmen into this theatric game? I will try the sport for half-amark, asking but this beyond, that if I come living out of these lists, I shall receive my bread from some of you while I live; because, as it is said, 'greater love hath no man, than in that he layeth down his life for his friends.' With what reward shall I be gifted, then, who (to serve the state) lay down my life for the enemies of the king and the state?" What he desired was at once promised by the king and several no-With that the man drew his bow, and sent the first arrow into the opposite band, killing one of them. Immediately thereafter the arrows fly, the shields clatter, and the swords vibrate; and, as butchers deal with oxen in the shambles, so ruthlessly and fearlessly do the parties massacre one another promiscuously and by turns. Nor was there one found among so many, who, from want of will or heart, sought to shrink behind the backs of others, or to decline the terrible contest. The volunteer before mentioned finally escaped unhurt. After this event, the north was quiet for a long time; nor did the Caterans make excursions thence as formerly.]

NOTE B, p. 23.-- VIEW FROM THE WICKS OF BAIGLIE.

The following note is supplied by a distinguished local antiquary:

"The modern method of conducting the highways through the valleys and
the bases, instead of over the tops of the mountains, as in the days when Chrysta.

Croftangry travelled, has deprived the stranger of two very striking points of view on

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the road from Edinburgh to Perth. The first of these presented itself at the summit of one of the Ochills, and the second, which was, in fact, but a nearer view of a portion of the first, was enjoyed on attaining the western shoulder of the hill of Moredun, or Moncreiff. This view from Moncreiff (that which, it is said, made the Romans exclaim that they had found another field of Mars on the bank of another Tiber) now opens to the traveller in a less abrupt and striking manner than formerly, but it still retains many of those features which Pennant has so warmly eulogized. The view from the Ochills has been less fortunate, for the road here winds through a narrow but romantic valley amongst these eminences, and the passing stranger is ushered into Strathearn, without an opportunity being offered to him of surveying the magnificent scene which in days of no ancient date every traveller from the South had spread out before him at the Wicks of Baiglie.

"But in seeking out this spot—and it will repay the toil of the assent a thousandfold—the admirer of such scenes should not confine his researches to the Wicks of Baiglie, strictly so called, but extend them westward until he gain the old road from Kinross to the Church of Drone, being that by which Mr. Croftangry must have journeyed. The point cannot be mistaken; it is the only one from which Perth itself To this station, for reasons that the critic will duly appreciate, might, with great propriety, be applied the language of one of the guides at Dunkeld, on reaching a hold projecting rock on Craig Vinean... 'Ah, sirs, this is the decisive point!'

NOTE C, p. 25.—ROYAL MARRIAGES.

David II., after the death of his Queen Jane, married his mistress, "ane lusty woman, named Margaret Logy," and though he soon repented, and would fain have repudiated her, the Pope interesting himself in her favor, he found himself bound. As to the next generation, Boece tells us, that "Afore King Robert (II.) marryit Euphame, the Earl of Rossis dochter, he had Elizabeth Mure (of Rowallan) in place of his wife." He adds, "In the third year of King Robert deceasit Euphame his Queen; and he incontinent marryit Elizabeth, lemmen afore rehearsit, for the affection that he had to hir bairnis."—Bellenden, vol. ii. p. 452. Robert III. himself was the son of Elizabeth Mure.

NOTE D, p. 39.—ROBERT BRUCE.

The story of Bruce, when in sore straits, watching a spider near his bed, as it made repeated unsuccessful efforts to attach his thread, but still persevering, at last attained the object, and drawing from this an augury which encouraged him to proceed in spite of fortune's hard usage, is familiar to the reader of Barbour. It was ever after held a foul crime in any of the name of Bruce, or inheriting Gentle King Robert's blood, to injure an insect of this tribe. But, indeed, it is well known, that compassion towards the weak formed part of his character through life; and the beautiful incident of his stopping his army when on the march, in circumstances of pressing difficulty in the Ulster Campaign, because a poor lavenders (washerwoman) was taken with the pains of childbirth, and must have been left, had he proceeded, to the mercy of the Irish kernes, is only one of many anocdotes, that to this day keep up a peculiar tenderness, as well as pride of feeling, in the general recollection of this great man, now five hundred years mingled with the dust.

NOTE E, p. 47.—Glune-amie.

This word has been one of the torments of the lexicographers. There is no doubt that in Perthshire, and wherever the Highlanders and the Lowlanders bordered on each other, it was a common term whereby, whether in scorn or honor, the Gaelic race used to be designated. Whether the asymon be, as Celtic scholars say, Gluineamach i. e. the Gartered (and certainly the garter has always been a marking feature in the "Garb of old Gaul"), or, as Dr. Jamieson seems to insinuate, the word originally means black cattle, and had been contemptuously applied by the Sassenach to the herdsmen, as on an intellectual level with his herd, I shall not pretend to say more than that adhuc sub judice lis est.

NOTE F, 52 .- HIGH STREET.

The two following notes are furnished by a gentleman well versed in the antiquities of bonnie St. Johnston:—

"Some confusion occasionally occurs in the historical records of Perth, from there having been two high or principal steeets in that city: the North High street, still called the High Street, and the South High Street, now known only as South Street, or Shoegate. An instance of this occurs in the evidence of one of the witnesses on the Gowrie Conspiracy, who deponed, that the Earl of Gowrie ran in from 'the High Street'; whereas the Earl's house stood in that part of the town now known as the South street. This circumstance will explain how the Smith had to pass St. Anne's Chapel and St. John's Church, on his way from the High Street to Curfew Row, which edifices he would not have approached if his morning walk had been taken through the more northerly of the two principal streets."

NOTE G, p. 52.-CURFEW STREET.

"Curfew Street, or Row, must, at a period not much earlier than that of the story, have formed part of the suburbs of Perth. It was the Wynd or Row immediately surrounding the Castle Yard, and had probably been built, in part at least, soon after the Castle was raised, and its moat filled up, by Robert Bruce. There is every probability that, in the days of Robert the Third, it was of greater extent than at present, the Castle Gable, which now terminates it to the eastward, having then run in a line with the Skinnergate, as the ruins of some walls still bear witness. The shops, as well as the houses of the Glovers, were then, as the name implies, chiefly in the Skinnergate; but the charters in the possession of the incorporation show that the members had considerable property in or adjacent to the Curfew Row, consisting not only of fields and gardens, but of dwelling-houses.

"In the wall of the corner house of the Cursew Row, adjacent to Blackfriars' Vennel, there is still to be seen a niche in the wall where the Cursew bell hung. This house formed at one time a part of a chapel dedicated to Saint Bartholomew, and in it at no very distant period the members of the Glover incorporation held their meetings.

NOTE H, p. 73.—THE GLOVERS.

Our local antiquary says, "The Perth artisans of this craft were of great repute, and numbered amongst them, from a very early period, men of considerable substance. There are still extant among their records many charters and grants of money and lands to various religious purposes, in particular, to the upholding of the altar of St. Bartholomew, one of the richest of the many shrines within the parish church of St. John.

"While alluding to these evidences of the rich possessions of the old Glovers of Perth, it ought not to pass unnoticed,—as Henty pinched Simon on the subject of his rival artificers in leather, the cordwainers—that the chaplain 'aikers of St. Crispin,' on the Leonardhall property, were afterwards bought up by the Glovers.

"The avocations of this incorporation were not always of a peaceful nature. They still show a banner under which their forefathers fought in the troubles of the seventeenth century. It bears this inscription: 'The perfect honor of a craft, or beauty of a trade, is not in wealthe but in maral worth, whereby virtue gains renown:' and surmounted by the words, 'Grace and Peace,' the date 1604.

surmounted by the words, 'Grace and Peace,' the date 1604.

"The only other relic in the archives of this body which calls for notice in this place, is a leathern lash, called 'The whip of St. Bartholomew,' which the craft are

often admonished in the records to apply to the back of refractory apprentices. It cannot have existed in the days of our friend the Glover, otherwise its frequent application to the shoulders of Conachar would have been matter of record in the history of that family."

NOTE I, p. 92.—EAST PORT.

The following is extracted from a kind communication of the well-known anti-

quary, Mr. Morrison of Perth:—
"The port at which the deputation for Kinfauns must have met, was a strongly fortified gate at the east end of the High Street, opening to the Bridge. On the north side of the street adjoining the gate, stood the chapel of the Virgin, from which the monks had access to the river by a flight of steps, still called 'Our Lady's Stairs.' Some remains of this chapel are yet extant, and one of the towers is in a style of architecture which most antiquaries consider peculiar to the age of Robert III. Immediately opposite, on the south side of the street, a staircase is still to be seen, evidently of great antiquity, which is said to have formed part of 'Gowrie's Palace. But as Gowrie House stood at the other end of the Watergate—as most of the houses of the nobility were situated between the staircase we now refer to and Gowrie House; and as, singularly enough, this stair is built upon ground, which, although in the mid-dle of the town, is not within the burgh lands, some of the local antiquaries do not hesitate to say that it formed part of the Royal Palace, in which the kings of Scotland resided until they found more secluded, and probably more comfortable, lodging in the Blackfriar's Monastery. Leaving the determination of this question to those who have more leisure for solving it, thus far is certain, that the place of rendezvous for the hero of the tale and his companions was one of some consequence in the town, where their bearing was no likely to pass unobserved. The bridge to which they passed through the gate was a very stately edifice. Major calls it 'Pontem Sancti Joannis ingentem apud Perth.' The date of its erection is not known, but it was extensively repaired by Robert Bruce, in whose reign it suffered by the repeated sieges to which Perth was subjected, as well as by some of those inundations of the Tay to which it was frequently exposed, and one of which eventually swept it away in 1621."

NOTE J, p. 228.—St. JOHNSTON'S HUNT IS UP.

This celebrated Slogan, or War-cry, was often accompanied by a stirring strain of music, which was of much repute in its day, but which has long eluded the search of musical antiquaries. It is described by the local poet, Mr. Henry Adamson (1638), as a great inspirer of courage.

> "Courage to give, was mightilie then blown, Saint Johnston's Hunt's up, since most famous known By all Musitians.---"

The Muses Threnodie, 5th Muse.

From the description which follows, one might suppose that it had also been at sompanied by a kind of war-dance.

> "O! how they bend their backs and fingers tirle! Moving their quivering heads, their brains do whirle With divers moods; and as with uncouth rapture Transported, so do shake their bodies' structure: Their eyes do reel, heads, arms, and shoulders move; Feet, legs, hands, and all their parts approve That heavenlie harmonie; while as they threw Their browes, O mighty strain I that's brave I-they shew Great phantasie: -

Bid. 12.

NOTE K. p. 220.—HENRY SMITH OR WYND.

Mr. Morrison says: —"The various designations by which Henry or Hal of the Wynd, the Gow Crom or Bandy-legged Smith of Saint Johnston, was known, have left the field open to a great variety of competitors for the honor of being reckoned among his descendants. The want of early registers, and various other circumstances, prevent our venturing to pronounce any verdict on the comparative strength of these

claims, but we shall state them all fairly and briefly.

"First, we have the Henry or Hendrie families, who can produce many other instances besides their own, in which the Christian name has become that of a family or tribe, from the celebrity attached to it through the great deeds of some one of their ancestors by whom it was borne. Then follow the Hals, Halls, and Halleys, among whom even some of the ancient and honorable race of the Halkets have ranged themselves. All these claims are, however, esteemed very lightly by the Wynds, who to that day pride themselves on their thews and sinews, and consider that their ancestor being styled 'Henrie Winde' by the metrical historian of the town, is of itself proof sufficient that their claim is more solid than the name would altogether imply.

"It is rather singular, that, in spite of all the ill-will which Henry seems to have borne to the Celts, and the contemptuous terms in which he so often speaks of them in the text, the Gows should be found foremost among the claimants, and that the strife should lie mainly between them and their Saxon namesakes, the Smiths, families whose number, opulence, and respectability will render it an extremely difficult matter to say which of them are in the direct line, even if it should be clearer than it is that the children of the hero were known by their father's occupation, and not by his

residence.

"It only remains to notice the pretensions of the Chroms, Crooms, Crambs, er Crombies, a name which every schoolboy will associate if not with the athletic, at least with the gymnastic exercises for which the Gow Chrom and the grammar school of Perth were equally celebrated. We need scarcely add, that while the Saxon name corresponding with the word Gow has brought a host of competitors into the field, there has not yet started any claimant resting his pretension on the quality expressed in the epithet Chrom, i.s. bandy-legged."

NOTE L, p. 245.—THE COUNCIL-ROOM.

Mr. Morrison says, "The places where the public assemblies of the citizens, or their magistrates, where held, were so seldom changed in former times, that there seems every reason to conclude, that the meetings of the town-council of Perth were always held in or near the place where they still convene. The room itself is evidently modern; but the adjoining building, which seems to have been reared close to, if it did not actually form a part of, the Chapel of the Virgin, bears many marks of antiquity. The room in which, it is not improbable, the council meetings were held about the period of our story, had been relieved of part of its gloomy aspect, in the reign of the third James, by the addition of one of those octagonal towers which distinguish the architecture of his favorite Cochran. The upper part of it and the spire are modern, but the lower structure is a good specimen of that artist's taste.

"The power of trying criminal cases of the most serious kind, and of inflicting the highest punishment of the law, was granted by Robert III, to the magistrates of Perth, and was frequently exercised by them, as the records of the town abundantly

prove."

NOTE M, p. 247.-MORRICE-DANCERS.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists respecting the introduction of the Morrice dance into Britain. The name points it out as of Moorish origin; and so popular has this leaping kind of dancing for many centuries been in this country, that when Handel was asked to point out the peculiar taste in dancing and music of the several nations of Europe—to the French he ascribed the minuet; to the Spaniard the saraband; to the Italian the arietta; to the English the hornpipe, or Morrice dance.

The local antiquary whose kindness has already been more than once acknowledged.

tays-



"It adds not a little interest to such an inquiry, in connection with a story in which the fortunes of a Perth Glover form so prominent a part—to find that the Glover Incorporation of Perth have preserved entire among their relics, the attire of one of the Morrice-dancers, who on some festive occasion, exhibited his paces 'to the jocose recreatment' of one of the Scottish monarchs, while on a visit to the Fair City.

"This curious vestment is made of fawn-colored silk, in the form of a tunic, with trappings of green and red satin. There accompany it two hundred and hip-two small circular bells, formed into twenty-one sets of twelve bells each, upon pieces of leather, made to fasten to various parts of the body. What is most remarkable about these bells, is the perfect intonation of each set, and the regular musical intervals between the tone of each. The twelve bells on each piece of leather are of various sizes, yet all combining to form one perfect intonation in concord with the leading note in the set. These concords are maintained not only in each set, but also in the intervals between the various pieces. The performer could thus produce, if not a tune, at least a pleasing and musical chime, according as he regulated with skill the movements of his body. This is sufficient evidence that the Morrice-dance was not quite so absurd and unmeaning as might at first be supposed; but that a tasteful performer could give pleasure by it to the skilful, as well as amusement to the vulger,"

NOTE N, p. 251.—HIGH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

"There is," says Mr. Morrison, "a simplicity in the internal architecture of the building which bespeaks a very ancient origin, and makes us suspect that the changes it has undergone have in a great measure been confined to its exterior. Tradition ascribes its foundation to the Picts, and there is no doubt that in the age immediately subsequent to the termination of that monarchy it was famed throughout all Scotland. It is probable that the western part of it was built about that period, and the eastern not long afterwards, and in both divisions there is still to be seen a unity and beauty of design which is done little justice to by the broken, irregular, and paltry manner in which the exterior has at various times been patched up. When the three churches into which it is now cut down were in one, the ceilings high and decorated, the aisles enriched by the offerings of the devotees to the various altars which were reared around it, and the arches free from the galleries which now deform all these Gothic buildings, it must have formed a splendid theatre for such a spectacle as that of the trial by bierright."

NOTE O, p. 280.—ORDEAL BY FIRE

In a volume of miscellanies published in Edinburgh in 1825, under the name of Janus, there is included a very curious paper illustrative of the solemnity with which the Catholic Church in the dark ages superintended the appeal to Heaven by the ordeal of fire: and as the ceremonial on occasions such as that in the text was probably much the same as what is there described, an extract may interest the reader.

"CHURCH-SERVICE FOR THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

"We are all well aware that the ordeal by fire had, during many centuries, the sanction of the church, and moreover, that, considering in what hands the knowledge of those times lay, this blasphemous horror could never have existed without the

connivance, and even actual co-operation, of the priesthood.

"It is only a few years ago, however, that any actual form of ritual, set apart by ecclesiastical authority for this atrocious ceremony of fraud, has been recovered. Mr. Büsching, the well-known German antiquary, has the merit of having discovered a most extraordinary document of this kind in the course of examising the charter-chest of an ancient Thuringian monastery; and he has published it in a periodical work, entitled, 'Die Vorzeit,' in 1817. We shall translate the prayers, as given in that work, as literally as possible. To those who suspected no deceit, there can be no doubt this service must have been as awfully impressive as any that is to be found in the formularies of any church; but words are wenting to express the abject guilt of those who, well knowing the base trickery of the whole matter, who, having them selves assisted in preparing all the appliances of legerdemain behind the scenes of the

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

sanctuary-stage, dared to clothe their iniquity in the most solemn phraseok

religion.

A fire was kindled within the chucrch, not far from the great altar. The pers about to undergo the ordeal was placed in front of the fire, surrounded by his friends. by all who were in any way interested in the result of the trial, and by the whole clergy of the vicinity. Upon a table near the fire, the coulter over which he was to walk, the bar he was to carry, or, if he were a knight, the steel-gloves which, after they had been made red-hot, he was to put on his hands, were placed in view of all.

"Part of the usual service of the day being performed, a priest advances, and

places himself in front of the fire, uttering, at the same moment, the following prayer,

which is the first Mr. Büsching gives:-

"O Lord God, bless this place, that herein there may be health, and holiness, and purity, and sanctification, and victory, and humility, and meekness, fulfilment of the law, and obedience to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. May thy blessing, O God of purity and justice, be upon this place, and upon all that be therein; for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

"A second priest now lifts the iron, and bears it towards the fire. A series of

prayers follows; all to be repeated ere the iron is laid on the fire.

" These are the Prayers to be said over the Fire and the Iron.

"1. Lord God, Almighty Father, Fountain of Light, hear us :- enlighten us, O thou that dwellest in light unapproachable. Bless this fire, O God; and as from the midst of the fire thou didst of old enlighten Moses, so from this flame enlighten and purify our hearts, that we may be worthy, through Christ our Lord, to come unto thee, and unto the life eternal.

" 2. Our Father which art in Heaven, etc.

"3. O Lord, save thy servant. Lord God, send him help out of Zion, thy holy. Save him, O Lord. Hear us, O Lord. O Lord, be with us.
"4. O God, Holy and Almighty, hear us. By the majesty of thy most holy name, and by the coming of thy dear Son, and by the gift of the comfort of thy holy Spirit, and by the justice of thine eternal seat, hear us, good Lord. Purify this metal, and sanctify it, that all falsehood and deceit of the devil may be cast out of it, and utterly removed; and that the truth of thy righteous judgment may be opened and made manifest to all the faithful that cry unto thee this day, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"The iron is now placed in the fire, and sprinkled with consecrated water, both before and after it is so placed. The mass is said while the iron is heating, -the introductory scripture being, - O Lord, thou art just, and righteous are all thy judgments.' The priest delivers the wafer to the person about to be tried, and, ere he

communicates, the following prayer is said by the priest and congregation:

"'We pray unto thee, O God, that it may please thee to absolve this thy servant, and to clear him from his sins. Purify him, O heavenly Father, from all the stains of the flesh, and enable him, by thy all-covering and atoning grace, to pass through

this fire—thy creature—triumphantly, being justified in Christ our Lord

"Then the Gospel:—'Then there came one unto Jesus, who fell upon his knees, and cried out, Good Master, what must I do that I may be saved? Jesus said, Why callest thou me good?' etc.

"The chief priest, from the altar, now addresses the accused, who is still kneeling

near the fire:—
"'By the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and by the Christianity whose name thou bearest, and by the baptism in which thou wert born again, and by all the blessed relics of the saints of God that are preserved in this church, I conjure thee, Come not unto this altar, nor eat of this body of Christ, if thou beest guilty in the things that are laid to thy charge, but if thou beest innocent therein, come, brother, and come freely.

"The accused then comes forward and communicates,—the priest saying,—'This day may the body and blood of Jesus Christ, which were given and shed for thee, be

thy protection and thy succor, yea, even in the midst of the fiame.'
"The priest now reads this prayer:—'O Lord, it hath pleased thee to accept our spiritual sacrifice. May the joyful partaking in this holy sacrament be comfortable

and useful to all that are here present, and serviceable to the removing of the bondage and thraldom of whatsoever sins do most easily beset us. Grant also, that to this thy servant it may be of exceeding comfort, gladdening his heart, until the truth of thy righteous judgment be revealed.'

"The organ now peals, and Kyrie Blesison and the Litany are sung in full chorus.

"After this comes another prayer:—

" 'O God! thou that through fire hast shown forth so many signs of thy almighty power! thou that didst snatch Abraham, thy servant, out of the brands and flames of the Chaldeans, wherein many were consumed! thou that didst cause the bush to burn before the eyes of Moses, and yet not to be consumed I God, that didst send thy Holy Spirit in the likeness of tongues of fiery flame, to the end that thy faithful servants might be visited and set apart from the unbelieving generation; God, that didst safely conduct the three children through the flame of the Babylonians; God, that didst waste Sodom with fire from heaven, and preserve Lot, thy servant, as a sign and a token of thy mercy: O God, show forth yet once again thy visible power, and the majesty of thy unerring judgment: that truth may be made manifest, and falsehood avenged, make thou this fire thy minister before us; powerless be it where is the power of purity, but sorely burning, even to the flesh and the sinews, the hand that hath done evil, and that hath not feared to be lifted up in false swearing. O God! from whose eye nothing can be concealed, make thou this fire thy voice to us thy servants, that it may reveal innocence, or cover iniquity with shame. Judge of all the earth! hear us: hear us, good Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son.

"The priest now dashes once more the holy water over the fire, saying, 'Upon this fire be the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that it

may be a sign to us of the righteous judgment of God.'

"The priest pauses; instantly the accused approaches to the fire, and lifts the iron, which he carries nine yards from the flame. The moment he lays it down he is surrounded by the priests, and borne by them into the vestry; there his hands are wrapped in linen cloths, sealed down with the signet of the church; these are removed on the third day, when he is declared innocent or guilty, according to the condition in which his hands are found. 'Si sinus rubescens in vestigio ferri reperiatur, culpabilis ducatur. Sin autem mundus reperiatur, Laus Deo referatur.

"Such is certainly one of the most extraordinary records of the craft, the audacity,

and the weakness of mankind,"

The belief that the corpse of a murdered person would bleed on the touch, or at the approach of the murderer, was universal among the northern nations. We find it seriously urged in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, so late as 1688, as an evidence of guilt. The case was that of Philip Standsfield, accused of the murder of his father; and this part of the evidence against him is thus stated in the "libel," or indictment:- "And when his father's dead body was sighted and inspected by chirurgeons, and the clear and evident signs of the murder had appeared, the body was sewed up, and most carefully cleaned, and his nearest relations and friends were desired to lift his body to the coffin; and, accordingly, James Row, merchand (who was in Edinburgh in the time of the murder), having lifted the left side of Sir James his head and shoulder, and the said Philip the right side, his father's body, though carefully cleaned, as said is, so as the least blood was not on it, did (according to God's usual method of discovering murders) blood afresh upon him, and defiled all his hands, which struck him with such a terror, that he immediately let his father's head and body fall with violence, and fled from the body, and in consternation and confusion cried, Lord, have mercy upon me!' and bowed himself down over a seat in the church (where the corp were inspected), wiping his father's innocent blood off his own mur-dering hands upon his cloatha." To this his counsel replied, that "this is but a superstitious observation, without any ground either in law or reason; and Carpzovius relates, that several persons upon that ground had been unjustly challenged." It was, however, insisted on as a link in the chain of evidence, not as a merely singular circumstance, but as a miraculous interposition of Providence; and it was thus animadverted upon by Sir George Mackenzie, the king's counsel, in his charge to the jury :-"But they, fully persuaded that Sir James was murdered by his own son, sent out some chirurgeons and friends, who, having raised the body, did see it bleed miraculously upon his touching it. In which God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a

share in the testimonies we produce; that Divine power, which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case."

NOTE P, p. 282.—SKINNERS' YARDS.

"The Skinners' Yard," says Mr. Morrison, "is still in the possession of that fraternity, and is applied to the purpose which its name implies. Prior to the time of the peaceable Robert, it was the courtyard of the castle. Part of the gate which opened from the town to the drawbridge of the castle is still to be seen, as well as some traces of the foundation of the Keep or Donjon, and of the towers which surrounded the Castle-yard. The Curfew Row, which now encloses the Skinners' Yard, at that time formed the avenue or street leading from the northern part of the town to the Dominican Mouastery."

NOTE Q, p. 287.—EARL OF ERROL'S LODGINGS.

"The Constable's, or Earl of Errol's lodgings," says Mr. Morrison, "stood near the south end of the Watergate, the quarter of the town in which most of the houses of the nobility were placed, amidst gardens which extended to the wall of the city adjoining the river. The families of the Hays had many rich possessions in the neighborhood, and other residences in the town besides that commonly known as the Constable's Lodgings. Some of these subsequently passed, along with a considerable portion of the Carse, to the Ruthven or Gowrie family. The last of those noble residences in Perth, which retained any part of its former magnificence (and on that account styled the palace), was the celebrated Gowrie House, which was nearly entire in 1805, but of which not a vestige now remains. On the confiscation of the Gowrie estates, it merged into the public property of the town: and, in 1746, was presented by the magistrates to the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness, on receiving this mark of the attachment or servility of the Perth rulers, asked, with sarcastic non-chalance, 'If the piece of ground called the Carse of Gowrie went along with it.'"

NOTE R, p. 325.—LAKE ISLANDS.

The security no less than the beauty of the situations led to the choice of these lake islands for religious establishments. Those in the Highlands were generally of a lowly character, and in many of them the monastic orders were tolerated, and the rites of the Romish Church observed, long after the Reformation had swep both "the rooks and their nests" out of the Lowlands. The Priory on Loch Tay was founded by Alexander I., and the care of it committed to a small body of monks; but the last residents in it were three nuns, who, when they did emerge into society, seemed determined to enjoy it in its most complicated and noisy state, for they came out only once a year, and that to a market at Kenmore. Hence that Fair is still called "Fiell na m'hau maomb," or Holy Woman's market.

NOTE S, p. 327.—HIGHLAND FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The installation, the marriage, and the funeral of a chieftain, were the three periods of his course observed with the highest ceremony by all the clan. The latter was perhaps the most imposing of the three spectacles, from the solemnity of the occasion, and the thrilling effect produced by the coronach, sung by hundreds of voices, its melancholy notes undulating through the valleys, or reverberating among the hills. All these observances are fading away, and the occasional attempt at a gathering for the funeral of a chief, now resembles the dying note of the coronach, faintly echoed for the last time among the rocks.

NOTE T, p. 393.-RED HAND.

Mr. Morrison says, "The case of a person taken red-hand by the magistrates of Perth, and immediately executed, was the main cause of the power of trying cases of

life and death being taken from them, and from all subordinate judicatories. A young English officer connected with some families of rank and influence, who was stationed with a recruiting party at Perth, had become enamoured of a lady there, so young as still to be under the tuition of a dancing-master. Her admirer was in the habit of following her into the school, to the great annoyance of the teacher, who, on occasion of a ball given in his class-room in the Kirkgate, stationed himself at the door, determined to resist the entrance of the officer, on account of the scandal to which his visits had given rise. The officer came as a matter of course, and a scuffle ensued, which at last bore so threatening an aspect, that the poor dancing-master fled through the passage, or closs, as it is called, by which there was access to the street. He was pursued by the officer with his drawn sword, and was run through the body erc he could reach the street, where the crowd usually assembled on such occasions might have protected him. The officer was instantly apprehended, and executed, it is understood, even without any form of trial; at least there is no notice of it in any of the records where it would with most probability have been entered. But the sword is still in the possession of a gentleman whose ancestors held official situations in the town at the time, and the circumstances of the murder and of the execution have been handed down with great minuteness and apparent truth of description from father to son. It was immediately afterwards that the power of the civic magistrates in matters criminal was abridged,—it is thought chiefly through the influence of the friends of this young officer."

NOTE U, p. 402.-HOUGHMANSTARES.

"This place, twice referred to in the course of our story as hateful to the High-landers, lies near the Stare-dam, a collection of waters in a very desolate hollow between the hill of Birnam and the road from Perth to Dunkeld. The exriness of the place is indescribable, and is rendered yet more striking from its being within a furlong of one of the loveliest and richest scenes in Scotland—the north-west opening of Strathmore. The 'dam' has been nearly drained within these few years, but the miserable patches of sickly corn which have with vast labor and cost been obtained, look still more melancholy than the solitary tarn which the barren earth seems to have drunk up. The whole aspect of the place fitted it for being the scene of the trial and punishment of one of the most notorious bands of thieves and outlaws that ever laid the Low Country under contribution. Ruthven, the sheriff, is said to have held his court on a rising ground to the north, still called the Court-hill; and there were lately, or there still may be, at the east end of the Roch-in-Roy wood, some oaks on which the Highlanders were hung, and which long went by the name of Hangedmen's trees. The hideous appearance of the bodies hanging in chains gave the place a name which to this day grates on the ear of a Celt."—MORRISON.

Note V, p. 406.—GARDENS OF THE DOMINICANS.

"The gardens of the Dominicans surrounded the monastery on all sides, and were of great extent and beauty. Part of them immediately adjoined the North Inch, and covered all that space of ground now occupied by Atholl Place, the Crescent, and Rose Terrace, besides a considerable extent of ground to the west and south, still known by the name of the Black Friars. On a part of these grounds, overlooking the North Inch, probably near the south end of the Terrace, a richly decorated summer-house stood, which is frequently mentioned in old writings as the Gilten Arbor. From the balconies of this edifice King Robert is supposed to have witnessed the conflict of the clans. What the peculiar forms, construction, or ornaments of this building were, which gained for it this title, is not even hinted at by any of the local chroniclers. It may be mentioned, however, although it is a matter of mere tradition, that the ornaments on the ceiling of the Monks' Tower (a circular watch-tower at the south-east angle of the town) were said to have been copied from those on the Gilten Arbor, by orders of the first Earl of Gowrie, at the corner of whose garden the Monks' Tower stood. This tower was taken down at the same time with Gowrie House, and many yet remember the general appearance of the paintings on the ceiling, yet it does not seem to have occurred to any one to have had them copied. They were allegorical and astronomical, representing the virtues and vices, the seasons, the zodiac, and other subjects commosplace enough: yet even the surmise that they might have been copied from others still more ancient, if it could not save them from destruction, should have entitled them to a greater share than they seem to have possessed of the notice of their contemporaries. The patience with which the antiquaries of Perth have submitted to the removal (in many cases the wanton and useless removal) of the historical monuments with which they were at one time surrounded, is truly wonderful! "—MORRISON.

NOTE W, p. 428.—COMBAT ON THE NORTH INCH.

The reader may be amused with the account of this onslaught in Boece, as transated by Bellenden.

"At this time, mekil of all the north of Scotland was hevely trublit be two clannis of Irsmen, namit Clankayis and Glenquhattanis; invading the cuntre, be thair weris, with ithand shauchter and reif. At last, it was appoint the twix the heidis-men of thir two clansis, be avise of the Erlis of Murray and Crawfurd, that xxx of the principall men of the ta clan sal cum, with othir xxx of the tothir clan, arrayit in thair best avise; and sall convene afore the king at Perth, for decision of al pleis; and fecht with scharp swerdis to the deith, but ony harnes; and that clan quhare the victory succedit to have perpetuall empire above the tothir. Baith thir clannis, glaid of this condition, come to the North Inche, beside Perth, with jugis set in scaffaldis, to discus the verite. Ane of thir clannis wantit ane man to perfurnis furth the nowmer, and wagit ane carll, for money, to debait thair actioun, howbeit this man pertenit na thing to thaim in blud nor kindnes. Thir two clannis stude arrayit with gret hatrent agams other; and, be sound of trumpet, ruschit togidder; takand na respect to thair woundis, sa that they micht destroy thair ennimes; and faucht in this maner lang, with uncertane victory: quhen ane fel, ane othir was put in his rowme. At last, the Clankayis war al slane except ane, that swam throw the watter of Tay. Of Glenquhattanis, was left xi personis on live; bot thay war sa hurt, that they micht nocht held thair swerdis in thair handis. This debait was fra the incarnatoin, MCCCXCVI yeiris."

NOTE X, p. 432.—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ROTHSAY.

The death of the Duke of Rothsay is not accompanied with the circumstances detailed by later writers in Wintoun. The Chronicler of Lochleven says simply:—

"A thousand foure hundyr yeris and twa, All before as ye herd done, Our lord the Kingis eldest sone, Suete and vertuous, yong and fair, And his nernat jauchtul ayr, Honest, habii, and avenand, Our Lorde, our Prynce, in all plesand, Cunnand into letterature, A seymly persone in stature, Schir Davy Duke of Rothessy, Of Marche the sevyn and twenty day Yauld his Saule til his Creatoure, His corse til hallowit Sepulture. In Lundoris his Body lies, His Spirite intil Paradys.

B. ix, chap. 23.

The Continuator of Fordun is far more particular, and though he does not positively pronounce on the guilt of Albany, says enough to show that, when he wrote, the suspicion against him was universal; and that Sir John Ramorny was generally considered as having followed the dark and double course ascribed to him in the novel.

"Anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo primo, obiit columna ecclesias i obustissima, vas eloquentitas, thesaurus scientias, ac defensor catholicae fidei, donanus Walterus Treyl episcopus S. Andres; et etiam domina Anabella regina apud S. onam decessit, et sepulta est in Dunfermelyn. Hi enim duo, dum viverent, honorem quas regni exaltabant; videlicet, principes et magnates in discordiam concitatos ad concor diam revocantes, alienigenas et extraneos egregiè susceptantes et conviviantes, at munificè dimissos lætificantes. Unde quasi proverbialiter tunc dictum exstitit, quòd mortuis regina Scotias, comite de Douglas, et episcopo Sancti Andrea, abiit decus, recessit shoeur; et henestas obiit Scotias. Eodem anno quarta mortalitas exstitit in egno. Paulo ante dominus rex in consilio deputavit certos consiliarios, valentes arrones et milites, juratos ad regedum et consiliandum domindum David Stewart dacem Rothesiensem, comitem de Carrik, et principem regni, quia videbatur regi. et

consilio quod immiscehat se septies effrænatis lusibus et levicribus ludicrie. Propter quod et ipse consilio astrictus saniori, juravit se regimini corum et consilio conformare. Sed mortua regina ipsius nobili matre, quæ eum in multis refrænabat, tanquam laqueus contritus fuisset, speravit se liberatum, et, spreto proborum consilio, denuo in priori levitate se totum dedit. Propter quod consilium procerum sibi assignatum quitabat se regi, et si voluisset, non tamen posse se eum ad gravitatem morum flexisse attestatur. Unde rex impotens et decrepitus scripsit tratri suo duci Albania, gubernatosi regni ut arrestaretur, et ad tempus custodiæ deputaretur, donec virga disciplinæ casti gatus, seipsum melius cognosceret. Non enim osculatur filium pater, sed aliquande castigat. Sed quod rex proposuit ad filii emendam, tendit ei ad noxam. Nam uterque bajulus literze regalis ad gubernatorem de facto ostendit, se incentorem el Înstigatorem regi ut taliter demandaret, quod honori alterius obviaret, sicut experientil exitus rei patefecit. Domini enim Willelmus Lindesay de Rossy et Johannet Remorgeney milites, regis familiares et consiliarii, nuncii et portatores erant literarum regis gubernatori: quique etiam, ut dicitur, duci Rothsaiensi priùs suggeseerunt, ut post obitum episcopi Sancti Andreze, castrum suum ad usum regis, quousque novus episcopus institueretur, reciperet et servaret : quique ipsum ducem, nihil mali premed itatum, ad castrum Sancti Andrew simpliciter, et cum moderata familia, equitantem, inter villam de Nidi et Stratyrum arrestaverunt, et per potentiam eundem ducem ad ipsum castrum Sancti Andreæ, sibi ad deliberandum paratum, induxerunt, et ibidem in custodia tenuerunt, quousque dux Albanize cum suo consilio apud Culros tento, quid de eo facerent, deliberaverunt. Qui quidem dux Albanizs, cum domino Archibaldo II. comite de Douglas, manu valida ipsum ad turrim de Faulkland, jumento impositum et russeto collobio chlamidatum transvexerunt: ubi in quadam honesta camerula eum servandum deputaverunt. In qua tam diu custoditus, scilicet per Johannem Selkirk et Johannem Wrycht, donec dyssenteria, sive ut alii volunt, fame tabefactus, finem vitæ dedit vij Kal. Aprilis, in vigilia Paschæ, serò, sive in die Paschæ summo mane, et sepultus est in Londoris. Præmissus verò Johannes Remorgeney tam principi, quam domino regi, erat consiliarius, audax spiritu, et pronunciatione eloquen-tissimus, ac in arduis causis prolocutor regis, et causidicus disertissimus: qui, ut dicitur, ante hæc suggessit ipsi principi duci Rothsaiensi, ut patruum suum ducen Albaniæ arrestaret, et, qualicunque occasione nacta, statim de medio tolleret : qued facere omnino princeps refutavit. Istud attendens miles, malitiza suze fuligine occacatus, à cœptis desistere nequivit, hujusmodi labe attachiatus; quia, ut ait Chrysostomus, 'Coërceri omnino nequit animus pravà semel voluntate vitiatus,' Et ideo; vice versa, pallium in alterum humerum convertens, hoc idem maleficium ducem Albaniza de nepote suo duce Rothsaiensi facere instruxit; aliàs sine fallo ut asseruit, dux Rothsaiensis de ipso finem facturus fuisset. Dictus insuper D. Willelmus Lindesay cum ipso Johanne Remorgeney in eandem sententiam forte consentivit, pro eo quod dictus dux Rothsaiensis sororem ipsius D. Willelmi Euphemiam de Lindesay affidavit, sed per sequentia aliarum matrimonia attemptata, sicut et filiam comitis Marchize, sic eandem repudiavit. Ipse enim, ut zestimo, est ille David, de quo vates de Breclyngton sic vaticinatus est, dicens;

> Paalletur gestis David luxuria festis, Qubd tenet uxores uxore sua meliores, Desiciont mores regales, perdet honores.

Paulo ante captionem suara apparuit mirabilis cometes, emittens ex se radios crinifos ad Aquilonem tendentes. Ad quam visendum chm primò appareret, quodam vespere in castro de Edinburgh cum aliis ipse dux secedens, fertur ipsum sic de stella disseruisse, dicens; 'Ut à mathematicis audivi, hujusmodi cometes chm apparet, signat mortem vel mutationem alicujus principis, vel alicujus patrize destructionem.' Et sic evenit ut predixit. Nam, duce capto, statim in præjacentem materiam, sicut Deus voluit, redit stella. In hoc potuit iste dux Sibyllæ prophetissæ comparari, de qua sic loquitur Claudianus:

Miror, cur aliis que fata pandere soles, Ad propriam cladem cæca Sibylla taces."

The narrative of Boece attaches murder distinctly to Albany. After mentioning the death of Queen Annabella Drummond, he thus proceeds:—
"Be quhais deith, succedit gret displeseir to hir son, David Duk of Rothesay: for, during hir life, he was haldin in virtews and honest occupations: eftir hir deith, he

began to rage in all maner of insolence: and fulyeit virginis, matronis, and nunnis, be his unbridillit lust. At last, King Robert, informit of his young and insolent maneris, send letteris to his brothir, the Duk of Albany, to intertene his said son, the Duk of Rothesay, and to leir him honest and civill maneris. The Duk of Albany, glaid of thir writtingis, tuk the Duk of Rothesay betwix Dunde and Sanct Androis, and brocht him to Falkland, and inclusit him in the tour thairof, but ony meit or drink. It is said, ane woman, havand commiseratioun on this Duk, leit meill fall doun throw the loftis of the toure: be quhilkis, his life wes certane dayis savit. This woman, fra it wes knawin, wes put to deith. On the same maner, ane othir woman gaif him milk of hir paup, throw ane lang reid; and wes slane with gret cruelte, fra it wes knawin. Than wes the Duk destitute of all mortall supplie; and brocht, finalie, to sa miserable and hungry appetite, that he eit, nocht allanerlie the filth of the toure quhare he wes, bot his awin fingaris: to his gret marterdome. His body wes beryit in Lundoris, and kithit miraklis mony yeris eftir; quhil, at last, King James the First began to punis his slayaris; and fra that time furth, the miraclis ceissit."

The Remission, which Albany and Douglas afterwards received at the hands of

Robert III., was first printed by Lord Hailes; and is as follows:-

"Robertus, Dei gratia, Rex Scottorum, Universis, ad quorum notitiam prasentes literae pervenerint, Salutem in Domino sempiternam: Cum nuper carissimi nobis, Robertus Albanize Dux, Comes de Fife et de Menteth, frater noster germanus, et Archibaldus Comes de Douglas, et Dominus Galwidize, filius noster secundum legem, ratione filize nostrze quam duxit in uxorem, przecarissimum filium nostrum, primogenitum David, quondam Ducem Rothsaye ac Comitem de Carrick et Atholize, capi fecerunt, et personaliter arrestari, et in castro Sancti Andreze primo custodiri, deindeque apud Faucland in custodia detineri, ubi ab hac luce, divina providentia, et non aliter, migrasse dignoscitur. Quibus comparentibus coram nobis, in concilio nostro generali apud Edinburgh, decimo sexto die mensis Maii, anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo secundo, inchoato, et nonnullis diebus continuato, et super hoc interrogatis ex officio nostro regali, sive accusatis, hujusmodi captionem, arrestationem, mortem, ut superius est expressum, confitentes, causas ipsos ad hoc moventes, pro publica, ut asseruerunt, utilitate arctantes, in præsentia nostra assignarunt, quas non duximus præsentibus inserendas, et ex causa: Habita deinde super hoc diligenti inquisitione, consideratis omnibus et singulis in hac parte considerandis, hujusmodi causam tangentibus, et matura deliberatione concilii nostri præhabita discussis, prænotatos Robertum fratrem nostrum germanum, Archibaldumque filium nostrum secundum jura, et eorum in hac parte participes quoscunque, viz. arrestatores, deten-tores, custodes, consiliarios, et omnes alios consilium, videlicet, auxilium, vel favorem eisdem præstantes, sive eorum jussum aut mandatum qualitercunque exsequentes, excusatos habemus; necnon et ipsos, et eorum quemlibet, a crimine læsæ majestatis nostra, vel alio quocunque crimine, culpa, injuria, rancore, et offensa, qua eis occasione præmissorum imputari possent qualitercunque, in dicto consilio nostro palam et publicè declaravimus, pronunciavimus, et diffinivimus, tenoreque præsentium declaramus, pronunciamus, et per hanc diffinitivam nostram sententiam diffinimus, innocentes, innoxios, inculpabiles, quietos, liberos, et immunes, penitus et omnimodo : Et si quam contra ipsos, sive eorum aliquem, aut aliquam vel aliquos, in hoc facto qualitercunque, participes, vel eis, quomodolibet adhærentes, indignationem, iram, rancorem, vel offensionem, concepimus qualitercunque, illos proprio motu, ex certa scientia, et etiam ex deliberatione concilii nostri jam dicti, annullamus, removemus, et adnullatos volumus haberi, in perpetuum. Quare omnibus et singulis subditis nostris, cujuscunque status aut conditionis exstiterint districte, præcipimus et mandamus, quatenus sæpe dictis Roberto et Archibaldo, eorumque in hoc facto participibus, consentientibus, seu adhærentibus, ut præmittitur, verbo non detrahent, neque facto, nec contra eosdem murmurent qualitercunque, unde possit eorum bona fama lædi, vel aliquod præjudicium generari, sub omni poena que exinde competere poterit, quomodolibet ipso jure. Datum, sub testimonio magni sigilli nostri, in monasterio Sanctæ Crucis de Edinburgh, vicesimo die mensis Maii prædicti, anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo secundo, et regni nostri anno tertio decimo."

Lord Hailes sums up his comment on the document with words which, as Pinkerton says, leave no doubt that he considered the Prince as having been murdered: viz. "The Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas obtained a remission in terms

ss ample as if they had actually murdered the heir-apparent."

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THE ANTIQUARY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent, Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him; But he was shrewish as a wayward child, And pleased again by toys which childhood please; As—book of fables, graced with print of wood, Or else the jingling of a rusty medal, Or the rare melody of some ditty, That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

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TABLET FROM ROMAN WALL MEAR QUEENSFERRY.

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, in tended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. WAVERLEY embraced the age of our fathers, GUY MANNERING that of our own youth, and the ANTIQUARY refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes in which I have endeavored to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinctured with the Oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narrative, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knawery of the adept in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very late instances of the

force of superstitious credulity to a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public for the distinguished reception which they have given to works, that have little more than some truth of coloring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favor.

To the above advertisement, which was prefixed to the first edition of the Antiquary, it is necessary in the present edition to add a few words, transferred from the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate, respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck.

"I may here state generally, that although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life, It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as Waverley, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalize the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly success-There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature, inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. the character of Jonathan Oldbuck in the Antiquary, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakspeare, and other invaluable favors; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness, that it could not be recognized by anyone now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognized,

in the Antiquary, traces of the character of a very intimate friend of my father's family."

I have only farther to request the reader not to suppose that my late respected friend resembled Mr. Oldbuck, either in his pedigree, or the history imputed to the ideal personage. There is not a single incident in the Novel which is borrowed from his real circumstances, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing seaport, and that the author chanced to witness a sæve betwixt him and the female proprietor of a stage-coach, very similar to that which commences the history of the Antiquary. An excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humor; learning, wit, and drollery, the more poignant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor; a soundness of thought, rendered more forcible by an occasional quaintness of expression, were, the author conceives, the only qualities in which the creature of his imagination resembled his benevolent and excellent old friend.

The prominent part performed by the Beggar in the following narrative, induces the author to prefix a few remarks on that character, as it formerly existed in Scotland, though it is now scarcely to be traced.

Many of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district, were usually well received both in the farmer's ha', and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Martin, author of the Reliquiæ Divi Sancti Andreæ, written in 1683, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret its extinction. He conceives them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds:—
"They are called by others, and by themselves, Jockies, who go about begging; and use still to recite the Sloggorne (gathering-words or war-cries) of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there

^{• [}The late George Constable of Wallace Craigie, near Dundse.]

were not now above twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews."

The race of Jockies (of the above description) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a gude crack, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a "puir body" of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says,-

> And when I downa yoke a naig, Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet, he states, that in their closing career—

The last o't, the warst o't, Is only just to beg.

And after having remarked, that

To lie in kilns and barns at e²en, When banes are crazed and blude is thin, Is doubtless great distress

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses, and the usual awmous (alms) of a handful of meal (called a gowpen) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish "twalpenny," or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whiskey, In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance.

These Bedesmen are an order of paupers to whom the Kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his Majesty has lived; and one Blue-Gown additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birth-day. On the same auspicious era, each Bedesman receives a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the color light blue, with a pewter badge, which confers on them the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland,—all laws against sorning, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendicity, being suspended in favor of this privileged class. With his cloak, each receives a leathern purse, containing as many shillings Scots (videlicet, pennies sterling) as the sovereign it years old; the zeal of their intercession for the king's long life re-

eciving, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the Royal Chaplains preaches a sermon to the Bedesmen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Bedesmen, that they are paid for their own devotions, not for listening to those of others. Or, more probably, it arises from impatience, natural, though indecorous in men bearing so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birth-day, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a lusty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Johnson's "Hermit hoar" to his proselyte,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and clothing, there are many records in the Treasurer's accompts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. Macdonald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns.

BLEW GOWNIS.

In the Account of Sir Robert Melvill of Murdocarney, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI., there are the following Payments:—

" Junij 1590.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ANTIQUARY.

"Item, the price of ilk purse iiij d. . . Inde, viij s. "Item, for making of the saidis gownis . . viij li."

In the Account of John, Earl of Mar, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, Treasurer-Depute, the Blue-Gowns also appear thus:—

" Junij 1617.

"Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fyftene scoir sex elnis and ane half elne of blew claith to be gownis to fyftie ane aigeit men, according to the yeiris of his Majesteis age, at xl s. Inde, vj c xiij li. the eine · "Item, to workmen for careing the blewis to James Aikman, tailyour, his hous xiij s. iiij d. " Item, for sex elnis and ane half of harden to the saidis gownis, at vj s. viij d. the elne Inde, xliij s. iiij d. " Item, to the said workmen for careing of the gownis fra the said James Aikman's hous to the palace of Halyrudehous xviij s. " Item, for making the saidis fyftie ane gownis, at xij s. the Inde, xxx li. xij s. peice " Item, for fyftie ane pursis to the said puire men . "Item, to Sir Peter Young, lj s. to be put in everie ane of the saidis lj pursis to the said poore men j c xxx l jj s. " Item, to the said Sir Peter, to buy breid and drink to the said vj li. xiij s. iiij d. puir men " Item, to the said Sir Peter, to be delt among uther puire folk "Item, upoun the last day of Junij to Doctor Young, Deane of Winchester, Elimozinar Deput to his Majestie, twentie fyve pund sterling, to be gevin to the puir be the way in his Majesteis Inde, iij c li." progress

I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the rules of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive as his due. sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at eards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a "carrow," than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction,

and hirth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open which of the inateau, the taird stilling on his chave in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—"I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew.

Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman; and that, if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this laudator temporis acti closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

he died a cadger-powny's death, At some dike side.

The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of anything which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader.

The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potterrow-Port, now demolished, and without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his head.

but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells' sarcastic humor and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavored to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shewn to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, "on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes," adding, " ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company." The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but, as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation,

Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a Novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude, that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another give dinner parties.

I know not if it be worth while to observe, that the Antiquary was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it rose to equal, and, with some readers, superior popularity.

[.] Note A. Mottees.



Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
CREONONHOTORTHOLOGOS.

It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "laigh shop," anglice, a cellar, opening to the High Street by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeins of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

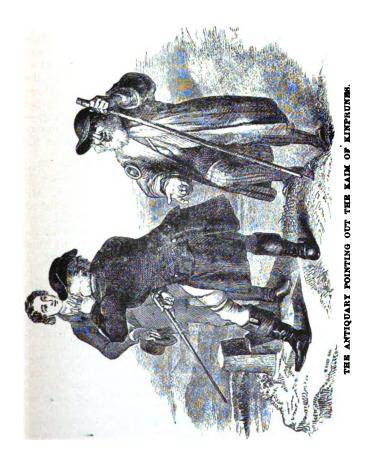
The written hand-bill, which, pasted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry Diligence, or Hawes Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July, 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, lied on the present occasion like a bulletin; for although that hour was pealed from Saint Giles's steeple, and repeated by the Tron, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automedon, that, in such cases, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the said Automedon might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its lugubrious trappingsor he might have staid to take a half-mutchkin extraordinary with his crony the hostler-or-in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best berth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his competitors. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older,—but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His counteance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humor. His dress was uniform, and of a color be

of choice, amused himself, instead, by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage who vas now come to

the coach office.



coming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "Deil's in

it—I am too late after all!"

The young man relieved his anxiety, by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, patting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B——, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The boy lingered, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles; but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having twitched about his features to give due emphasis to one or two

peevish pshaws, he hailed the lady of the cavern.

"Good woman,—what the d—l is her name?—Mrs. Macleuchar!"

Mrs. Macleuchar, aware that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs. Macleuchar,—good woman" (with an elevated voice)—then apart, "Old doited hag, she's as deaf as a post—I say,

Mrs. Macleuchar!"

"I am just serving a customer.—Indeed, hinny, it will no

be a bodle cheaper than I tell ye."

"Woman," reiterated the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have cheated that poor servant wench out of her half-year's fee and bountith?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs. Macleuchar, eager to take up

the quarrel upon a defensible ground; "I scorn your words, you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there

to slander me at my ain stair-head."

"The woman," said the senior, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action.—Woman," again turning to the vault, "I arraign not thy character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach?"

"What's your wull?" answered Mrs. Macleuchar, relapsing

into deafness.

"We have taken places, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensferry"——"Which should have been half-way on the road before now," continued the elder and more impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke; "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side—and your cursed coach——"

"The coach?—Gude guide us, gentlemen, is it no on the stand yet?" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expostulation sinking into a kind of apologetic whine. "Is it the coach

ye hae been waiting for?"

"What else could have kept us broiling in the sun by the

side of the gutter here, you—you faithless woman, eh?"

Mrs. Macleuchar now ascended her trap stair (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone), until her nose came upon a level with the pavement; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, "Gude

guide us—saw ever onybody the like o' that?"

"Yes, you abominable woman," vociferated the traveller, "many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have anything to do with your trolloping sex;" then, pacing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repassed, like a vessel who gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the embarrassed Mrs. Mac leuchar. He would take a post-chaise—he would call a hackney coach—he would take four horses—he must—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Mac leuchar.

There was something so comic in his pettish resentment, that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it

was obvious, that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs. Macleuchar began also to join in the laughter,

he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

Woman," said he, "is that advertisement thine?" showing a bit of crumpled printed paper: "Does it not set forth, that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and is it not, thou falsest of creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen?—Dost thou know the consequence of seducing the lieges by false reports?—dost thou know it might be brought under the statute of leasing-making? Answer—and for once in thy long, useless, and evil life, let it be in the words of truth and sincerity,—hast thou such a coach?—is it in rerum natura?—or is this base annunciation a mere swindle on the incautious to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm?—Hast thou, I say, such a coach? ay or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbors ken the diligence weel, green picked out wi' red—three yellow wheels and a black ane."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve—it may be

only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, man, man!" said the overwhelmed Mrs. Macleuchar, totally exhausted at having been so long the butt of his rhetoric, "take back your three shillings, and make me quit o' ye."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman—Will three shillings transport me to Queensferry, agreeably to thy treacherous program?—or will it requite the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or repay the expenses which I must disburse if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide?—Will it hire, I say, a pinnace, for which

alone the regular price is five shillings?"

Here his argument was cut short by a lumbering noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the despatch to which the broken-winded jades that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffable pleasure, Mrs. Macleuchar saw her tormentor deposited in the leathern convenience; but still, as it was driving off, his head thrust out of the window reminded her, in words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that if the diligence did not attain the Ferry in time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs. Macleuchar should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before

the stranger had completely repossessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful ejaculations, which he made from time to time, on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brows, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his folio, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was uninjured and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellowtraveller took the liberty of inquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young querist would not relish, or perhaps understand his answer, and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale,* a book illustrative of the Roman remains in Scotland. The querist, unappalled by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The elder traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, nothing loath, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of castrametation.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a dulcifying tendency, that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had drawn down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Macleuchar, our Antiquary only bestowed on the delay the honor of a few episodical poohs and pshaws, which rather seemed to regard the interruption of

his disquisition than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labor hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a fore-foot shoe, he apprized the coachman of this important deficiency. "It's Jamie Martingale that furnished the naigs on contract, and uphauds them," answered John, "and I am not entitled to make any stop, or to suffer prejudice by the like of these accident."

"And when you go to—I mean to the place you deserve to go to, you scoundrel,—who do you think will uphold you on

Note B. Sandy Gordon's Itinerartum.

contract? If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy, I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian;" and, opening the coach door, out he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, muttering, that "if the gentlemen lost the tide now, they could not say but it

was their ain fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to analyze the complication of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a Pict's camp, or Round-about, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very curious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the spot where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to decompose the motives of my worthy friend (for such was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered wig and slouched hat), I should say, that, although he certainly would not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whipcord escaped some severe abuse and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Hawes (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queensferry is denominated), the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones and rocks, covered with sea-weed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but whether, as Croaker says in "the Good-natured Man," our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to lead him to repine at anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot

with much resignation.

"The d—l's in the diligence and the old hag it belongs to; —Diligence, quoth I? Thou shouldst have called it the Sloth —Fly, quoth she? why, it moves like a fly through a glue-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide tarry for no man; and so, my young friend, we'll have a snack here at the Hawes, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference

between the mode of entrenching castra stativa and castra astiva, things confounded by too many of our historians. Lack-a-day, if they had ta'en the pains to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other's blind guidance!—Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Hawes; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasanter sailing with the tide of ebb and the evening breeze."

In this Christian temper of making the best of all occur-

mences our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Sir, they do scandal me upon the road here!
A poor quotidian rack of mutton roasted
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With beer and butter-milk, mingled together.
It is against my freehold, my unheritance.
Wine is the word that glads the heart of man,
And mine's the house of wine. Sack, says my bush,
Be merry and drink Sherry, that's my posie.

Ben Jonson's New Inno.

As the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gouty, pursy landlord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

"Have a care o' us, Monkbarns (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor), is this you? I little thought to have seen your

honor here till the summer session was ower."

"Ye donnard auld deevil," answered his guest, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger though otherwise not particularly remarkable,—"ye donnard auld crippled idiot, what have I to do with the session, or the geese that flock to it, or

the hawks that pick their pinions for them?"

"Troth, and that's true," said mine host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original education, yet would have been sorry not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him, or any other occasional guest—"That's very true—but I thought ye had some law affair of your ain to look after—I have ane mysell—a ganging plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to

him. It's about our back-yard—ye'll maybe hae heard of it in the Parliament-house, Hutchison against Mackitchinson—it's a weel-kenn'd plea—its been four times in afore the fifteen, and deil onything the wisest o' them could make o't, but just to send it out again to the outer-house.—O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the traveller, but in great good-humor, "and tell us what you can give this young gentle

man and me for dinner."

"Ou, there's fish, nae doubt,—that's sea-trout and caller haddocks," said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin; "and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts, very weel preserved, and—and there's just onything else ye like."

"Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever? Well, well, the fish and the chop, and the tarts, will do very well. But don't imitate the cautious delay that you praise in the courts of justice. Let there be no remits from the inner to the outer

house, hear ye me?"

"Na, na," said Mackitchinson, whose long and heedful perusal of volumes of printed session papers had made him acquainted with some law phrases—"the denner shall be served quam primum and that peremptorie." And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them in his sanded parlor,

hung with prints of the Four Seasons.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glorious delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some inquiry of the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavor, in a few words, to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldenbuck, or Oldinbuck, by popular contraction Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighborhood of a thriving seaport town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall denominate Fairport. They had been established for several generations, as landowners in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the shire of —— was filled with

gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. In the last generation, also, the neighboring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Monkbarns, like the burghers of the town near which they were settled, were steady assertors of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided themselves as much as those who despised them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogies. Oldenbuck, who had settled in their family mansion shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelt, the more readily that he was a sufferer in the Protestant cause, and certainly not the less so, that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Monkbarns, then sold by a dissipated laird, to whose father it had been gifted, with other church lands, on the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loval subjects on all occasions of insurrection; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it chanced that the Laird of Monkbarns, who flourished in 1745, was provost of the town during that illfated year, and had exerted himself with much spirit in favor of King George, and even been put to expenses on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he contrived to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the present laird was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the Forty-twa, who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain M'Intyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under

the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing Laird of Monkbarns.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being. as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern, carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind revolted in the most irreconcilable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer, or attorney, in which he profited so far, that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal investitures, and showed such pleasure in reconciling their incongruities, and tracing their origin, that the master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deceived the hopes of his master. "Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or rei suæ prodigus," said his instructor, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the acts of parliament for days, rather than go to the golf or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine, that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of frugality and industry, and negligent indolence—I don't know what to make of him."

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for his father having died, was not long survived by his eldest son, an arrant fisher and fowler, who departed this life, in consequence of a cold caught in his vocation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kittlefittingmoss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Ionathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated drudgery of the law. His wishes were very moderate; and as the rent of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of beholding it accumulate. The burghers of the town near which he lived regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and pleasures seemed to them alike incomprehensible. Still, however, a sort of hereditary respect for the Laird of Monkbarns, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbors. country gentlemen were generally above him in fortune, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbuck He had however, the usual resources, the of Monkbarns. company of the clergyman, and of the doctor, when he chose to recuest it, and also his own pursuits and pleasures being in correspondence with most of the virtuosi of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the borough of Fairport, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced misogynist, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broke in and bitted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Grizzy Oldbuck was sometimes apt to gib when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Oldbuck, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lovel.

"What I the cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog? Was he de-

scended from King Richard's favorite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a north-of-England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Fairport (the town near to which Monkbarns was situated), and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr. Lovel's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldbuck, having pushed his inquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to change the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expense on a journey; and upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew à direful picture of the mixture, which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and affirming that a little punch was more genuine and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackitchinson had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double quart bottle, or magnum, as it is called in Scotland, covered with sawdust and cobwebs, the warrants of its antiquity.

"Punch!" said he, catching that generous sound as he entered the parlor, "the deil a drap punch ye'se get here the day, Monkbarns, and that ye may lay your account wi'."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal?"

"Ay, ay, it's nae matter for that—but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye were here?"

"I trick you?"

"Ay, just yoursell, Monkbarns. The Laird o' Tamlowrie, and Sir Gilbert Grizzlecleuch, and Auld Rossballoh, and the Bailie, were just setting in to make an afternoon o't, and you, wi' some o' your auld-warld stories, that the mind o' man canna resist, whirl'd them to the back o' beyont to look at the auld Roman camp—Ah, sir!" turning to Lovel, "he wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he tells about folk lang syne—and did not I lose the drinking o' sax pints o' gude claret, for the deil ane wad hae stirred till he had seen that out at the least?"

"D'ye hear the impudent scoundre!!" said Monkbarns, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy landlord, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a guest's foot as well as e'er a souter on this side Solway; "well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port."

"Port! na, na! ye maun leave port and punch to the like o' us, it's claret that's fit for you lairds; and, I dare say, nane of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the twa."

"Do you hear how absolute the knave is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the Falernian to the vill Sabinum."

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capaciousness, and, declaring it *perfumed* the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Mackitchinson's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the elder guest, who told some good stories, cut some sly jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists; a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong, that at length he began to suspect he had made them his professional study. traveller partly, for business and partly for pleasure?—Why, the stage partakes of both; it is a labor to the performers, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. He seems, in manner and rank, above the class of young men who take that turn; but I remember hearing them say, that the little theatre at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage. -If this should be thee, Lovel !-Lovel ? yes, Lovel or Belville are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions—on my life, I am sorry for the lad."

Mr. Oldbuck was habitually parsimonious, but in no respects mean; his first thought was to save his fellow-traveller any part of the expense of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of settling privately with Mr. Mackitchinson. The young traveller remonstrated against his liberality, and only acquiesced in deference to his years and respecta-

hility.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society induced Mr. Oldbuck to propose, and Lovel willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr. Oldbuck intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post-chaise, saying, that a proportional quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation; but this Mr. Lovel resolutely declined. Their expense then was mutual, unless when Lovel occasionally slipt a shilling into the hand of a growling postilion; for Oldbuck, tenacious of ancient customs, never extended his guerdon beyond eighteen-pence a stage. In this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport *about two o'clock on the following day.

Lovel probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner on his arrival; but his con-

^{* [}The "Fairport" of this nove! is supposed to refer to the town of Arbroath, in Formarshire and "Musselcrag," fost, to the fishing village of Auchmithie, in the same county.]

sciousness of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and perhaps some other reasons, prevented Oldbuck from paying him that attention. He only begged to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of them apart that he only knew Mr. Lovel as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any bills which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, not to mention a well furnished trunk, which soon arrived by sea, to his address at Fairport, probably went as far in his favor as the limited recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER THIRD.

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets, Rusty airn caps, and jingling-jackets, Would held the Loudons three in tackets, A towmond gude; And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets, Afore the flude.

BURNS.

AFTER he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr. Lovel bethought him of paying the requested visit to his fellow-travelier. He did not make it earlier, because, with all the old gentleman's good-humor and information, there had sometimes glanced forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority, which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the day, and make his exterior corresponding to the rank in society which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival, that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkbarns. A footpath leading over a heathy hill, and through two or three meadows, conducted him to this mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill aforesaid, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping Secluded from the town by the rising ground, which also

screened it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange, or solitary farm-house, inhabited by the bailiff, or steward, of the monastery, when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain, which they received as groundrent from their vassals; for, with the prudence belonging to their order, all their conventional revenues were made payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkbarns. To the remains of the bailiff's house, the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodation required by their families; and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leading down one of Amphion's, or Orpheus's, country dances. It was surrounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the topiarian artist,* and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figures of Saint George and the Dragon. The taste of Mr. Oldbuck did not disturb these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do, as it must necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. embowering holly was, however, sacred from the shears; and, on a garden seat beneath its shade, Lovel beheld his old friend with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side, busily employed in perusing the London Chronicle, soothed by the summerbreeze through the rustling leaves, and the distant dash of the waves as they rippled upon the sand.

Mr. Oldbuck immediately rose, and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome, that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother-antiquary MacCribb did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such

imputation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Otho himself.—But

^{*} Ars Topiaria, the art of clipping yew-hedges into fantastic figures. A Latin posentitled Ars Topiaria, contains a curious account of the process.

come, let me show you the way into my sanctum sanctorum—my cell I may call it, for, except two idle hussies of woman-kind," (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother-antiquary, the cynic Anthony a-Wood, Mr. Oldbuck was used to denote the fair sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular), "that, on some idle pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a Cœnobite as my predecessor, John o' the Girnell,

whose grave I will show you by and by."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but before entrance, suddenly stopped short to point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travailed so for a child—and all to no purpose—although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figures, or letters, L V, and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, aliunde, that it was founded by Abbot Waldimir about the middle of the fourteenth century—and, I profess, I think that centre ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine.

"I think," answered Lovel, willing to humor the old man,

"it has something the appearance of a mitre."

"I protest you are right! you are right! it never struck me before—see what it is to have younger eyes—A mitre—a

mitre-it corresponds in every respect."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale, or an owzel; it was sufficient, however, to set the Antiquary's brains to work. "A mitre, my dear sir," continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of inconvenient and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—"A mitre, my dear sir, will suit our abbot as well as a bishop—he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the roll—take care of these three steps—I know Mac-Cribb denies this, but it is a certain as that he took away my Antigonus, no leave asked—you'll see the name of the Abbot of Trotcosey, Abbas Trotto-cosiensis, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and these cursed womankind always leave their tubs in the passage—now take care of the corner—ascend twelve steps, and ye are safe!"

Mr. Oldbuck had by this time attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and opening a door and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclanation was, "What are you about here, you sluts?" A dirty barefooted chambermaid threw down her duster, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the sanctum sanctorum, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her incensed master. A genteel-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, uncle, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid everything down where she took it

up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters?" (Mr. Oldbuck hated putting to rights as much as Dr. Orkborne, or any other professed student.) "Go, sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears.—I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that the last inroad of these pretended friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hudibras's visit to that of Sidrophel; and I have ever since missed

My copperplate, with almanacks
Engraved upon't and other knacks;
My moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones;
My flea, my morpeon, and punaise,
I purchased for my proper ease.

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after curtseying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this enumeration of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary; "but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust, about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years, had not these gypsies disturbed it, as they do everything else in the world."

It was indeed some time before Lovel could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. I was a lofty room of middling size, obscurely lighted by high narrow latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while numberless others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armor, swords, dirks, helmets, and High-

Behind Mr. Oldbuck's seat (which was an anland targets. cient leathern-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use) was a huge oaken cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed, and great jolter-headed visages placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with busts, and Roman lamps and pateræ, intermingled with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady; although, to judge from his own looks, the gentle knight had less reason to be disgusted with the match on account of disparity of outward favor, than the romancer has given us to understand. The rest of the room was panelled, or wainscotted, with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armor, being characters in Scottish history, favorites of Mr. Oldbuck, and as many in tie-wigs and laced coats, staring representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and nondescript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them, besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marius among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which, to a superstitious eye, might have presented the genius loci, the tutelar demon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was overflowed by the same mare magnum of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted, as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair, without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And, when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered, with a careful hand, of engravings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles, which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden occupant. Of this the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavysterne from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient calthrops, or craw-taes, which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, and which, dispersed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the feet of the English chargers, came thus in process of

time to endamage the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and being nothing loath to make inquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lovel was introduced to a large club, or bludgeon, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkbarns property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had mightily the air of such a stick as the Highland reapers use to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains; but Mr. Oldbuck was strongly tempted to believe, that, as its shape was singular, it might have been one of the clubs with which the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons,—whence, he observed, the villains were called Colve-carles, or Kolb-kerls, that is, Clavigeri, or club-bearers. For the truth of this custom, he quoted the chronicle of Antwerp and that of St. Martin; against which authorities Lovel had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldbuck next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose services, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighboring baron, in lieu of the modern Scottish punishment, which, as Oldbuck said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labor, and themselves by their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he showed;—but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, repeating, with a complacent air, as he led the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the verses of old Chaucer—

For he would rather have, at his bed-head, A twenty books, clothed in black or red, Of Aristotle, or his philosophy, Than robes rich, rebeck, or saltery.

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each guttural the true Anglo-Saxon enunciation, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The collection was indeed a curious one, and might well be envied by an amateur. Yet it was not collected at the enormous prices of modern times, which are sufficient to have appalled the most determined as well as earliest bibliomaniac upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated, by his

veracious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, to have exchanged fields and farms for folios and quartos of chivalry. species of exploit, the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr. Oldbuck did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labor of forming his library, saved his purse at the expense of his time and toil. He was no encourager of that ingenious race of peripatetic middle-men, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their profit at once of the ignorance of the former, and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favorite story of Snuffy Davie and Caxton's Game at Chess.—" Davy Wilson," he said, "commonly called Snuffy Davy, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-hound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an editio princeps under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davy bought the 'Game of Chess, 1474,' the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale," continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, "this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds!—Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows," he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands-"Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling.* Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie !and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!

"Even I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry and discernment and presence of mind, to that great man, can show you a few—a very few things, which I have collected, not

This bibliomaniacal anecdote is literally true; and David Wilson, the author need net all his brethren of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne Clubs, was a real personage.

by force of money, as any wealthy man might,—although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shows I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them an hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren,* were the equivalent! that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St. Mary's Wynd,—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article!—how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise!-And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!-Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this" (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer); "to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and dexterity;—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because

^{* [}A collection of Songs, 24mo, London, 1739.]

it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page—of that in the arrangements of the letters in the word Finis. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders,—in its primary tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets, and sold for the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read, with a rapturous voice, the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, piqued himself especially in possessing an unique broadside, entitled and called "Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon, of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 26th of July, 1610, at Half an Hour after Nine o'Clock at Noon, and continued till Eleven, in which Time was seen Appearances of several flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs; with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Continuations; With the Account of the Opening of the Heavens, and strange Appearances therein disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amazement of the Beholders, as it was communicated in a Letter to one Mr. Colley, living in West Smithfield, and attested by Thomas Brown, Elizabeth Greenaway, and Anne Gutheridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions: And if any one would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingale's at the Bear Inn, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied." *

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we dote are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles.—Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity, which you, perhaps, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck unlocked a drawer, and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which

[•] Of this thrice and four times rare broadside, the author possesses an exemplar.

concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some tinkling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Teniers' pieces, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of diet cake, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked, "though it is said to have been wrought by the old mad Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini. But, Mr. Lovel, our ancestors drank sack—you, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found.—Here's success to your exertions at Fairport, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to

make the acquisitions valuable."

After a libation so suitable to the amusement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr. Oldbuck prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The pawkie aud carle cam ower the lea,
Wi' mony good-e'ens and good-morrows to me,
Saying, Kind Sir, for your courtesy,
Will ye lodge a silly puir man?
THE GABERLUMZIE MAN.

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighborhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldbuck failed not to make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their "This old fellow," he said, "which fibres and the subsoil. was blown down last summer, and still, though half reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with such a barrier between his roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story:—the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple; the lady of a neighboring baron was so fond of it, that she would often pay a visit to Monkbarns, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man, belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prognosticated a similar fall. As the honor of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lochard and Cringlecut still pay a fine of six bolls of barley annually, to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his worldly suspicions upon the seclusion of the Abbot and his penitent,— Admire the little belfry rising above the ivy-mantled porchthere was here a hospitium, hospitale, or hospitamentum (for it is written all these various ways in the old writings and evidents), in which the monks received pilgrims. I know our minister has said, in the Statistical Account, that the hospitium was situated either in the lands of Haltweary or upon those of Half-starvet; but he is incorrect, Mr. Lovel—that is the gate called still the Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hewn stones, when he was trenching the ground for winter celery, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present; I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us."

While he was thus speaking, he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture-meadows, to an open heath or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. "Here," he said,

"Mr. Lovel, is a truly remarkable spot."

"It commands a fine view," said his companion, looking around him.

"True: but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither; do you see nothing else remarkable?—nothing on the surface of the ground?"

"Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly

marked."

"Indistinctly!—pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your powers of vision. Nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper agger or vallum, with its corresponding ditch or fossa. Indistinctly! why, Heaven help you, the lassie, my niece, as light-headed a goose as womankind affords, saw the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct!—why, the great station at Ardoch, or that at Burnswark in Annandale, may be clearer, doubtless, because they are stative forts, whereas this was only an occasional encampment. Indistinct!—why, you must suppose that fools, boors, and idiots, have ploughed up the land,

and, like beasts and ignorant savages, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but you

see, yourself, the fourth side is quite entire!"

Lovel endeavored to apologize, and to explain away his illtimed phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first expression had come too frankly and naturally not to alarm the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

"My dear sir," continued the senior, "your eyes are not inexperienced: you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them? Indistinct! why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Kinprunes; and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I

am ignorant what does."

Lovel having again acquiesced, and at length lulled to sleep the irritated and suspicious vanity of the Antiquary, he proceeded in his task of cicerone. "You must know," he said, "our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians; some contend for Ardoch in Strathallan, some for Innerpeffry, some for the Raedykes in the Mearns, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as Blair in Athole. Now, after all this discussion," continued the old gentleman, with one of his slyest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Lovel,—I say, what would you think,—if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you?" Then, having paused a little, to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his disquisition in a higher tone. "Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly deceived if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian mountains—lo! yonder they are, mixing and contending with the sky on the skirts of the horizon! It was in conspectu classis -in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, wish a fairer bay to ride in than that on your right hand? It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are! Sir Robert Sibbald, Saunders Gordon, General Roy, Dr. Stukely,—why, it escaped all of them. I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to auld Johnnie Howie, a bonnet-laird * hard by.

A bonnet-laird signifies a petty proprietor, wearing the dress, along with the habits of a yeeman.

and many a communing we had before he and I could agree. At length—I am almost ashamed to say it—but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own, I was overpaid.—Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monkbarns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A.D.L.L. which may stand, without much violence, for Agricola Dicavil Libens Lubens."

"Certainly, sir; for the Dutch Antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a light-house, on the sole authority of the letters C.C.P.F., which they interpret Caius Caligula Pharum Fecit."

"True, and it has ever been recorded as a sound exposition. I see we shall make something of you even before you wear spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp indistinct when you first observed them."

"In time sir, and by good instruction---"

"You will become more apt—I doubt it not. You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Monkbarns, my trivial Essay upon Castrametation, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes. I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I premise a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudian's famous line,

Ille Caledoniis posuit qui cast ra pruinis.

For pruinis, though interpreted to mean hoar frosts, to which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, Prunes; the Castra Pruinis posita would therefore be the Kaim of Kinprunes. But I waive this, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by cavillers as carrying down my Castra to the time of Theodosius, sent by Valentinian into Britain as late as the year 367, or thereabout. No, my good friend, I appeal to people's eye-sight. Is not here the Decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Prætorian gate.

On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the porta sinistra, and on the right, one side of the porta dextra wellnigh entire. Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the pratorium, doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished but by its slight elevation and its greener turf from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill,—the infantry rising rank over rank, as the form of ground displayed their array to its utmost advantage,—the cavalry and covinarii, by which I understand the charioteers—another guise of folks from your Bond Street four-in-hand men, I trow—scouring the more level space below—

See, then, Lovel—See——
See that huge battle moving from the mountains
Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales;—their march
Like a rough tumbling storm—See them, and view them,
And then see Rome no more!——

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable—nay, it is nearly certain, that Julius Agricola beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described |—From this very Prætorium——"

A voice from behind interrupted his ecstatic description— "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't."

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise, and Oldbuck with mingled surprise and indignation, at so uncivil an intertuption. An auditor had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, amid the energy of the Antiquary's enthusiastic declamation, and the attentive civility of Lovel. He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard which mingled with his grizzled hair; an aged but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by climate and exposure, to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself:—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King's Bedesmen, or, vulgarly, Blue-Gowns.

"What is that you say, Edie?" said Oldbuck, hoping, perhaps that his ears had betrayed their duty—" what were you

speaking about?"

"About this bit bourock, your honor," answered the undaunted Edie; "I mind the bigging o't."

"The devil you do! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or awa, dead or alive, I mind

the bigging o't."

"You-you-," said the Antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger, "you strolling old vagabond, what

the devil do you know about it?"

"Ou, I ken this about it, Monkbarns—and what profit have I for telling ye a lie?—I just ken this about it, that about twenty years syne, I, and a wheen hallenshakers like mysell, and the mason-lads that built the lang dike that gaes down the loaning, and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark, and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the—the—Prætorian, and a' just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal, and a bit blithe gae-down wi' had in't, some sair rainy weather. Mair by token. Monkbarns, if ye howk up the bourock, as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find, if ye hae not fund it already, a stane that ane o' the mason-callants cut a ladle on to have a bourd at the bridegroom, and he put four letters on't, that's A.D.L.L.—Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle—for Aiken was ane o' the kale suppers o' Fife."

"This," thought Lovel to himself, "is a famous counterpart to the story of Keip on this syde." * He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion. For, gentle reader, if thou hast ever beheld the visage of a damsel of sixteen, whose romance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years, whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you, that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

"There is some mistake about this," he said abruptly turn-

ing away from the mendicant.

"Deil a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered the sturdy beggar; "I never deal in mistakes, they ave bring mischances. -Now, Monkbarns, that young gentleman, that's wi' your honor, thinks little of a carle like me; and yet, I'll wager I'll tell him whar he was vestreen at the gloaming, only he maybe wadna like to hae't spoken o' in company.'

Lovel's soul rushed to his cheeks, with the vivid blush of two-and-twenty.

^{* [}See The Town and Country Magazine for 1771, p. 595.]

"Never mind the old rogue," said Mr. Oldbuck; "don't suppose I think the worse of you for your profession; they are only prejudiced fools and coxcombs that do so. You remember what old Tully says in his oration, pro Archia poeta, concerning one of your confraternity—quis nostrum tam animo agresti at duro fuit—ut—ut—I forget the Latin—the meaning is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roscius, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent in his art, ought to be exempted from the common lot of mortality? So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors."

The words of the old man fell upon Lovel's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy, and securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed on him an alms, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his fears than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand.—" Never mind me, sir-I am no tale-pyet; but there are mair een in the warld than mine," answered he as he pocketed Lovel's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldbuck—"I am awa' to the manse, your honor. Has your honor ony word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinnock Castle again e'en?"

Oldbuck started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, where vexation strove with a wish to conceal it, paying, at the same time, a tribute to Edie's smooth, greasy, unlined hat, he said, "Go down, go down to Monkbarns—let them give you some dinner—Or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinnock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who, I?" said the mendicant—"Lord bless your honor, naebody sall ken a word about it frae me, mair than if the bit bourock had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honor has gien Johnnie Howie acre for acre of the laigh crofts for this heathery knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the bourock on ye for an ancient wark, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just

bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he

beguiled ye."

"Provoking scoundrel!" muttered the indignant Antiquary between his teeth,—"I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this." And then, in a louder tone,—"Never mind, Edie— it is all a mistake."

"Troth, I am thinking sae," continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound, "troth, I ave thought sae; and it's no sae lang since I said to Luckie Gemmels, 'Never think you, luckie,' said I, 'that his honor Monkbarns would have done sic a daft-like thing as to gie grund weel worth fifty shillings an acre, for a mailing that would be dear o'a pund Scots. Na, na,' quo' I, 'depend upon't the laird's been imposed upon wi' that wily do-little deevil, Johnnie Howie.' 'But Lord haud a care o' us, sirs, how can that be,' quo' she again, 'when the laird's sae book-learned. there's no the like o' him in the country side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense eneugh to ca' the cows out o' his kaleyard?' 'Aweel,' aweel,' quo' I, 'but ye'll hear he's circumvented him with some of his auld-warld stories,'-for ye ken, laird, you other time about the bodle that ye thought was an auld coin-"

"Go to the devil!" said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added—"Away with you down to Monkbarns, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the

kitchen."

"Heaven reward your honor!" This was uttered with the true mendicant whine, as, setting his pike-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkbarns.—"But did your honor," turning round, "ever get back the siller ye gae to the travelling packman for the bodle?"

"Curse thee, go about thy business!"

"Aweel, aweel, sir, God bless your honor! I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see it." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving Mr. Oldbuck of recollections which were anything rather than agreeable.

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the

mendicant was out of hearing.

"O, one of the plagues of the country—I have been always against poor's-rates and a work-house—I think I'll vote for them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his dish—as intimate as one of the beasts

familiar to man which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he?—why he has gone the vole—has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our foolish gentry, who laugh at his jokes, and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"Why, he uses freedom apparently, which is the soul of wit,"

answered Lovel.

"O ay, freedom enough," said the Antiquary; "he generally invents some damned improbable lie or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now—not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a medicant would get a

speedy check."

"Yes, your churchwardens and dog-whips would make slender allowances for his vein of humor! But here, curse him! he is a sort of privileged nuisance—one of the last specimens of the old fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district. That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all," continued he, softening as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good humor. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me, as you gay folk would call it, will be meat and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, or he will spread his d-d nonsensical story over half the country." #

So saying our heroes parted, Mr. Oldbuck to return to his hospitium at Monkbarns, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fair-

port, where he arrived without farther adventure.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Launcelot Gobbo. Mark me now: Now will I raise the waters.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Lovel appeared on the boards, nor was there anything in the habits

• Note C. Prætorium.

or deportment of the young gentleman so named, which authorized Mr. Oldbuck's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public favor. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three wigs in the parish which, in defiance of taxes and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided his time among the three employers whom fashion had yet left him; regular, I say, were Mr. Oldbuck's inquiries at this personage concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Lovel's appearance; on which occasion the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charges in honor of this young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but carry his womankind along with him. But old Jacob Caxon conveyed no information which warranted his taking so decisive a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport, of whom the town (by which he meant all the gossips, who having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of curiosity, induced many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged, that all who had any transactions with him were loud

in their approbation.

"These are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero," thought Oldbuck to himself; and, however habitually pertinacious in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that which he had formed in the present instance, but for a part of Caxon's communication. "The young gentleman," he said, "was sometimes heard speaking to himsell, and rampauging about in his room, just as if he was ane o' the player folk."

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition; and it remained a high and doubtful question, what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither port-wine nor whist had apparently any charms for him. He declined dining with the mess of the volunteer cohort which had been lately embodied, and shunned joining the convivialities of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an aristocrat to join the

club of Royal True Blues, and too little of a democrat to farternize with an affiliated society of the soi-disant Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I grieve to say it, he had as few sympathies with the tea-table.—In short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while agone, there was never a Master Lovel of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negatives.

One negative, however, was important—nobody knew any harm of Lovel. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbor could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsocial. On one account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbor, in which the signal tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some zealous friends of the public sent abroad a whisper, that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The Sheriff paid his respects to Mr. Lovel accordingly; but in the interview which followed, it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinnerparties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but from his substitute, his clerk, his wife and his two daughters, who formed his privy council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr. Caxon to his patron at Monkbarns, tended much to raise Lovel in the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. "A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who scorns to enter into the fooleries and nonsense of these idiot people at Fairport—I must do something for him—I must give him a dinner;—and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkbarns to meet him. I must consult my womankind."

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinnock Castle with a letter, ' For the honored Sir Arthur Wardour of Knockwinnock, Bart." The contents ran thus:

[&]quot;DEAR SIR ARTHUR,
"On Tuesday the 17th curt. stilo novo, I hold a coenobitical

symposion at Monkbarns, and pray you to assist thereat, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair enemy, Miss Isabel, can and will honor us by accompanying you, my womankind will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to awful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the manse for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to these giddy-paced times—reveres his elders, and has a pretty notion of the classics—and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to show him some rational as well as worshipful society.—I am, Dear Sir Arthur, etc. etc. etc."

"Fly with this letter, Caxon," said the senior, holding out his missive, signatum atque sigillatum "fly to Knockwinnock, and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the towncouncil were met and waiting for the provost, and the provost

was waiting for his new-powdered wig."

"Ah sir," answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, "thae days hae lang gane by. Deil a wig has a provost of Fairport worn sin auld Provost Jervie's time—and he had a quean of a servant-lass that dressed it herself, wi' the doup o' a candle and a drudging-box. But I hae seen the day, Monkbarns, when the town-council of Fairport wad hae as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill of brandy ower-head after the haddies, as they wad hae wanted ilk ane a weel-favored, sonsy, decent periwig on his pow. Hegh, sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates and bailies, and deacons, and the provost himself, wi' heads as bald and as bare as ane o' my blocks!"

"And as well furnished within, Caxon. But away with you! —you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the provost could have done himself. But away with you,

Caxon!"

And off went Caxon on his walk of three miles-

He hobbled—but his heart was good! Could he go faster than he could?—

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldbuck kept little company with

the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Wardour, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party, while it could be served with words only. No man squeezed the orange with more significant gesture; no one could more dexteriously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes; and, above all, none drank success to the cause more deeply and devoutly. But, on the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's zeal became a little more moderate just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart; but his demi-pique saddle would suit only one of his horses; and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathized in the scruples of this sagacious quadruped, and began to think, that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Wardour talked, and drank, and hesitated, the sturdy provost of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our Antiquary) sallied from his ancient burgh, heading a body of whig-burghers, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockwinnock, and on the four carriage-horses, and person of the proprietor. Sir Anthony was shortly after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son, Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion of Knockwinnock, to drink health five fathoms deep, and talk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfall of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies; although all idea of serious opposition to the House of Hanover had long mouldered away, and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveving any distinct meaning. So much was this the case, that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested ;-thus renouncing the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper

whose dethronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the House of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, vet in all actual service and practical exertion, he was a most zealous and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects, Sir Arthur Wardour lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland, hunted and fished-gave and received dinners-attended races and county meetings-was a deputylieutenant and trustee upon turnpike acts. But, in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or unwieldy for fieldsports, he supplied them by now and then reading Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a crony of his neighbor, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, and a joint-laborer

with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two humorists, which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr. Oldbuck (notwithstanding the affair of the Prætorium at the Kaim of Kinprunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of leze-majesty had he doubted the existence of any single individual of that formidable bead-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Boethius, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his ancient kingdom, and whose portraits still frown grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to cavil at this sacred list, and to affirm that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history was as vain and unsubstantial as the gleamy pageant of the descendants of Banquo through the cavern of Hecate.

Another tender topic was the good fame of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most chivalrous assertor, while the esquire impugned it, in spite both of her beauty and misfortunes. When, unhappily, their conversation turned on yet later times, motives of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbuck was, upon principle, a staunch Presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of They agreed, it is true, in dutiful love and allegiance all this.

to the sovereign who now fills * the throne; but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened, that bickerings hot broke out between them, in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic humor, while it would sometimes occur to the Baronet that the descendant of a German printer, whose sires had "sought the base fellowship of paltry burghers," forgot himself, and took an unlicensed freedom of debate, considering the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. This, with the old feud of the coach-horses, and the seizure of his manor-place and tower of strength by Mr. Oldbuck's father, would at times rush upon his mind, and inflame at once his cheeks and his arguments. And lastly, as Mr. Oldbuck thought his worthy friend and compeer was in some respects little better than a fool, he was apt to come more near communicating to him that unfavorable opinion, than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases they often parted in deep dudgeon, and with something like a resolution to forbear each other's company in future:

But with the morning calm reflection came;

and as each was sensible that the society of the other had become, through habit, essential to his comfort, the breach was speedily made up between them. On such occasions, Oldbuck, considering that the Baronet's pettishness resembled that of a child, usually showed his superior sense by compassionately making the first advances to reconciliation. But it once or twice happened that the aristocratic pride of the far-descended knight took a flight too offensive to the feelings of the representative of the typographer. In these cases, the breach between these two originals might have been immortal, but for the kind exertion and interposition of the Baronet's daughter, Miss Isabella Wardour, who, with a son, now absent upon foreign and military service, formed his whole surviving family. She was well aware how necessary Mr. Oldbuck was to her father's amusement and comfort, and seldom failed to interpose with effect, when the office of a mediator between them was rendered necessary by the satirical shrewdness of the one, or the assumed superiority of the other. Under Isabella's mild influence, the wrongs of Queen Mary were forgotten by her father, and Mr. Oldbuck forgave the blasphemy which reviled the memory of King William. However, as she used in general to take her tather's part playfully in these disputes, Oldbuck was wont to call Isabella his fair enemy, though in fact

[•] The reader will understand that this refers to the reign of our late gracious Sovereign, George the Third.

he made more account of her than any other of her sex, of

whom, as we have seen, he was no admirer.

There existed another connection betwixt these worthies, which had alternately a repelling and attractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur always wished to borrow; Mr. Oldbuck was not always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, per contra, always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this reasonable desire; and, in accomplishing an arrangement between tendencies so opposite, little miffs would occasionally take place. Still there was a spirit of mutual accommodation upon the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but without absolutely com-

ing to a stand-still or throttling each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have mentioned, arising out of business, or politics, had divided the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkbarns, when the emissary of the latter arrived to discharge his errand. In his ancient Gothic parlor, whose windows on one side looked out upon the restless ocean, and, on the other, upon the long straight avenue, was the Baroner seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the sun quivered on the dark-green foliage and smooth trunks of the large and branching limes with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual inquiries, Who is it? and what can be his errand? The old whitish-gray coat, the hobbling gait, the hat half-slouched, half-cocked, announced the forlorn maker of periwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlor,—"A letter from Monkbarns, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of conse-

quential dignity.

"Take the old man into the kitchen, and let him get some refreshment," said the young lady, whose compassionate eye

had remarked his thin gray hair and wearied gait.

"Mr. Oldbuck, my love, invites us to dinner on Tuesday the 17th," said the Baronet, pausing;—"he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards me as might have been expected."

"Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr. Oldbuck, that no wonder it should put him a little out of humor; but I know he has much respect for your person and your conversation;—nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention."

"True, true, Isabella; and one must allow for the original descent;—something of the German boorishness still flows in the blood; something of the whiggish and perverse opposition to established rank and privilege. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact—a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory, which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

"He must find it convenient in historical investigation, I

should think, sir?" said the young lady.

"It leads to an uncivil and positive mode of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Bellenden's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailor's measures. And besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a mercantile manner of doing business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor whose family has stood two or three generations. I question if there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can sum an account of interest better than Monkbarns."

"But you'll accept his invitation, sir?"

"Why, ye—yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of?—he seldom picks up new acquaintances; and he has no relation that I ever heard of."

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law Captain

M'Intyre."

"Very possibly—yes, we will accept—the M'Intyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his card in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be

Dear Sirring myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Wardour intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honor of waiting upon Mr. Oldbuck. Miss Wardour takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr. Oldbuck, on account of his late long absence from Knockwinnock, where his visits give so much pleasure." With this placebo she concluded her note, with which old Caxon, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Molk. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is, Wodseeday,
Truth is a thing that I will ever keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulcre———

CARTWRIGHT'S Ordinary.

Our young friend Lovel, who had received a corresponding nvitation, punctual to the hour of appointment, arrived at Monkbarns about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened showers had as yet passed away.

Mr. Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's port in his complete brown suit, gray silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Caxon, who having smelt out the dinner, had taken care not to finish his job till the hour of eat-

ing approached.

"You are welcome to my symposion, Mr. Lovel. And now let me introduce you to my Clogdogdo's, as Tom Otter calls them—my unlucky and good-for-nothing womankind—mala bestia, Mr. Lovel."

"I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies

very undeserving of your satire."

"Tilley-valley, Mr. Lovel,—which, by the way, one commentator derives from tittivillitium, and another from talley-ho—but tilley-valley, I say—a truce with your politeness. You will find them but samples of womankind—But here they be, Mr. Lovel. I present to you in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda, who disdains the simplicity, as well as patience annexed to the poor old name of Grizzel; and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly.

The elderly lady rustled in sflks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the chevaux

de frise, and the lappets the banners.

The face, which, like that of the ancient statues of Vesta, was thus crowned with towers, was large and long, and peaked

at nose and chin, and bore, in other respects, such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, that Lovel, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Viola in the last scene of the "Twelfth Night," might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom belonged this unparalleled tete. which her brother was wont to say was fitter for a turban for Mahound or Termagant, than a head-gear for a reasonable creature, or Christian gentlewoman. Two long and bony arms were terminated at the elbows by triple blond ruffles, and being folded saltire-ways in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion color, presented no bad resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobsters. High-heeled shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lovel had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, genteelly dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of espiteleric which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the caustic humor peculiar to her uncle's family, though

softened by transmission.

Mr. Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of 1760, drawn from the righteous period,

When folks conceived a grace
Of half an hour's space,
And rejoiced in a Friday's capon,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid

his respects to the ladies.

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my fair foe, let me make known to you my young friend Mr. Lovel, a gentleman who, during the scarlet-fever which is epidemic at present in this our island, has the virtue and decency to appear in a coat of civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable color has mustered in his cheeks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman, whom your farther knowledge will find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly

grounded in all the hidden mysterics of the green-room and stage, from the days of David Lindsay down to those of Dibdin

-he blushes again, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Miss Griselda, addressing Lovel, "has a humorous way of expressing himself, sir; nobody thinks anything of what Monkbarns says—so I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense; but you must have had a warm walk beneath this broiling sun—would you take anything?—a glass of balm-wine?"

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed. "Aroint thee, witch! wouldst thou poison my guests with thy infernal decoctions? Dost thou not remember how it fared withal the clergyman whom you seduced to partake of that deceitful

beverage?"

"O fy, fy, brother!—Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like?—he must have everything his ain way, or he will invent such stories—But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us

that the dinner is ready."

Rigid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept no male servant. This he disguised under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude, which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed "Why," would he say, "did the boy, Tam on the female. Rintherout, whom, at my wise sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halbert, or even to the gallows? And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rintherout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step—shod, or unshod—soft as the pace of a cat, and docile as a spaniel—Why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur,—let them minister, I say,—it's the only thing they are fit for. ancient legislators, from Lycurgus to Mahommed, corruptly called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that erected their Dulcineas into despotic princesses."

Miss Wardour protested loudly against this ungallant doc-

trine; but the bell now rung for dinner.

"Let me do all the offices of fair courtesy to so fair an antagonist," said the old gentleman, offering his arm. "I

remember, Miss Wardour, Mahommed (vulgarly Mahomet) had some hesitation about the mode of summoning his Moslemah to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Guebres, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equal doubt concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a newfangled and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female womankind I rejected as equally shrill and dissonant; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahommed, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local propriety, since it was the conventual signal for spreading the repast in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister, Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-rope; whereas we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to silence Jenny, only wakes the sympathetic chime of Miss Oldbuck and Mary M'Intyre to join in chorus."

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlor, which Lovel had not yet seen;—it was wainscotted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny; but an old superintendent, a sort of female butler, stood by the sideboard, and underwent the burden of bearing several reproofs from Mr. Oldbuck, and inuendos, not so much

marked, but not less cutting, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, comprehending many savory specimens of Scottish viands. now disused at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing Solan goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-raw he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldbuck half threatened to throw the greasy sea-fowl at the head of the negligent housekeeper, who acted as priestess in presenting this odoriferous offering. But, by good-hap, she had been most fortunate in the hotch-potch. which was unanimously pronounced to be inimitable. "I knew we should succeed here," said Oldbuck exultingly, " for Davie Dibble, the gardener (an old bachelor like myself), takes care the rascally women do not dishonor our vegetables. And here is fish and sauce, and crappit-heads-I acknowledge our womankind excel in that dish-it procures them the pleasure of scolding, for half an hour at least, twice a-week, with auld Maggy Mucklebackit, our fish-wife. The chicken-pie, Mr. Lovel, is made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory—And if you will venture on a glass of wine, you will find it worthy of one who professes the maxim of King Alphonso of Castile,—Old wood to burn—old books

to read-old wine to drink-and old friends, Sir Arthur-ay,

Mr. Lovel, and young friends too, to converse with."

"And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monkbarns?" said Sir Arthur "how wags the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—irretrievably frantic—far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellebore. The worse sort of frenzy, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child."

"And high time, I think," said Miss Wardour, "when we are threatened with invasion from abroad and insurrection at

home."

"O, I did not doubt you would join the scarlet host against me—women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag— But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies

and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the knight, "that so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist cum toto corpore regni — as the phrase is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—an enemy who comes to propose to us a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst kind in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community; for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Edie Ochiltree, for spreading disaffection against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxon, that Willie Howie's Kilmarnock cowl covered more sense than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that inuendo—But the rogue shall be taught better manners."

"O no, my dear sir," exclaimed Miss Wardour, "not old Edie, that we have known so long;—I assure you no constable shall have my good graces that executes such a warrant."

"Ay, there it goes," said the Antiquary; "you, to be a staunch Tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished a fine sprig of Whiggery in your bosom—Why, Miss Wardour is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session? ay, a general assembly or convocation to boot—a Boadicea she—an Amazon, a Zenobia."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I am glad to

hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head, that, though now old and somewhat gray, has more sense and polis

ical intelligence than you find now-a-days in the whole synod? Dost thou remember the Nurse's dream in that exquisite work. which she recounts in such agony to Hubble Bubble?—When she would have taken up a piece of broad-cloth in her vision. lo ! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her hand to save a pirn, it perked up in her face in the form of a My own vision in Edinburgh has been something similar. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqued, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a sharp-shooter) walked to and fro before his door. I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume, which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement, instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk, who was directed to sum my cash-account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the recollection of his military tellings-off at the morning-drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon-

> He came—but valor so had fired his eye, And such a falchion glittered on his thigh, That, by the gods, with such a load of steel, I thought he came to murder,—not to heal.

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now, since I have returned here, even our wise neighbors of Fairport have caught the same valiant humor. I hate a gun like a hurt wild duck—I detest a drum like a quaker; and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's common, so that every volley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen volunteers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform—Weel I wot they have been wet to the very skin twice last week—I met them marching in terribly droukit, an mony a sair hoast was amang them—And the trouble they take, I am sure it

claims our gratitude."

"And I am sure," said Miss M'Intyre, "that my uncle sent

twenty guineas to help out their equipments."

"It was to buy liquorice and sugar candy," said the cynic, "to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had bawled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

Take care, Monkbarns! we shall set you down among the

black-nebs by and by."

"No, Sir Arthur—A tame grumbler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the marsh—Ni quito Rey, ni pongo Rey—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the exciseman—But here comes the ewe-milk cheese in good time: it is a better digestive t'en politics."

When dinner was over, and the decanters placed on the table, Mr. Oldbuck proposed the King's health in a bumper, which was readily acceded to both by Lovel and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative

opinion merely, the shadow of a shade.

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several exquisite discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"I will stand by what Mr. Lovel says; he was born in the

north of England, and may know the very spot."

Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of this sort.

"I am avised of the contrary," said Oldbuck.

"How say you, Mr. Lovel?—speak up for your own credit, man."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one alike ignorant of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

"Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering!—I thought how it would be when the womankind were admitted—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after.—Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks—"

"More properly Picts," interrupted the Baronet.

"I say the Pikar, Pihar, Piochtar, Piaghter, or Peughtar," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect----"

"Genuine Celtic," again asseverated the knight.

"Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!" counter-assev-

erated the squire.

"Why, gentlemen," said Lovel, "I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language."

"There is but one word," said the Baronet, "but, in spite of Mr. Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question."

"Yes, in my favor," said Oldbuck; "Mr. Lovel, you shall

be judge—I have the learned Pinkerton on my side.'

"I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers."

"Gordon comes into my opinion."

"Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine."

"Innes is with me!" vociferated Oldbuck.

"Riston has no doubt!" shouted the Baronet.

"Truly, gentlemen," said Lovel, "before you muster your forces and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute."

"Benval," said both the disputants at once. "Which signifies caput valli," said Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," echoed Oldbuck.

There was a deep pause.—" It is rather a narrow foundation

to build a hypothesis upon," observed the arbiter.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldbuck; "men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust."

"It is decidedly Celtic," said the Baronet; "every hill in the Highlands begins with Ben."

"But what say you to Val, Sir Arthur; is it not decidedly

the Saxon wall ? "

"It is the Roman vallum," said Sir Arthur;—" the Picts borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your Ben, which they might have from the neighboring

Britons of Strath Cluyd."

"The Piks, or Picts," said Lovel, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and, methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to resign the other. But what strikes me most, is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it."

"You are in error," said Sir Arthur, "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle,

thence called Castrum Puellarum."

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give con-

sequence to trumpery womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, quasi lucus a non lucendo, because it resisted every attack,

and women never do."

"There is a list of the Pictish kings," persisted Sir Arthur, "well authenticated, from Crentheminachcryme (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drusterstone, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic Mac prefixed—Mac, id est filius;—what do you say to that, Mr. Oldbuck? There is Drust Macmorachin, Trynel Maclachlin (first of that ancient clan, as it may be judged), and Gormach Macdonald, Alpin Macmetegus, Drust Mactallargam" (here he was interupted by a fit of coughing)—"ugh, ugh, ugh—Golarge Macchan—ugh—ugh—Macchanan—ugh—Macchanan—ugh—Macchanan—igh—Macchanan—igh—Macchanan—igh—Macchanan—igh—Macchanan—igh—Macchanan—igh—could repeat, if this damned cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that bead-roll of unbaptized jargon, that would choke the devil—why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated—they are all of the tribe of Macfungus—mushroom monarchs every one of them; sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood, fermenting in the brains of some mad

Highland seannachie."

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck: you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied by Henry Maule of Melgum, from the Chronicles of Loch Leven and St. Andrews, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory history of the Picts, printed by Robert Freebairn of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament Close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which—but I have a copy at home that stands next to my twelvemo copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"Say?—why, I laugh at Harry Maule and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Ar-

thur, somewhat scornfully.

I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."

"Henry Maule of Melgum was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck."
"I presume he had no advantage of me in that particular,"

seplied the Antiquary, somewhat tartly.

"Permit me, Mr. Oldbuck—he was a gentleman of high

family, and ancient descent, and therefore—"

"The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference? Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfbrand Oldenbuck, who, in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebaldus Scheyter and Sebastian Kammermaister, accomplished the printing of the great Chronicle of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bulletheaded, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminachcryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

"If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry," said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, "I have the pleasure to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Gamelyn de Guardover, Miles, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Ragman-roll."

"Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir

Arthur, after such a backsliding as that?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely, and pushing back his chair; "I shall hereafter take care how I honor with my company one who shows himself so ungrateful

for my condescension."

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur; —I hope, that as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Mighty well—mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck—I wish you a good-evening—Mr. a—a—a—Shovel—I wish you a very good-

evening."

Out of the parlor door flounced the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table inflamed his single bosom, and traversed with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

"Did you ever hear such an old tup-headed ass?" said Oldbuck, briefly apostrophizing Lovel. "But I must not let him

go in this mad-like way neither."

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Baronet, whom

he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened in search of the apartment for tea, and slammed with force behind him at every disappointment. "You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the Antiquary; "Qui ambulat in tenebris, nescit quo vadit—You'll tumble down the back-stair."

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the sedative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Baronet, if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the *locale*, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Oldbuck, opposing his abrupt entrance; "don't be quite so hasty, my good old friend. I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamelyn—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, man, and a favorite; he kept company with Bruce and Wallace—and, I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Ragman-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the false Southern—'twas right Scottish craft, my good knight—hundreds did it. Come, come, forget and forgive—confess we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two testy old fools."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur with much majesty.

"A-well, a-well—a wilful man must have his way."

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenances of all the three a little discomposed.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said Miss Wardour, "to propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the

evehing is so fine."

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm; and after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Oldbuck—off he marched.

"I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again,"

said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog!—black devil!—he's more absurd than womankind—What say you, Lovel?—Why, the lad's gone too."

"He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Wardour was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him."

"The devil's in the people! This is all one gets by fussing and bustling, and putting one's self out of one's way in order to give dinners, besides all the charges they are put to!—O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia!" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand, and a volume of the Rambler in the other,—for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his sister, being a practice which served at once to evince his contempt for the society of womankind, and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction,—"O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. well hast thou spoken—No man should presume to say, This shall be a day of happiness."

Oldbuck proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, uninterrupted by the ladies, who each, in profound silence, pursued some female employment. At length, a light and modest tap was heard at the parlor dor. "Is that you, Caxon?

-come in, come in, man."

The old man opened the door, and thrusting in his meagre face, thatched with thin gray locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice I was wanting to speak to you, sir."

"Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got te

say."

"I'll maybe frighten the ladies," said the ex-friseur.

"Frighten!" answered the Antiquary, — "what do you mean?—never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghaist at the Humlock-knowe?"

"Na, sir—it's no a ghaist this turn," replied Caxon ;—" but

I'm no easy in my mind."

"Did you ever hear of anybody that was?" answered Oldbuck;—"what reason has an old battered powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?"

"It's no for mysell, sir; but it threatens an awfu' night;

and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, poor thing-"

"Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the loaning, or thereabouts; they must be home long ago."

"Na, sir; they didna gang the road by the turnpike to meet

the carriage, they gaed by the sands."

The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck. "The

sands!" he exclaimed; "impossible!"

"Ou, sir, that's what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel-crair. In troth, says I to him, an that be the case, Davie, I am misdoubting——"

"An almanac I so almanac I" said Oldbuck, starting up in

great alarm—"not that bauble!" flinging away a little pocket almanac which his niece offered him.—"Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella!—Fetch me instantly the Fairport Almanac."—It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. "I'll go myself—call the gardener and ploughman—bid them bring ropes and ladders—bid them raise more help as they come along—keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them—I'll go myself."

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Oldbuck and Miss

M'Intyre.

"The tide!—the tide!" answered the alarmed Antiquary.

"Had not Jenny better—but no, I'll run myself," said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle's terrors—"I'll run myself to Saunders Mucklebackit, and make him get out his boat."

"Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been spoken yet—Run! run!—To go by the sands!" seizing his hat and cane; "was there ever such madness heard of!

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

—Pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, the prospect wild and new;
The now receding waters gave them space,
On either side, the growing shores to trace;
And then returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.
CRABBE.

The information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarns, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knockwinnock by the turnpike road; but when they reached the head of the loaning, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarns, they discerned, a little way before them, Lovel, who seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasanter passage between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns than the high-road.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to cut the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the guerdon of one penny sterling, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock.

When this was arranged, and the emissary despatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and following a wandering path among sandy hillocks, partly grown over with furze and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm; there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to amuse the hamlet fireside, than to prevent anyone from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dving splendor gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapors, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward

in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly,

gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipice by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and maccessible

rock which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent;—and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreat-

ing by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get around Halket-head!—that person must have passed it," thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God, indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she strongly

felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly.—Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gown beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why

did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we

thought we could get round Halket-head."

"Halket-head!—the tide will be running on Halket head by this time like the Fall of Fyers!—it was a' I could do to get around it twenty mintues since—it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe got back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us!—it's our only chance. We can but try."

"My God, my child!"—"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavored to double the point, the projection of which formed

the southern extremity of the bay."

"I heard ye were here frae the bit callant ye sent to

meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour; "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time eneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ee ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinning e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry—he aye held his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine

resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man—mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud o' my arm—an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig—it's sma eneugh now—but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Ballyburgh Ness, for a that's come and gane yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awsome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground

perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible; the signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My

child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him—" and you too, who have lost your own life in

endeavoring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll——"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are sae already; for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates, and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life,"

she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused-"I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope—and if I had ane, my ee-sight, and my footstep, and my hand-grip, hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne—And then, how could I save you? But there was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ve would rather bide where we are—His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!"-Then, exalting his voice, he hilloa'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind: - "Ye're right! - ye're right! - that gate - that gate! fasten the rope weel round Crummie's horn, that's the muckle black stane—cast twa plies round it—that's it!—now, weize voursell a wee easal-ward—a wee mair vet to that ither stane we ca'd it the Cat's-lug-there used to be the root o' an aik tree there—that will do !—canny now, lad—canny now—tak tent and tak time-Lord bless ye, tak time-Vera weel !-Now ye maun get to Bessy's apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane—and then, I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured round Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur.

himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night, doubtless; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lassie!—the puir sweet lassie!" said the old man; mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad, but,

God guide us, how can she ever win through it!"

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence.—"I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel—there's daylight enough left to see my footing; I'll climb up, and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for Heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant: "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines), wodna hae ventured upon the Halket-head craigs after sun-down—It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already—I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as ye did. I question an I could hae done it mysell, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yaldest of my strength—But to venture up again—it's a mere and a clear tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well—I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the bedesman sturdily; "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the twa o' us, we'll hae

mair than wark eneugh to get to the tap o' the heugh."

"No, no—stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursell then, and I'll gae," said the old man ;—" let

death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly; "I am well, and can spend the night very well here—I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her—she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel-"What is to

be done?—Hark! hark!—did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skreigh of a Tammie Norie," answered Ochiltree—"I ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven!" replied Lovel, "it was a human voice." A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the seamews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully on the confined deep; Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear. KIMG LEAR.

THE shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries as inarticulate as those of the winged denizens of the crag, which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sound of human voices, where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns!" cried Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted—"God's sake, haud a care!—Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh too, there will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler—"mind the peak—Steenie, Steenie Wilks, bring up the tackle—I'se warrant we'll sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate."

"I see them," said Oldbuck—" I see them low down on that

flat stone-Hilli-hilloa, hilli-ho-a!"

"I see them mysell weel enough," said Mucklebackit; "they are sitting down yonder like hoodie-craws in a mist; but d'ye think ye'll help them wi' skirling that gate like an auld skart before a flaw o' weather?—Steenie, lad, bring up the mast—Od, I'se hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o' gin and brandy lang syne—Get up the pickaxe, make a step for

the mast-make the chair fast with the rattlin-haul taught

and belay!"

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seaman had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of gy, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet, wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed Isabella; "for God's

sake, my friends, place him first in safety!"

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel;—" your life must be first secured—the rope which bears your weight may—"

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye maun listen to it, my bonnie lassie," said Ochiltres,

"for a our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours—and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I'm thinking."

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the

first risk-What shall I say to our friends above?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the crag, and to let the chair down and draw it up hooly and

fairly;—we will halloo when we are ready."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my bairn?—what are ye doing?—She shall not be separated from me—Isabel, stay with me, I command you!"

"Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job," cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of

the poor Baronet.

"Farewell, my father!" murmured Isabella—"farewell, my—my friends!" and shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sate was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed old Muckle-backit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bit—

Now-there! there she sits safe on dry land."

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his great coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxon. "Haud a care o' us! your honor will be killed wi' the hoast—ye'll no get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight—and that will suit us unco ill.—Na, na—there's the chariot down by; let twa o' the folk carry the young leddy there."

"You're right," said the Antiquary, readjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat, "you're right, Caxon; this is a naughty

night to swim in.—Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot."

"Not for worlds till I see my father safe."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

"Right, right, that's right too—I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself-I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragmanroll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away from, and left scarce begun. But he's safe now, and here a' comes"—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part)—"here a' comes—Browse away, my boys! canny wi' him —a pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny tow -the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp-respice finem, respice funem-look to your endlook to a rope's end.—Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land. A cord forever against fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb—a fico for the phrase—better sus. per funem, than sus. per coll."

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose

dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended—"what patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then as the torches illumed the rough face and gray hairs of old Ochiltree,—"What! is it thou?—Come, old Mocker, I must needs be friends with thee—but who the devil makes

up your party besides?"

"Ane that's weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarns;—it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel—and he's behaved this blessed night as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folk's. Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing!—mind there's nae-body below now to haud the gy—Hae a care o' the Cat's-lug corner—bide weel aff Crummie's-horn!"

"Have a care indeed," echoed Oldbuck. "What! is it my rara avis—my black swan—my phænix of companions in a post-chaise?—take care of him, Mucklebackit."

"As muckle care as if he were a graybeard o' brandy; and I canna take mair if his hair were like John Harlowe's. Yo ho,

my hearts! browse away with him!"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, and the vet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Tossed in empty space, like an idle and unsubstantial feather, with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff, that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Mucklebackit, that "the callant had come off wi' unbrizzed banes, and that he was but in a kind of dwam." But Lovel was not aware that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest,—which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded to come to Knockwinnock that night. He made an excuse.—"Then to-morrow let me see you."

The man promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something into his hand—Ochiltree looked at it by the torchlight, and returned it—"Na, na! I never tak gowd—besides, Monkbarns, ye wad maybe be rueing it the morn." Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants—"Now, sirs, wha will gie me

a supper and some clean pease-strae?"

"Î," and I," "and Î," answered many a ready voice.
"Aweel, since sae it is, and I can only sleep in ae barn at

ance, I'll gae down with Saunders Mucklebackit—he has aye a soup o' something comfortable about his bigging—and, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night that ye hae promised me quarters and my awmous;" and away he went with the fisherman.

Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel—"Deil a stride ye's go to Fairport this night, young man—you must go home with me to Monkbarns. Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace, by all accounts. Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm;—I am not a prime support in such a wind—but Caxon shall help us out—Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me.—And how the deil got you down to that infernal Bessy's-apron, as they call it? Bess, said they? Why, curse her, she has spread out that vile pennon or banner of womankind, like all the rest of her sex, to allure her votaries to death and headlong ruin."

"I have been pretty well accustomed to climbing, and I have

long observed fowlers practise that pass down the cliff."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you to discover the danger of the pettish Baronet and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

"From the verge!—umph—And what possessed you dumosa pendere procul de rupe?—though dumosa is not the appropriate epithet—what the deil, man, tempted ye to the verge of the craig?"

"Why—I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm—or, in your own classical language, Mr. Oldbuck, suave est mari magno—and so forth—but here we reach the turn to Fair-

port. I must wish you good-night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a shathmont, as I may say,—the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read salmon-kngth for shathmont's-length. You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam, dike, or weir, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round. Now I have a scheme to prove, that, as terrestrial objects were thus appealed to for ascertaining submarine measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established as gauges of the extent of land.—Shathmont—salmont—you see the close alliance of the sounds, dropping out two h's, and a t, and assuming an l, makes the whole difference—I wish to heaven no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier concessions."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am wet to the skin."

"Shalt have my night-gown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments. Nay, I know what you would be at—you are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie—which, meo arbitrio, is better cold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass, when his infirm noddle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?"

So saying he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's-port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkbarns's fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER NINTH.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best.
If, then, your valor can the sicht sustain
Of rustling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room."
TRUE STORY.

They reached the room in which they had dined, and were camorously welcomed by Miss Oldbuck.

"Where's the younger womankind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, amang a' the steery, Maria wadna be guided by me—she set away to the Halket-craig-head—I won-

der ve didna see her."

"Eh!—what—what's that you say, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket-head?—Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet!"

"But ye winna wait, Monkbarns—ye are so imperative and

impatient---"

"Tittle-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye suld be yoursell, Monkbarns—up-stairs,

and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldbuck, laughing, but obviously much relieved—"I could have sworn it;—the lazy monkey did not care if we were all drowned together. Why did you

say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns—she gaed out, and she came in again with the gardener sae sune as she saw that nane o' ye were clodded ower the craig, and that Miss Wardour was safe in the chariot; she was hame a quarter of an hour syne, for it's now ganging ten—sair droukit was she, puir thing, sae I e'en put a glass o' sherry in her watergruel."

"Right, Grizel, right—let womankind alone for coddling each other. But hear me, my venerable sister—start not at the word venerable; it implies many praiseworthy qualities besides age; though that too is honorable, albeit it is the last quality for which womankind would wish to be honored—But perpend my words: let Lovel and me have forthwith the relics of the

chicken-pie, and the reversion of the port."

"The chicken-pie! the port!—ou dear! brother—there was

but a wheen banes, and scarce a drap o' the wine."

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the viands on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister understood these looks of ire. "Ou dear! Monkbarns, what's the use of making a wark?"

"I make no wark, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use o' looking sae glum and glunch about a pickle banes?—an ye will hae the truth, ye maun ken the minister came in, worthy man—sair distressed he was, nae doubt, about your precarious situation, as he ca'd it (for ye ken how weel he's gifted wi' words), and here he wad bide till he could hear wi' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye a'—He said fine things on the duty of resignation to Providence's will, worthy man! that did he."

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tone, "Worthy man ! he cared not how soon Monkbarns had devolved on an heirfemale, I've a notion;—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon

that the chicken-pie and my good port disappeared?"

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"Dear brother, how can you speak of sic frivolities, when you have had sic an escape from the craig?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's craig,

Grizzie—it's all discussed, I suppose?"

"Hout, Monkbarns, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house—wad ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk frae the manse?"

"Oldbuck half-whistled, half-hummed, the end of the old

Scottish ditty,

O, first they eated the white puddings, And then they eated the black, O, And thought the gudeman unto himsell, The deil clink down wi' that, O!

His sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy which was really excellent. As no entreaties could prevail on Lovel to indue the velvet night-cap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to despatch a messenger (the indefatigable Caxon) to Fairport early in the morning, to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon, that, had the superincumbent weight of her headdress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her gray locks must have started up on end, and hurled it from its position.

"Lord haud a care o'us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"What's the matter now, Grizel?"

"Wad ye but just speak a moment, Monkbarns?"

"Speak!—what should I speak about? I want to get to my bed—and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly."

"A bed?—The Lord preserve us!" again ejaculated Grizel.

"Why, what's the matter now?—are there not beds and rooms enough in the house?—was it not an ancient hospitium, in which, I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"

"O dear, Monkbarns! wha kens what they might do lang gyne?—but in our time—beds—ay, troth, there's beds enow sic

as they are—and rooms enow too—but ye ken yoursell the beds haena been sleepit in, Lord kens the time, nor the rooms aired.

—If I had kenn'd, Mary and me might hae gaen down to the manse—Miss Beckie is aye fond to see us—(and sae is the minister, brother)—But now, gude save us!——"

"Is there not the Green room, Grizel?"

"Troth is there, and it is in decent order too, though naebody has sleepit there since Dr. Heavysterne, and——"

"And what?"

"And what! I am sure ye ken yoursell what a night he had—ye wadna expose the young gentleman to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lovel interfered upon hearing this altercation, and protested he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience—that the exercise would be of service to him—that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport—that the storm was abating, and so forth; adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigues of the evening, must have prohibited Oldbuck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honor to show that he himself was not governed by womankind—"Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man," he reiterated;—" an ye part so, I would I might never draw a cork again, and here comes out one from a prime bottle ofstrong ale-right anno domini-none of your Wassia Quassia decoctions, but brewed of Monkbarns barley-John of the Girnel never drew a better flagon to entertain a wandering minstrel, or palmer, with the freshest news from Palestine.—And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so, your character as a gallant knight is gone forever. Why, 'tis an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Monkbarns.—Sister, pray see it got ready—And, although the bold adventurer, Heavysterne, dree'd pain and dolor in that charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so heavy, should not encounter and break the spell."

"What! a haunted apartment, I suppose?"

"To be sure, to be sure—every mansion in this country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbors. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day, when if you had doubted the reality of a ghost in an old manor-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says.—Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Redcowl in the Castle of Glenstirym, old Sir Peter Pepperbrand would have had ye out to his court-yard, made you betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have sticked you like a paddock, on his own baronial midden-stead. I once narrowly escaped such an affray—but I humbled myself, and apologized to Redcowl; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the monomachia, or duel, and would rather walk with Sir Priest than with Sir Knight—I care not who knows so much of my valor. Thank God, I am old now, and can indulge my irritabilities without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Here Miss Oldbuck re-entered, with a singularly sage expression of countenance.—"Mr. Lovel's bed's ready, brother—clean sheets—weel aired—a spunk of fire in the chimney—I am sure, Mr. Lovel" (addressing him), "it's no for the trouble—and I hope you will have a good night's rest—But——"

"You are resolved," said the Antiquary, "to do what you

can to prevent it."

"Me?-I am sure I have said naething, Monkbarns."

"My dear madam," said Lovel, "allow me to ask you the

meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account."

"Ou, Monkbarns does not like to hear of it-but he kens himsell that the room has an ill name. It's weel minded that it was there auld Rab Tull the town-clerk was sleeping when he had that marvellous communication about the grand lawplea between us and the feuars at the Mussel-craig.—It had cost a hantle siller, Mr. Lovel; for law-pleas were no carried on without siller lang syne mair than they are now-and the Monkbarns of that day—our gudesire, Mr. Lovel, as I said before—was like to be waured afore the Session for want of a paper—Monkbarns there kens weel what paper it was, but I'se warrant he'll no help me out wi' my tale—but it was a paper of great significance to the plea, and we were to be waured for want o't. Aweel, the cause was to come on before the fifteen -in presence, as they ca't-and auld Rab Tull, the town-clerk. he cam ower to make a last search for the paper that was want ing, before our gudesire gaed into Edinburgh to look after his plea—so there was little time to come and gang on. He was but a doited snuffy body, Rab, as I've heard—but then he was the town-clerk of Fairport, and the Monkbarns heritors ave

employed him on account of their connection wi' the burgh,

ye ken."

"Sister Grizel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck; "I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the ghosts of every abbot of Trotcosey, since the days of Waldimir, in the time you have been detailing the introduction to this single spectre.— Learn to be succinct in your narrative.—Imitate the concise style of old Aubrey, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his memoranda on these subjects in a terse business-like manner; exempli gratia—'At Cirencester, 5th March, 1670, was an apparition.—Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume, and a melodious twang'—Vide his Miscellanies, p. eighteen, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page."

"O, Monkbarns, man! do ye think everybody is as book-learned as yoursell?—But ye like to gar folk look like fools—ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very sell."

"Nature has been beforehand with me, Grizel, in both these instances, and in another which shall be nameless;—but take a glass of ale, Grizel, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late."

"Jenny's just warming your bed, Monkbarns, and ye maun e'en wait till she's done.—Weel, I was at the search that our gudesire, Monkbarns that then was, made wi' auld Rab Tull's assistance;—but ne'er-be-licket could they find that was to their purpose. And sae, after they had touzled out mony a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-clerk had his drap punch at e'en to wash the dust out of his throat—we never were glassbreakers in this house, Mr. Lovel, but the body had got sic a trick of sippling and tippling wi' the bailies and deacons when they met (which was amaist ilka night) concerning the common gude o' the burgh, that he couldna weel sleep without it—But his punch he gat, and to bed he gaed; and in the middle of the night he got a fearfu' wakening !--he was never just himsell after it, and he was stricken wi' the dead palsy that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lovel, that he heard the curtains o' his bed fissil, and out he lookit, fancying, puir man. it might hae been the cat—But he saw—God hae a care o' us! it gars my flesh ave creep, though I hae tauld the story twenty times—he saw a weel-fa'ard auld gentleman standing by his bedside, in the moonlight, in a queer-fashioned dress, wi' mony a button and band-string about it, and that part o' his garments which it does not become a leddy to particulareeze, was baith side and wide, and as mony plies o't as of ony Hamburgh skipper's—He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his upper-lip, as lang as baudrons'-and mony mair particulars there were that Rab Tull tauld o', but they are forgotten now-it's an auld story. Aweel, Rab was a just-living man for a country writer—and he was less feared than maybe might just hae been expected; and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted—and the spirit answered in an unknown tongue. Then Rab said he tried him wi' Erse, for he cam in his youth frae the braes of Glenlivat—but it wadna do. Aweel, in this strait, he bethought him of the twa or three words o' Latin that he used in making out the town's deeds, and he had nae sooner tried the spirit wi' that, than out cam sic a blatter o' Latin about his lugs, that poor Rab Tull, wha was nae great scholar, was clean over-whelmed. Od, but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin name for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart, I fancy, for the ghaist cried aye, Carter carter-"

"Carta, you transformer of languages!" cried Oldbuck; — "if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he

was so famous while in this."

"Weel, weel, carta be it then, but they ca'd it carter that tell'd me the story. It cried aye carta, if sae be that it was carta, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull keepit a Highland heart, and banged out o' bed, and till some of his readiest claes—and he did follow the thing up stairs and down stairs to the place we ca' the high dow-cot—(a sort of a little tower in the corner of the auld house, where there was a rickle o' useless boxes and trunks)—and there the ghaist gae Rab a kick wi' the tae foot, and a kick wi' the tother, to that very auld east-country tabernacle of a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a fuff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition."

"Tenues secessit in auras," quoth Oldbuck. "Marry, sir, mansit odor—But, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seemed to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkbarns. The deed, thus strangely recovered, was the original Charter of Erection of the Abbey, Abbey Lands, and so forth, of Trotcosey, comprehending Monkbarns and others, into a Lordship of Regality in favor of the first Earl of Glengibber, a favorite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of

January, A. D. one thousand six hundred and twelve—thirteen, It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses' names."

"I would rather," said Lovel, with awakened curiosity, "I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed

was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge.* But I rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to miracle-working faith. There was always some idle story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my great-great-great-grandfatherit's a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently. He was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a print of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstracke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the sheets of his scarce edition of the Augsburg Confession. He was a chemist as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-house to be out of the way-Add a quantum sufficit of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery."

"O brother! brother! but Dr. Heavysterne, brother—whose sleep was so sore broken, that he declared he wadna pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkbarns, so that

Mary and I were forced to yield our-"

Why, Grizel, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of the mystical, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a traffic the whole evening, in which you received tales of Mesmer, Shropfer, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mystery of raising spirits, discovering hidden treasure, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bedchamber; and considering that the *Illustrissimus* ate a pound and a half of Scotch collops to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank ale and

^{*} Note D. Mr. Rutherfurd's dream.

brandy in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the night-mare. But everything is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr. Lovel—I am sure you have need of rest—and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your manly and gallant behavior."

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bedroom candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Harz mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dusky and winding passage, now ascending, and anon descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

CHAPTER TENTH.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies Her pall of transiant death has spread, When mortals sleep, when spectres rise, And none are wakeful but the dead; No bloodless shape my way pursues, No sheeted ghost my couch annoys, Visions more sad my fancy viewa,— Vissons of long departed joys.

W. R. SPENSER.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am seldom in this apartment," he said, "and never without yielding to a melancholy feelingnot, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings—changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as being separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety, did not choose a judge so different, as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:*

My eyes are dim with childish tears, My heart is idly stirred, For the same sound is in my ears Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay; And yet the wiser mind Mourns less for what time takes away, Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more."—So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good-night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the

apartment.

The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Grizel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he choose to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the Continent. The subject was a hunting-piece; and as the leafy boughs of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant color, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the Green Chamber. Grim figures in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets covered with ribbons. short cloaks, and trunk hose, were engaged in holding grayhounds, or stag-hounds, in the leash, or cheering them upon the objects of their game. Others, with boar-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or boars whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the prolific and rich invention

^{*} Probably Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads had not as yet been published.

of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldbuck had accordingly caused the following verses, from that ancient and excellent poet, to be embroidered in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:—

Lo! here be oakis grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
Be'th newly sprung—at eight foot or nine.
Everich tree well from his fellow grew,
With branches broad laden with leaves new,
That sprongen out against the sonne sheene,
Some golden red and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:-

And many an hart and many an hind, Was both before me and behind. Of fawns, sownders, bucks and does, Was full the wood and many roes, And many squirrels that ysate High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern, and a lofty mirror, over the antique chimney-piece, corresponded in

its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," muttered Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often chose the best room in the mansion to which they attached themselves; and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him. For he now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines,—

Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou changed The temper of my mind! My heart, by thee from all estranged, Becomes like thee unkind.

He endeavored to conjure up something like the feelings which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagina-

tion. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively. But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful,—her hair-breadth escape—the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her—Yet what was his requital? She left the cliff while his fate was yet doubtful—while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely. Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more inconsolable he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudices on some points; but even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an explanation, ere he intruded one upon her. And, turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as des-There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented him—and, perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head. thick and irregular as the motes of the sun-beam, and, long after he had laid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution he endeavored to fortify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, presuming on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has at least many as fair, and less haughty than Miss Wardour. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate. When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath,

doubt, and anxiety, he sank into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Lovel's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other,-qualities which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Wardour was a syren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a triton, or a sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream;—the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to burn him—the rocks felt like down pillows as he was dashed against them-whatever he undertook, failed in some strange and unexpected manner and whatever attracted his attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by awaking;—feverish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call Ephialtes, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasmata arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich), did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scene of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say, that after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and skeptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was, then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconsumed remnants of the faggots sent forth, as, one by one.

they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Insensibly the legend of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind. and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light flashed from the chimney, with such intense brilliancy as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. hunters blew their horns—the stags seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him-while every group pursued, with all the fury of the chase, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping fancy), but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the tissued huntsmen, as he gazed upon them more fixedly, seemed to leave the arras and to approach the bed of the slumberer. As he drew near, his figure appeared to alter. His bugle-horn became a brazen clasped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furredhead-gear as graces the burgomasters of Rembrandt; his Flem ish garb remained, but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best portray the first proprietor of Monkbarns, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the hubbub among the other personages in the arras disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion; but his tongue, as is usual in frightful dreams, refused its office, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unclasp the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded, he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to

our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume, a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment—Lovel started, and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sate up in bed, and endeavored to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. looked round upon the hangings-but the mixed groups of silken and worsted huntsmen were as stationary as tenter-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lovel leapt out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been considerately laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half-open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect.

> "Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall, Thou aged carle so stern and gray? Dost thou its former pride recall, Or ponder how it passed away?

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax, Man and his marvels pass away; And changing empires wane and wax, Are founded, flourish and decay. *Redeem mine hours—the space is brief While in my glass the sand-grains shiver, And measureless thy joy or grief When TIME and thou shalt part forever!*

While the verses were yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning till more broad day the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Caxon, who came creeping into the room to render the offices of a valet-de-chambre.

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake; "the callant brought it frae Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is scantly feasibly dry, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire; and I hae cleaned your shoon. I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, for" (with a gentle sigh) "a' the young gentlemen wear crops now; but I hae the curling tangs here to gie it a bit turn ower the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the leddies."

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional offices, but accompanied the refusal with such a douceur as completely sweetened Caxon's mortification.

"It's a pity he disna get his hair tied and pouthered," said the ancient friseur, when he got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three parts of his idle time—that is to say, of his whole time—"it's a great pity,

for he's a comely young gentleman."

"Hout awa, ye auld gowk," said Jenny Rintherout, "would ye creesh his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty ulyie, and then moust it like the auld minister's wig? Ye'll be for your breakfast, I'se warrant?—hae, there's a soup parritch for ye—it will set ye better tae be slaistering at them and the lapper-milk than meddling wi' Mr. Lovel's head—ye wad spoil the maist natural and beautifaest head o' hair in a' Fairport, baith burgh and county."

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so, sitting quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation and the contents of a bicker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal

porridge.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this pageant sent, And ordered all the pageants as they went; Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,— The loose and scattered relics of the day.

WE must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast parlor of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, more majorum, with cold roast-beef, and a glass of a sort of beverage called mum—a species of fat ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament, coupled with cider, perry, and other excisable commodities. Lovel, who was seduced to taste it, with difficulty refrained from pronouncing it detestable, but did refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually prepared with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the so-often mentioned Aldobrand Oldenbuck. The hospitality of the ladies offered Lovel a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking of it, he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

"We canna compliment Mr. Lovel on his looks this morning, brother—but he winna condescend on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night time. I am certain he looks very pale,

and when he came here he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by sea and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of kelp or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his color?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lovel, notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which

your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, "ye'll not allow of ony inconvenience, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Lovel, "I had no disturbance; for I cannot term such the music with which some kind fairy

favored me."

"I doubted Mary wad waken you wi' her skreighing; she

dinna ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, forbye the ghaist, the Green Room disna vent weel in a high wind—But I am judging ye heard mair than Mary's lilts yestreen. Weel, men are hardy creatures—they can gae through wi' a' thing. I am sure, had I been to undergo onything of that nature,—that's to say that's beyond nature,—I would hae skreigh'd out at once, and raised the house, be the consequence what liket—and, I dare say, the minister wad hae done as mickle, and sae I hae tauld him,—I en naebody but my brother, Monkbarns himsell, wad gae through the like o't, if, indeed, it binna you, Mr. Lovel."

"A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, madam," answered the questioned party, "would not be exposed to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentleman you mentioned last night."

"Ay, ay—ye understand now where the difficulty lies. Language? he has ways o' his ain wad banish a' thae sort o' worricows as far as the hindermost parts of Gideon" (meaning possibly Midian), as Mr. Blattergowl says—only ane widna be uncivil to ane's forbear, though he be a ghaist. I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if onybody is to sleep in that room again, though I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the matted-room—it's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae sae seldom occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister;—dampness and darkness are worse than spectres—ours are spirits of light, and I would rather have you

try the spell."

"I will do that blythely, Monkbarns, an I had the ingredients, as my cookery book ca's them—There was vervain and dill—I mind that—Davie Dibble will ken about them, though, maybe, he'll gie them Latin names—and Peppercorn, we hae walth o' them for——"

"Hypericon, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck; "d'ye suppose you're making a haggis—or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind?—This wise Grizel of mine, Mr. Lovel, recollects (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious noddle, she remembers better than anything tending to a useful purpose, I may chance to have said for this ten years. But many an old woman besides herself——"

"Auld woman, Monkbarns!" said Miss Oldbuck, roused something above her usual submissive tone; "ye really are

less than civil to me."

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"Not less than just, Grizel: however, I include in the same class many a sounding name, from Jamblichus down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases.—But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed—secured by the potency of Hypericon,

With vervain and with dill, That hinder witches of their will,

or left disarmed and defenceless to the inroads of the invisible world, you will give another night to the terrors of the haunted apartment, and another day to your faithful and feal friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but---"

"Nay, but me no buts-I have set my heart upon it."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but---"

"Look ye there, now—but again!—I hate but; I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is amiable, excepting as a butt of sack. But is to me a more detestable combination of letters than no itself. No is a surly, honest fellow—speaks his mind rough and round at once. But is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptuous sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips—

The good precedent—fie upon but yet!

But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

"Well, then," answered Lovel, whose motions were really undetermined at the moment, "you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so churlish a particle. I must soon think of leaving Fairport, I am afraid—and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy. First, you shall see John o' the Girnel's grave, and then we'll walk gently along the sands, the state of the tide being first ascertained (for we will have no more Peter Wilkins' adventures, no more Glum and Gawrie work), as far as Knockwinnock Castle, and inquire after the old knight and my fair foe—which will but be barely civil, and then—"

and then——

"I beg pardon, my dear sir; but, perhaps, you had better adjourn your visit-till to-morrow—I am a stranger, you know."

"And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I should suppose. But I beg your pardon for mentioning a word

that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities—I am one of the old school,

When courtiers galloped o'er four counties The ball's fair partner to behold, And humbly hope she caught no cold."

"Why, if—if—if you thought it would be expected—but I

believe I had better stay."

"Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither—it is sufficient that I see there is some remora, some cause of delay, some mid impediment, which I have no title to inquire into. Or you are still somewhat tired, perhaps;—I warrant I find means to entertain your intellect without fatiguing your limbs-I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a-day is exercise enough for any thinking being-none but a fool or a fox-hunter would require more. Well, what shall we set about?-my Essay on Castrametation-but I have that in petto for our afternoon cordial;—or I will show you the controversy upon Ossian's Poems between Mac-Cribb and me. I hold with the acute Orcadian—he with the defenders of the authenticity; -the controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now waxing more sour and eager as we get onit already partakes somewhat of old Scaliger's style. I fear the rogue will get some scent of that story of Ochiltree's-but at worst, I have a hard repartee for him on the affair of the abstracted Antigonus-I will show you his last epistle, and the scroll of my answer-egad, it is a trimmer!"

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer, and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced, on such occasions, what Harlequin calls Tembarras des richesses; in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought "Curse the papers !—I believe," said Oldbuck, as he shuffled them to and fro-"I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers, and fly away bodily—but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure." So saying, he put into his hand a case made of oak, fenced at the corner with silver roses and studs-" Pr'ythee, undo this button," said he, as he observed Lovel fumbling at the clasp. He did so,—the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto, curiously bound in black shagreen—"There, Mr. Lovel—there is the work I mentioned

to you last night—the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melanothon, defended by the Elector of Saxony, and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, even against the front of a powerful and victorious emperor, and imprinted by the scarcely less venerable and praiseworthy Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. Yes, sir-for printing this work, that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Monkbarns, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination.—Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honorable occupation in which it presents him, as laboring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge.—And see here his favorite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which scorned to owe anything to patronage that was not earned by desertexpressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose recommended by Horace. He was indeed a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, presses, fonts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces around him -Read, I say, his motto,—for each printer had his motto, or device, when that illustrious art was first practised. tor's was expressed, as you see, in the Teutonic phrase, Kunst MACHT GUNST-that is, skill, or prudence, in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will compel favor and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance."

"And that," said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence—"that, then, is the meaning of these German words?"

"Unquestionably. You perceive the appropriate application to a consciousness of inward worth, and of eminence in a useful and honorable art.—Each printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his impress, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his, as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance."

"And what is that said to have been, my good sir?" in quired his young friend.

"Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom—Sed semel insanivimus omnes everybody has played the fool in their turn. It is said, my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Faust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a paltry slip of womankind, his master's daughter, called Bertha—they broke rings, or went through some idiotical ceremony, as is usual on such idle occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and Aldobrand set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest hand-worker; for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure, in every case, to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremburg, he is said to have found his old master newly dead, and two or three gallant young suitors, some of them half-starved sprigs of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the Yung-fraw Bertha, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which might weigh against sixteen armorial quarters. But Bertha, not a bad sample of womankind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill, at that time, was as rare as wonderful; besides that the expedient rid her at once of most of her gentle suitors, who would have as soon wielded a conjuring wand as a composing stick. Some of the more ordinary typographers made the attempt: but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery—But I tire you."

"By no means; pray, proceed, Mr. Oldbuck-I listen with

uncommon interest.

"Ah! it is all folly. However—Aldobrand arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say; of a journeyman printer—the same in which he had traversed Germany, and conversed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who disdained not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb so homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy, seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, in those of silly and affected womankind, and Bertha refused to acknowledge her former lover, in the toru doublet, skin cap, clouted shoes, and leather apron, of a travelling handicraftsman or mechanic. He claimed his privilege,

however, of being admitted to a trial; and when the rest of the suitors had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his pardon depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Aldobrand stepped gracefully forward, arranged the types without omission of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without deranging a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from errors, as if it had been a triple revise! All applauded the worthy successor of the immortal Faustus—the blushing maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect—and the elected bridegroom thenceforward chose for his impress or device the appropriate words, 'Skill wins favor.' -But what is the matter with you?-you are in a brown study! Come, I told you this was but trumpery conversation for thinking people—and now I have my hand on the Ossianic Controversy."

"I beg your pardon," said Lovel; "I am going to appear very silly and changeable in your eyes, Mr. Oldbuck—but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in civility expect a call from

me?"

"Psha! psha! I can make your apology; and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his honor's good graces?—And I warn you that the Essay on Castrametation is something prolix, and will occupy the time we can spare after dinner, so you may lose the Ossianic Controversy if we do not dedicate this morning to it. We will go out to my ever-green bower, my sacred holly-tree yonder, and have it fronde super viridi.

"Sing heigh-ho! heigh-ho! for the green holly, Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

But, egad," continued the old gentleman, "when I look closer at you, I begin to think you may be of a different opinion. Amen with all my heart—I quarrel with no man's hobby, if he does not run it a tilt against mine, and if he does—let him beware his eyes. What say you?—in the language of the world and worldlings base, if you can condescend to so mean a sphere, shall we stay or go?"

"In the language of selfishness, then, which is of course the

language of the world—let us go by all means."

"Amen, amen, quo' the Earl Marshall," answered Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes, with cutikins, as he called them, of black cloth. He only interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John of

the Girnel, remembered as the last bailiff of the Abbey who had resided at Monkbarns. Beneath an old oak-tree upon a hillock sloping pleasantly to the south, and catching a distant view of the sea over two or three rich enclosures, and the Mussel-crag, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the defaced characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Here lyeth John o' ye Girnell;
Erth has ye nit, and heuen ye kirnell,
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit.
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye halie kirke, and ane for puir mennis wyvis.

"You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commendation was;—he tells us that honest John could make five firlots, or quarters, as you would say, out of the boll, instead of four,—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter—that in his time the wives' hens always laid eggs—and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbey rents; and that honest men's hearths were never unblest with offspring—an addition to the miracle, which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on—leave we Jock o' the Girnel, and let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapors of pitch melting under a burning sun, to content with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honor?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck; "caller haddocks and whitings—a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary;

"do you think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms a-kimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—sic a sea as it's yet outby—and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair—I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him,

and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for that twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns,

and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit—I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip—I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three-and sax-pence."

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

"Eighteen-pence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which inclined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish then?"—(then louder, as she saw him moving off)—I'll gie ye them—and—and—and a half-a-dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

" Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your honor maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said

Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honor, and the like o' you gentle-folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside—but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman

off to sea this morning, after his exertions last night?

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa' this morning by

four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to

Monkbarns."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll ca' on Miss Grizzy for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skin-flint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls, screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But come, wend we on our way to Knockwinnock.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

Beggar?—the only freeman of your commonwealth; Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws, Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient custom, Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.

BROME.

WITH our reader's permission, we will outstep the slow, though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose halts, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favorite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Wardour was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no farther indisposed than by the effects of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day was, to Isabella, a very unpleasing retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and conferred at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passion I have so unceasingly labored to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me? and why, oh why, should a half-subdued feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it?"

While Miss Wardour thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreaded preserver, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melodrama of the preceding

evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring the old man

up stairs."

The servant returned in a minute or two—" He will come up at no rate, madam;—he says his clouted shoes never were on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall.—Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No; stay, I want to speak with him—Where is he?" for

she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlor."

"Bid him stay there—I'll come down to the parlor, and

speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-reclining, upon the bench beside the window. Edie Ochiltree, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favorable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed these personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek, and keen gray eye turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and sarcastic irony in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the court-yard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits.

and the precarious tenure of human possessions, and looking up to the source from which aught permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, but divided from the court-yard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed, by a romantic imagination, an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her durance to a palmer, in order that he might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive thraldom.

After Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar declined as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly to his apprehension. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certainly it would be something that would make him easy for life; if he chose to reside at the castle, she would give orders—"

The old man smiled, and shook his head. "I wad be baith a grievance and a disgrace to your fine servants, my leddy, and I have never been a disgrace to onybody yet, that I ken of."

"Sir Arthur would give strict orders---"

"Ye're very kind—I doubtna, I doubtna; but there are some things a master can command, and some he canna—I daresay he wad gar them keep hands aff me—(and troth, I think they wad hardly venture on that ony gate)—and he wad gar them gie me soup parritch and bit meal. But trow ye that Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gibe o' the tongue or the blink o' the ee, or gar them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gars it digest sae weel, or that he could make them forbear a' the slights and taunts that hurt ane's spirit mair nor downright misca'ing?—Besides, I am the idlest auld carle that ever lived; I downa be bound down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in ony weel regulated family."

"Well, then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a daily dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little

in your garden when you pleased yourself?"

"And how often wad that be, trow ye, my leddy? maybe no ance atween Candlemas and Yule—and if a' thing were done to my hand, as if I was Sir Arthur himsell, I could never bide

the staying still in ae place, and just seeing the same joists and couples aboon my head night after night.—And then I have a queer humor o' my ain, that sets a strolling beggar weel eneugh, whase word naebody minds—but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sorts o' ways—and I wad be jesting or scorning at them—and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang mysell."

"O, you are a licensed man," said Isabella; "we shall give you all reasonable scope: So you had better be ruled, and

remember your age."

"But I am no that sair failed yet," replied the mendicant. "Od, ance I gat a wee soupled yestreen, I was as yauld as an eel. And then what wad a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steading to anither, and gingerbread to the lasses, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the gude wives to clout their pans, and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the laird's flees, and has skill o' cow-ills and horse-ills, and kens mair auld sangs and tales than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes? Troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation; it would be a public loss."

"Well, Edie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as

not to be shaken by the prospect of independence—"

"Na, na, Miss—it's because I am mair independent as I am," answered the old man; "I beg nae mair at ony single house than a meal o' meat, or maybe but a mouthfou o't—if it's refused at ae place, I get it at anither—sae I canna be said to depend on onybody in particular, but just on the country at large."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know, should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and, in the mean time,

take this."

"Na, na, my leddy ! I downa take muckle siller at ance—it's against our rule; and—though it's maybe no civil to be repeating the like o' that—they say that siller's like to be scarce wi' Sir Arthur himsell, and that he's run himsell out o' thought wi' his houkings and minings for lead and copper yonder."

Isabella had some anxious anticipations to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's embarrassments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline

of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous.—Miss Wardour sighed deeply—"Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiting you is one of

the foremost—let me press this sum upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't?—I am no "—(lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking keenly around him)—"I am no that clean unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dyke, they'll find as muckle quilted in this auld blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and gie the lads and lasses a blythe lykewake too; sae there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae mair. Were the like o' me ever to change a note, wha the deil d'ye think wad be sic fules as to gie me charity after that?—it wad flee though the country like wildfire, that auld Edie suld hae done siccan a like thing, and then, I'se warrant, I might grane my heart out or onybody wad gie me either a bane or a bodle."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?"

"Ou ay—I'll aye come for my awmous as usual,—and whiles I wad be fain o' a pickle sneeshin, and ye maun speak to the constable and ground-officer just to owerlook me; and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Sandie Netherstanes, the miller, that he may chain up his muckle dog—I wadna hae him to hurt the puir beast, for it just does its office in barking at a gaberlunzie like me. And there's ae thing maybe mair,—but ye'll think it's very bald o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Edie?—if it respects you it shall be done if it is

in my power."

"It respects yoursell, and it is in your power, and I maun come out wi't. Ye are a bonny young leddy, and a gude ane, and maybe a weel-tochered ane—but dinna ye sneer awa the lad Lovel, as ye did a while sinsyne on the walk beneath the Briery-bank, when I saw ye baith, and heard ye too, though ye saw nae me. Be canny wi' the lad, for he loes ye weel, and it's to him, and no to onything I could have done for you, that Sir Arthur and you wan ower yestreen."

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the

house.

Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the bars of the window; nor could

she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a subject so delicate, until the beggar was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger should be a secret possessed by a person of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighborhood, gave her acute agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do anything to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject showed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, that she was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her, that she half-wished the officious assistance of Lovel and Ochiltree had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Oldbuck and Lovel entering the court. She drew instantly so far back from the window, that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary paused in front of the building, and pointing to the various scutcheons of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lovel much curious and erudite information, which, from the absent look of his auditor, Isabella might shrewdly guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing;—she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, ere she made her appearance, what line of conduct were fittest for her to pursue. The guests, agreeably to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company

was usually received.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure
But do not look for further recompense.

As You Like It.

Miss Isabella Wardour's complexion was considerably heigh ened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas,

she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary, greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavored to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwinnock Castle. I think the danger of last night has mazed the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel,—why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation; your color is even better than when you honored my hospitium yesterday. And Sir Arthur—how fares my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—to pay—Mr.

Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions."

"I dare say not—A good down pillow for his good white head were more meet than a couch so churlish as Bessy's-apron,

plague on her!"

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and supressed emotion; "I did not—did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—as associated, I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment—"I dare say—I am certain—that my father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way—that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

"Why the deuce," interrupted Oldbuck, "what sort of a qualification is that?—On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a formal old fop as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the sav-

ing clause, Provided, madam, they be virtuous. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense—I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome on some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope?—What says the swart spirit of the mine? Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Withershins?"

Miss Wardour shook her head—"But indifferent, I fear, Mr. Oldbuck: but there lie some specimens which have lately been

sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear hundred pounds, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of mineralogy—But let me see them."

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the recess, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and pshawing at each which he took

up and laid aside.

In the mean time, Lovel, forced as it were by this secession of Oldbuck, into a sort of tête-à-tête with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour will impute, to circumstances almost irresistible, this intrusion of a person who has reason to

think himself—so unacceptable a visitor."

"Mr. Lovel," answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, "I trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be, more welcome; but—"

Oldbuck's anathema against the preposition but was internally echoed by Lovel. "Forgive me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour; you need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed;—but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigor of obliging me

to disavow them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel," replied the young lady by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—your romantic and hopeless pertinacity. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents—that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time, which, well

redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction. Let me entreat that you would form a manly resolution——"

"It is enough, Miss Wardour ;—I see plainly that——"

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt—and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict; but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise? Without my father's consent, I never will entertain the addresses of anyone, and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honor me, you are yourself fully aware; and indeed—"

"No, Miss Wardour," answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate entreaty; "do not go farther—is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions farther—why urge what would be your conduct

if Sir Arthur's objections could be removed?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel," said Miss Wardour, "because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to entreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment—to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honorable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed;—have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot show you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes

of happiness."

"Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you. But it is full time to finish this conversation. I cannot force you to adopt my advice—I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver of his life and mine; but the sooner Mr. Lovel can teach his mind to submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem—and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced that Sir Arthur desired

to speak to Mr. Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me show you the way," said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her tête à tête with Lovel,

and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's

apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr. Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yester-

day evening?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it—I kept terra firma—you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind—to dive into the bowels of the earth, What news from our subterranean Good Hope!—the terra incognita of Glen-Withershins?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout; "But Douster-

swivel does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck; "I do though, under his favor. Why, old Dr. H——n* told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of sixpenny kneebuckles—and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?"

"No; but he is one of our first chemists; and this tramping philosopher of yours—this Dousterswivel—is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kirchner, Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum medium est mentiri, vita eorum mendicatum ire; that is to say, Miss Wardour—"

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Wardour—"I comprehend your general meaning; but I hope Mr. Douster-

swivel will turn out a more trustworthy character."

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary,—" and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years."

"You have no great interest in the matter, Mr. Oldbuck,"

said the Baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I under-

Probably Dr. Hutton, the celebrated geologist.

stand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night, has favored me with a visit—I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed anyone, but an old friend like you, Mr. Oldbuck."

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowl-

edged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known

to each other.

"Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Lovel than you are," said the Baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Oldbuck

somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isabella, slightly coloring, "when

I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Wilmot.

"In Yorkshire?—and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck,—"and why did not you recognize him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other—" He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected, as an

amiable, and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case," replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply in answer to two distinct questions, "why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? I thought you had less of the paltry pride

of womankind about you, Miss Wardour.

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur with dignity;
"you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps you will call them —of our house concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman, is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself," answered Oldbuck, with his usual dry causticity of humor, "I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause, then, that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bend of bastardy upon the shield yonder under the corner turret!"

"True," said the Baronet, with complacency—"it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurper, as he is called. The tower

which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Misticot's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for *Misbegot*. He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family *Milcolumbus Nothus*; and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knockwinnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to found in us that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Mr. Lovel this moment, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engrafted on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt: I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the less of your life because it has

been preserved by such assistance!"

"Nor the less of my assistant either," said the Baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he

had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

"Come, I am glad of that—he'll know where he can get a dinner, then, if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighborhood? I must catechize him; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, eager to commence operations upon Mr. Lovel. He informed him abruptly that Miss Wardour sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then, taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knockwinnock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the avenue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, —as if to confute the prejudice that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our walkers paused, and looked back upon the castle, as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road; for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of

the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gazers with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from trifles, as the chameleon is said to live on the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavored to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and were partly indicated by the ejaculations of cito peritura as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his reverie, looked at him as if to inquire the meaning of an exclamation so ominous. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," said he, "I doubt greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel—" you surprise me greatly."

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"we harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve, the changes of this trumpery whirligig world. We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the teres atque rotundus of the poet;—the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel, warmly—" Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether millstone."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged up his shoulders as he replied—"Wait, young man—wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude: you will learn by that time to reef your sails that she may obey the helm;—or, in the language of this world, you will find distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid." Well, Mr. Oldbuck, it may be so;—but as yet I resemble

you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have

just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldbuck. "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High-

German landlouper, Dousterswivel—"

"I think I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport;—a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance at least, with more assurance than knowledge—was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism. A simple youth whispered me that he was an *Illuminé*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O, the same—the same. He has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan-talks of the magisterium-of sympathies and antipathies—of the cabala—of the divining-rod—and all the trumpery with which the Rosicrucians cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heavysterne knew this fellow abroad, and unintentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark! a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I caliph for a day, as Honest Abon Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash, as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honorable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know. Sir Arthur is a good honorable gentleman; but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pikish language, he is by no means very strong in the under tanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been

always an embarrassed man. This rapparee promised him mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money—I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was ass enough to be one—took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances and more specious lies; and now, like John Bunyan, we awake, and behold it is a dream!"

"I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldbuck, should have encour-

aged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eyebrow, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the lucre of gain—nobody cares less for money (to be a prudent man) than I do-but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to anyone who will be kind enough to rid me of that slip of womankind, my niece, Mary M'Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. either case, to treble my venture would have helped me out. And besides. I had some idea that the Phænicians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That cunning scoundrel, Dousterswivel, found out my blunt side, and brought strange tales (d-n him) of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I-in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catechizing Lovel concerning the cause of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr. Lovel?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at

Mrs. Wilmot's, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance."

"I—I did not know," said Lovel, a good deal embarrassed, "it was the same lady, till we met; and then it was my duty

to wait till she should recognize me."

"I am aware of your delicacy: the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied

Lovel, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish and l—why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins? I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness—the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius—Si insanorum visis fides non est habenda, cur credatur somnientium visis, qua multo etiam perturbatiora sunt, non intelligo."

"Yes, sir; but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darting the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of nightly dreams, some may occur

consonant to future events."

"Ay—that is to say, you have hit the mark in your own sage opinion? Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Oneirocritical science—I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream

of yours has pointed to a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me, then," answered Lovel, "why when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I shou'd last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance?—why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could as plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my

young friend—but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves. and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Piks, which terminated so abruptly; -but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds. and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushing deeply;—"I believe you are right, Mr. Oldbuck, and I ought to sink in your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when afloat on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up

on the beach."

"Right, right," exclaimed the Antiquary. "Fall in my opinion!—not a whit—I love thee the better, man; why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Prætorium—though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighborhood. And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me—What make you from Wittenberg?—why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so," replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade. "Yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it according to his

own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt—" sufflamina— a little patience, if you please. I will suppose that you have

no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life—that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others."

"But I am unconscious of possessing such powers," said Lovel, somewhat impatiently. "I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innoxiously through the path of life, without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled. I owe no man anything—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence; and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even these means, however limited,

rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said—I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you;—you have attained the acmé—the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-denying philosophy? It is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the mammon of unrighteousness. Why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighborhood, that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolator myself."

"My principal amusements being literary," answered Lovel, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have pitched on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society which a more ele-

gant circle might have presented to me."

"Aha!" replied Oldbuck, knowingly,—"I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto. You are a candidate for public favor, though not in the way I first suspected,—you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favor by labor and perseverance?"

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him

remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to nourish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; un-

less, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some trumpery specimen of womankind, which is indeed, as Shakspeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping,

and hanging all at once."

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel's literary career for him.

"And with what do you propose to commence your debut as a man of letters?—But I guess—poetry—poetry—the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your vein?—are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus,

or to flutter around the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces," said Lovel.

"Just as I supposed—pruning your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight. Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unprofitable pursuit—but you say you are quite independent of the public caprice!"

"Entirely so," replied Lovel.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?"

"For the present, such is my resolution," replied the young

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the Antiquarian Repository,—and therefore am an author of experience. There was my Remarks on Hearne's edition of Robert of Gloucester, signed Scrutator; and the other signed Indagator, upon a passage in Tacitus. I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the inscription of Œlia Lelia, which I subscribed Œdipus. So you see I am not an apprentice in the mysteries of authorcraft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. And now, once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do; you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now: A collection of fugitive pieces; but no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the bookseller. It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your ronances or anomalous novelties—I would have you take high ground at once. Let me see: What think you of a real epic?—the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through twelve or twenty-four books. We'll have it so—I'll supply you with a subject—The battle between the Caledonians and Romans—The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled;—let that be the title—it will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times."

"But the invasion of Agricola was not repelled."

"No; but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself—You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kaim of—what do you call it," answered Lovel, "in defiance of Edie Ochiltree?"

"No more of that, an thou lovest me—And yet, I dare say, ye may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the *toga* of the historian and the blue gown of the mendicant."

"Gallantly counselled!—Well, I will do my best — your

kindness will assist me with local information."

"Will I not, man?—why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovel, only I was never able to write verses."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualifica-

tion somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential?—not a whit—it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring spondees and dactyls like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labor like a stone-mason—Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?"

"In that case, there should be two authors to each poem-

one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be amiss; at any rate, we'll make the experiment; not that I would wish to give my name to the public—assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will—I am a total stranger to authorial vanity."

Lovel was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was indeed uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spent their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. thought he, "I may, like a second Teucer, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and, admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text. But he is—he must be a good poet; he has the real Parnassian abstraction—seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real astus, the awen of the Welsh bards, the divinus afflatus that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublunary things. His visions, too, are very symptomatical of poetic fury—I must recollect to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle to-night poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect." Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud, in continuation—

"Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the Essay on Castrametation into the appendix—it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invoke the Muse—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author who, in an apostatizing age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of adoration.—Then we must have a vision—in which the Genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus, and show him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs:—and in the notes I will have a hit at Boethius—No; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vexation enough besides—but I'll annihilate Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb."

"But we must consider the expense of publication," said Lovel, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water

on the blazing zeal of his self-elected coadjutor.

"Expense!" said Mr. Oldbuck, pausing, and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—"that is true;—I would wish to do something—but you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lovel.

"No, no!" gladly acquiesced the Antiquary—"it is not respectable. I'll tell you what: I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."

"O, I am no mercenary author," answered Lovel, smiling;

"I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Hush! hush! we'll take care of that—throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labors commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless?—it is more grand and magnificent for an historical subject; and, what concerneth you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written."

This conversation brought them to Monkbarns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a chiding from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the portico. "Guide us, Monkbarns! are things no dear enough already, but ye maun be raising the very fish on us, by giving that randy, Luckie Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask?"

"Why, Grizel," said the sage, somewhat abashed at this unexpected attack, "I thought I made a very fair bargain."

"A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o' what she seekit!—An ye will be a wife-carle, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid muckle mair than a quarter. And the impudent quean had the assurance to come up and

seek a dram—But I trow, Jenny and I sorted her!"

"Truly," said Oldbuck (with a sly look to his companion), "I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy.—Well, well, Grizel, I was wrong for once in my life—ultra crepidam—I fairly admit. But hang expenses I—care killed a cat—we'll eat the fish, cost what it will.—And then, Lovel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a gaudé day—I love the reversion of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the analecta, the collectanea, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions—and see, there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post haste it Ride, villain, ride,—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life. Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.

Leaving Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlor of the post-master's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post, This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Eh, preserve us, sirs!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—eleven—twall letters to Tennant and Co.—thae folk do

mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets; "the lieutenant's been awa

three weeks."

"Just ane on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was't a ship-letter?" said the Fornerina.

"In troth was't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed—"I never thought he wad

hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Od, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A shipletter—post-mark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it.—"Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering; "I hae enough o' that wark—Ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Short-cake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand—what could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken onybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass-the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress,—"but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done't wi' ane o' his but-

tons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed loveletter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman—she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh," said the butcher's lady;—
"I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like

John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"haud it lower down—Div ye think naebody can

read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Whist, whist, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop,—then aloud—"Look to the customers, Baby!"—Baby answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken—we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet—she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair conse-

quence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length

yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs. Heukbane, "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Short-cake;—" to cast up to her that her father's a barber and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fy for shame!"

"Hout tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang—It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae," said the charitable Dame Heukbane,—"but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office that loveletters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour—maist o' them sealed wi' wafers, an no wi' wax. There will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane;—"pride will hae a fa'—he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth—he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs. Shortcake.—

"He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire—
"Twa letters for Monkbarns—they're frae some o' his learned
friends now; see sae close as they're written, down to the very
seal—and a' to save sending a double letter—that's just like
Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to
'he weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale—
but he's ne'er a grain abune it. Well I wot I wad be broken if
I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper
and brimstone, and suchlike sweetmeats,"

"He's a shabby body the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane; "he'll make as muckle about buying a forequarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drop of the sinning" (perhaps she meant cannamon) "waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah, lasses! an ye had kend his brother as I did-mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk tryst-weel, weel-we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake: "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild-deukes, and this is a douce honest man; we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week—only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the nick-sticks,* whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen

and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mrs. Mailsetter,
"here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn—I haena seen the like o' this-For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass !-Lord's sake, let's see !-that's him that the hale town kens naething about-and a weel-fa'ard lad he is; let's see, let's see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy

representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter; "haud awabide aff, I tell you, this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it ;-the postage is five-and-twenty shillings-and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. sirs, bide aff;—this maunna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter. -length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"Od, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand. and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax would melt



and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this, for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plain-stanes o' Fairport—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about it.—Baby, bring ben the tea-water—Muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake—and we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame—and then we'll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns—he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Silly auld doited carles!" said Mrs. Shortcake; "what gar'd them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane—" Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken; and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fishpound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense!" answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon tell'd it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns—"

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express?—there's our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abone thirty mile the day;—

Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell—we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain seamaws—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear; and I dare say he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff," said Mrs. Heukbane; "and where are ye then, lass?

But ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humor, and even out of countenance, "I am sure

I am never against being neighbor-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I have been six a fule as to show you the post-office order—ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye—I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-three-pence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken."

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and, to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress, gravely; "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at-

but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service—Davie (a leather post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the whoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. strange, and inconsistent, were the rumors to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contact from Government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon—another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only doubted by the wise, because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop-a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Lovel, and that it had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, despatched from the headquarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée—others that he was a spy—others that he was a general officer, who was visiting the coast privately—others that he was a prince of the blood, who

was travelling incognito.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet which occasioned so much speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkbarns, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbarns by the pony, so long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of chastisement, and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the pony began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread, which had been thrust into his hand by his mother in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. by, the crafty pony availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and applied himself to browse on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The pony, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet—finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle (a matter extremely dubious), would soon have presented him at Heukbane's stabledoor,—when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein, and "Wha's aught ye, callant? stopped his farther proceeding. whaten a gate's that to ride?"

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"I canna help it!" blubbered the express; "they ca' me little Davie."

" And where are ye gaun?"

"I'm gaun to Monkbarns wi' a letter."

"Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns."

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs

and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case.—"I wasna gaun that gate," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily eneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa there wi' the wean, for it will knock its harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the pony.—Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gaun to let naebody see the letter," sobbed the boy, "till I gie't to Mr. Lovel, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the

office-if it werena for the powny."

"Very right, my little man," said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant pony's head towards Monkbarns; "but we'll guide

him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer."

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, again reconciled to the once degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his protégé. "What the devil !—here comes Old Edie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. "But my minnie said, I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there's the paper."

"Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day? why, it's not an hour—Man and horse? why, 'tis a monkey on a starved

cat!"

"Father wad hae come himsell," said Davie, "on the muckle red mear, an ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night."

"Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery !

You little cockatrice egg, do you understand the art of impo-

sition so early?"

"Hout, Monkbarns! dinna set your wit against a bairn," said the beggar; "mind the butcher risked his beast, and the wife her wean, and I am sure ten and sixpence isna ower muckle. Ye didna gang sae near wi' Johnnie Howie, when——"

Lovel, who, sitting on the supposed *Pratorium*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davie's demand; and then turning to Mr. Oldbuck, with a look of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening.—"I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps leave it on a moment's notice;—your kindness, Mr. Oldbuck, I can never forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very checkered complexion," answered his friend. "Farewell—in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard."

"Nay, nay—stop a moment. If—if—" (making an effort)—" if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—till—till Whitsunday—

or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Oldbuck, but I am amply provided," said his mysterious young friend. "Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you, before I leave Fairport—that is, if I find myself obliged to go."

"So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no

longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed!" said Oldbuck;—"but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win hame?" blubbered the disconsolate

express

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-Gown, looking up to the skies; "I had as gude gang back to the town, and take care or the wean."

"Do so, do so, Edie;" and rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin."

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else. I have drunk medicines."

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

REGULAR for a fortnight were the inquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxon, whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel was about; and as regular were Caxon's answers, "that the town could learn naething about him whatever, except that he had received anither muckle letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a'."

"How does he live, Caxon?"

"Ou, Mrs. Hadoway just dresses him a beefsteak or a mutton-chop, or makes him some Friar's chicken, or just what she likes hersell, and he eats it in the red parlor off his bedroom. She canna get him to say that he likes ae thing better than anither; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honorably wi' her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has clean gi'en up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing; a hantle letters he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs. Hadoway offered to carry them hersell, but sent them a' under ae cover to the sheriff; and it's Mrs. Mailsetter's belief, that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tannonburgh; it's my puir thought, that he jaloused their looking into his letters at Fairport; and weel had he need, for my puir daughter Jenny——"

"Tut, don't plague me with your womankind, Caxon. About this poor young lad.—Does he write nothing but let-

ters?"

"Ou, ay—hale sheets o' other things, Mrs. Hadoway says. She wishes muckle he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very puirly, and his appetite's clean gane; but he'll no hear o' ganging ower the door-stane—him that used to walk sae muckle too."

"That's wrong—I have a guess what he's busy about; but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this

very day-he's deep doubtless, in the Caledoniad."

Having formed this manful resolution, Mr. Oldbuck equipped

himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger. The riddle was notwithstanding easily solved. Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on most occasions an excellent listener.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Oldbuck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him, either about the news of the day, or about some petty pieces of business. So, on this occasion, he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Good-morrow, Mr. Oldbuck—a sight o' you's gude for sair een: what d'ye think of the news in the Sun the day?—they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might

hear no more about it."

"Monkbarns, your honor," said the nursery and seedsman, "I hope the plants gied satisfaction?—and if ye wanted ony flower-roots fresh frae Holland, or" (this in a lower key) "an anker or twa o' Cologne gin, ane o' our brigs cam in yestreen."

"Thank ye, thank ye,—no occasion at present, Mr. Crab-

tree," said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), "the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell-spring through a part o' your lands."

"What the deuce!—have they nobody's land but mine to

cut and carve on?—I won't consent, tell them."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, without noticing the rebuff, "and the council, wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild's chapel, that ye was wussing to hae."

"Eh!-what?-Oho! that's another story-Well, well, I'll

call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it."

"But ye maun speak your mind on't forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved through stanes might be put with advantage on the front of

the new council-house—that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca' Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door-cheek; and the other stane, that they ca'd Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu', the Deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!" exclaimed the Antiquary,—"A monument of a knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—O crimini!—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not differ about the water-course. It's lucky I happened

to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road), and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh through the estate of Monkbarns, was an idea which had originated with himself

upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkbarns (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Hadoway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The tenement which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house; and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Hadoway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner;" to exert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labor in which she delighted, although she anxiously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinners, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of anyone else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his being likely to feel extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

"I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and oh, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned

faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry

by our misfortunes."

"O fie, Monkbarns!—to hear the like o' that frae you!—But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad?—Hegh sirs? sae young and weel-favored—and day by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches onything, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion,—and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me, that might be his mother—no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldbuck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gibbie Golightly, the galloping groom. A gude judge o' horse-flesh Gibbie tauld our lass that he was—for he offered him a beast he thought wad answer him weel eneugh, as he was a bookish man, but Mr. Lovel wadna look at it, and bought ane might serve the Master o' Morphie—they keep it at the Græme's Arms, ower the street;—and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast—But winna ye walk up to this room?"

"Presently, presently. But has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not ane; if he wadna receive them when he was weel and sprightly, what chance is there of onybody in Fairport looking in upon him now?"

"Ay, ay, very true—I should have been surprised had it

been otherwise—Come, show me up stairs, Mrs. Hadoway, lest

I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up her narrow staircase, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlor. "Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs. Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarns.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished—ornamented, too, by such relics of her youthful arts of sempstress-ship as Mrs. Hadoway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health,—an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him in Lovel's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch, in his night-gown and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghostly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hardy complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his countenance. Oldbuck observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same color hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

"This is very kind," he said, shaking him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit—"this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you. You

must know I have become a horseman lately."

"I understand as much from Mrs. Hadoway—I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet horse. I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after a pack of hounds, with which I had no more to do than the last year's snow; and after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch—I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?"

"I hope, at least, we shall make our excursions on a better

plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman?"

"I would not willingly," answered Lovel, "confess myself a very bad one."

"No—all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once—But have you had experience? for, crede experto, a horse in a passion is no joker."

than myself dismounted."

"Ah! you have looked in the face of the grisly god of arms then?—you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armipotent? That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the epopea! The Britons, however, you will remember, fought in chariots—covinarii is the phrase of Tacitus;—you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Roman infantry, although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat; and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland anywhere but on turnpike roads, has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now—has the Muse visited you?—have you got anything to show me?"

"My time," said Lovel, with a glance at his black dress,

"has been less pleasantly employed."

"The death of a friend?" said the Antiquary.

"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck—of almost the only friend I could ever

boast of possessing."

"Indeed? Well, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, "be comforted. To have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! Our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded ;--jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death-

Hac data pæna din viventibus.

Ah, Mr. Lovel! if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and

comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising. But I cram these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth; "but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity—forgive me for saying so—by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbuck, have least reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life. You have a competent and easy fortune—are generally respected—may, in your own phrase, vacare musis, indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you; you may form your own society without doors—and within you have the affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, yes—the womankind, for womankind, are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable—do not disturb me in my morning studies—creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat, when it suits me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well; but I want something to

exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain M'Intyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine spirited young

fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Who?" exclaimed Monkbarns, "my nephew Hector?the Hotspur of the North? Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a firebrand into my stackyard. He's an Almanzor, a Chamont-has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport. I expect him here one of these days; but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you. He an inmate of my house! to make my very chairs and tables tremble at his brawls. No, no-I'll noné of Hector M'Intyre. But hark ye, Lovel;-you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad; had not you better set up your staff at Monkbarns for a month or two. since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country?—I will have a door open out to the garden — it will cost but a trifle—there is the space for an old one which was condemned long ago—by which said door you may pass and repass into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your fare, Mrs. Hadoway tells me you are, as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table.

Your washing-"

"Hold, my dear Mr. Oldbuck," interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile; "and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer—it is not at present in my power to accept of it; but very likely, before I bid adieu to Scotland, I shall find an

opportunity to pay you a visit of some length."

Mr. Oldbuck's countenance fell. "Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both,—and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part? Why, I am master of my acres, man—there is the advantage of being descended from a man of more sense than pride—they cannot oblige me to transmit my goods, chattels, and heritages, any way but as I please. No string of substitute heirs of entail, as empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper strung to the train of a boy's kite, to cumber my flights of inclination, and my humors of predilection. Well,—I see you won't be tempted at present—but Caledonia goes on I hope?"

"O certainly," said Lovel; "I cannot think of relinquishing

a plan so hopeful."

"It is indeed," said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward,—for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself—"it is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation."

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room door, which introduced a letter for Mr. Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs. Hadoway said, for an answer. "You are concerned in this matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said Lovel, after glancing over the

billet, and handing it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wardour, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented his hitherto showing Mr. Lovel the attentions to which his conduct during a late perilous occasion had so well entitled him—apologizing for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr. Lovel would dispense with that ceremony, and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of Saint Ruth's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnock Castle. Sir Arthur con-

cluded with saying, that he had sent to request the Monkbarns family to join the party of pleasure which he thus proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turnpike-gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

"What shall we do?" said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary,

but pretty certain of the part he would take.

"Go, man—we'll go, by all means. Let me see—it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me, and Mary M'Intyre, very well—and the other womankind may go to the manse—and you can come out in the chaise to Monkbarns, as I will take it for the day."

"Why, I rather think I had better ride."

"True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad, by the bye, for purchasing the brute outright; you should stick to eighteenpence a side, if you will trust any creature's legs in preference to your own."

"Why, as the horse's have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I in-

cline-"

"Enough said—enough said—do as you please. Well then, I'll bring either Grizel or the minister, for I love to have my full pennyworth out of post-horses—and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely."—And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Of seats they tell, where priests, 'mid tapers dim, Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the mudnight hymn; To scenes like these the fainting soul retired; Revenge and Anger in these cells expired; Ry Pity southed, Remorse lost half her fears, And softened Pride dropped penitential tears.

CRABBE'S BOROUGE.

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovel, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and

brighten before him-and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, -and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock Castle. that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkbarns division by the gee-hupping of the postilion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were pent up, first, the stately figure of Mr. Oldbuck himself; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the reverend Mr. Blattergowl, minister of Trotcosey, the parish in which Monkbarns and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a buzz wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbarns used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's ramilies being the positive, his own bob-wig the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique garnitures. deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, "just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sat down to dinner." Between the two massive figures of Monkbarns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bodkin, the slim form of Mary M'Intyre, her aunt having preferred a visit to the manse, and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl, to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monk barns party and Mr. Lovel, the Baronet's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, blazoned panels, and a brace of outriders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her color rose considerably;—but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Arthur halted the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then

mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Dousterswivel, Mr. Lovel."

Lovel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependents or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the lower of the Antiquary's shaggy eye-brow, that he too, looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small hedge inn, where Caxon humbly opened the door, and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed; the young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and cicerone at the head of the party, who were now to advance on foot towards the object of their curiosity. took care to detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary M'Intyre, who followed next in order. The Baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better than he did; and Dousterswivel, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or as they are provincially termed, dens, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying.

as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheeptrack, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and winded round the hillside. trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filled up in the middle, by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the whole be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their silvan canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of cicerone, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Wardour," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he re-

peated with emphasis,

"I know each lane, and every alley green, Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood, And every bosky bower from side to side.*

Ah! deuce take it!—that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labors, and nearly canted my wig into the stream—so much for regitations. have de trodes."

—so much for recitations, hors de propos."

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour; "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to its original splendor, I will carry on the quotation:

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames on the forehead——" †

† (Lycidas).

^{• (}Milton's Comus).

"O! enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck; "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me—But here is what will stop your career of satire, for you are an admirer of nature, I know." In fact, when they had followed him through a breach in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then arose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks-in others covered with the copse, which run up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture-ground.—Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as the wild and sequestered character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work; and the sides, upheld by flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous; but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed the other two. and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chestnuts, growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropt sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose, which was still

and affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep basin, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the waterlilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber-trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of gray rock, checkered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which

find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

"There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr. Lovel!" said Oldbuck,—around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic; "there reposed the sages who were aweary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you presently the library;—see that stretch of wall with square-shafted windows -there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with five thousand volumes. And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, regretting the downfall of the conventual libraries, exclaims, like Rachel weeping for her children, that if the Papal laws, decrees, decretals, clementines, and other such drugs of the devil-yea, if Heytesburg's sophisms, Porphyry's universals, Aristotle's logic, and Dunse's divinity, with such other lousy legerdemains (begging your pardon, Miss Wardour) and fruits of the bottomless pit,—had leaped out of our libraries, for the accommodation of grocers, candlemakers, soapsellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries, and national muniments, to such offices of contempt and subjection, has greatly degraded our nation, and showed ourselves dishonored in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of time-O negligence most unfriendly to our land!"

"And, O John Knox," said the Baronet, "through whose

influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodcock caught in his own springe, turned short round and coughed, to excuse a slight blush as he mustered his answer—" as to the Apostle of the Scottish Reformation——"

But Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr.

Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leland, Miss Wardour, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in

England."

"Now, I think," replied the young lady, "his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now—they have hardly left us a spoonful in which to perform the dire feat."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck led the way down the bank, by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. "There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with naught to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the Baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the

priesthood."

"And if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the monksh might also make de vary curious experiment in deir laboraties, both in chemistry and magia naturalis."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the teinds of the parsonage and vicarage of

three good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary,

" without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair foe," said Oldbuck; "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather by

what chance the good fathers came to lose it."

With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss grown shrine to another, under the guidence of Oldbuck, who explained, with much plausibility, the

ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches

of the sainted images.

"What is the reason," at length, Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates of these stately edifices, raised with such expense of labor and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance? The meanest tower of a freebooting baron or squire who lived by his lance and broadsword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants;—but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—these towers, these arches, and buttresses, and shafted windows, reared at such cost,—three words fill up his answer—'they were made up by the monks lang syne.'"

The question was somewhat puzzling. Sir Arthur looked upward, as if hoping to be inspired with an answer-Oldbuck shoved back his wig-the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, offshoots as they were of the great over-shadowing tree of inquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination—Lovel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people-"These," he contended, "were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder," he concluded, "that the ferocious warrior is remembered, and the peaceful abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion."

"If you pleashe, gentlemans and ladies, and ashking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergy-mansh, and my goot friend Mr. Oldenbuck, who is my country-mansh, and of goot young Mr. Lofel also, I think it is all owing to de hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

[&]quot;De hand of glory, my goot Master Oldenbuck, which is a

vary great and terrible secrets—which de monksh used to conceal their treasures when they were triven from their cloisters by what you call de Reform."

"Ay, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldbuck, "for

these are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my goot Master Oldenbuck, you will only laugh at me—But de hand of glory is vary well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live—and it is hand cut off from a dead man, as has been hanged for murther, and dried very nice in de shmoke of juniper wood; and if you put a little of what you call yew wid your juniper, it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse—then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great eber, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essentials), and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasuresh shall never find none at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion," said the Antiquary. "And was it the custom, Mr. Dousterswivel, in

Westphalia, to make use of this elegant candelabrum?"

"Alwaysh, Mr. Oldenbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about—And the monksh alwaysh did this when they did hide their church-plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, wid very preshious shtones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Rosy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to

conceal?"

"Ah! goot Mr. Oldenbuck," replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur,—so fine fashion, Miss Wardour—and de silver cross dat we did find (dat was Schræpfer and my ownself) for de Herr Freygraf, as you call de Baron Von Blunderhaus, I do believe you would have believed then."

"Seeing is believing indeed. But what was your art—what

was your mystery, Mr. Dousterswivel?"

"Aha, Mr. Oldenbuck! dat is my little secret, mine goot sir—you sall forgife me that I not tell that. But I will tell you dere are various ways—yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream tree times—dat is a vary goot way."

"I am glad of that," said Oldbuck; "I have a friend"

(with a side-glance to Lovel) "who is peculiarly favored by

the visits of Queen Mab."

"Den dere is de sympathies, and de antipathies, and de strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb, and of de little divining-rod."

"I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear

of them," said Miss Wardour.

"Ah, but, my much-honored young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymans, and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a vary possible, to discover de spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock, or spade, or dig at all."

"Umph!" quoth the Antiquary, "I have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country;—you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal, and

turn it to good account."

"Ah! my goot Master Oldenbuck, dere is de Inquisition and de Auto-da-fé—they would burn me, who am but a simple

philosopher, for one great conjurer."

"They would cast away their coals then," said Oldbuck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, "were they to pillory him for one of the most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see: I think he is about

to show us some of his legerdemain."

In truth, the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as would suit the purpose of his mystery: and after cutting, and examining, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand, each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. "I believe dere was no waters here," said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe those Scotch monksh did find de water too cool for de climate, and alwaysh drank do goot comfortable Rhine wine. But, aha !- see there!"

Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight.—" Dere is water here about, sure enough,"—and, turning this way and that way, as the agitation of the divining-rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roofless enclosure which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave."

"I shall take that license," whispered the Antiquary to

Lovel, "whether the water is discovered or no,"

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now despatched to a neighboring forester's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly-built well; and when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mr. Blattergowl, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. "This is a mere trick," he said; "the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud. See how the rascal assumes consequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science I"

"You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Bladderhowl, and even Mr. Lofel and Mr. Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of hazel nuts—it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child "— ("I would choose a cat and nine tails for your occasions," whispered Oldbuck apart)—" and you put it in the hands of a philosopher—paf! it makes de grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur,—nothing at all, worthy Dr. Botherhowl—nothing at all, ladies—nothing at all, young Mr. Lofel and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah! if dere was any man that had de spirit and de courage, I would show him better things than de well of water—I would show him—"

"And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?" said the Antiquary.

" Bah! one trifle, not worth talking about, might be neces-

saries," answered the adept.

"I thought as much," rejoined the Antiquary, dryly; "and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining-rod, will show you an excellent venison pasty, and a bottle of London particular Madeira, and I think that will match all that Mr. Dousterswivel's art is like to exhibit."

The feast was spread fronde super viridi, as Oldbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree called the Prior's Oak, and the company, sitting down around it, did ample honor to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness, With winged course, o'er hill and moory dals, Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth Had from his wakeful custody purloined The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend

PARADISE LOST.

When their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining-rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Dousterswivel. "My friend Mr. Oldbuck will now be prepared, Mr. Dousterswivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association."

"Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to those gentlemans, because it is want of credulity—what you call faith—that spoils the great enterprise."

"At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she

has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck."

"Ah! that was vary true story—but Miss Wardour, she is so sly and so witty, that she has made it just like one romance—as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by mine honest wort."

"To say the truth, Mr. Dousterswivel," answered Miss Wardour, "the romantic predominated in the legend so much above the probable, that it was impossible for a lover of fairy

land like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldbuck will read it to us."

"Not I." said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading

aloud."

"Nor I," said Oldbuck, "for I have forgot my spectacles. But here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice; for Mr. Blattergowl, I know, never reads anything, lest he should be

suspected of reading his sermons."

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received, with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered, with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions; and after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself, and read the company the following tale:—

Che fortunes of Martin Baldeck.

The solitude of the Harz forest in Germany,* but especially the mountains called Blocksberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scenes for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favorite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern

^{*} The outline of this story is taken from the German, though the Author is at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends in that language the original is to be found,

skepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical

deception.*

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, that he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches and fairies, and in particular with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry (for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V.), and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baal-peor, Ashtaroth and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men who had been present and assisting on

The shadow of the person who sees the phantom, being reflected upon a cloud of mist her the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apsertion.

this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanguished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and illluck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves -haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd-and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals. who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you, then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine I

would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon the subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one

always waking, while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the first two hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin —conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon. sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself of the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder, and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen,

he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same

fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were

moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest be should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which

he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and himself to supply the furnace with fuel without

requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire; but the tinder was moist, and his labor proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers. for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood; and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather skeptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished at the same time the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence, and, therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognize, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage; and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with

tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;

-" and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin, hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What

mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take thy fire that thou camest to seek, and begone! no mortal may look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear-point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about, and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighborhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can fore-see the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another;—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed.

began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labors and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened

around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honorable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed. accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy. Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. An hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a heraldat-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honor of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the bands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, . they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their

brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire My coals have kindled?" The power of emotion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

Here has been such a stormy encounter Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier, About I know not what!—nothing, indeed,; Competitions, degrees and comparatives Of soldiership!——

A FAIRE QUARRELL.

THE attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curled up his nose, and observed, that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemist's, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions—for me,

Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start."

"Under your favor, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck," said the German, "Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all the history of de Harz goblin, and how he walks among de desolate mountains wid a great fir-tree for his walking cane, and wid de great green bush around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary, dryly. But at this moment the ap-

proach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession—nay, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the ease of a man of perfect good-breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hector!" said Miss M'Intyre, as she rose to take his hand—

"Hector, son of Priam, whence comest thou?" said the An-

tiquary.

"From Fife, my liege," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company,

and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbarns to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldbuck. "Mr. Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain M'Intyre—Hector, I

recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the

very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her, on every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forlorn dejection at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a cavaliere servente. He handed Miss Wardour's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively All this, Lovel well knew, might be only that sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain M'Intyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Wardour also received his attentions; and although his candor allowed they were of a kind which could not be repelled without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular

attention, was unremittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confu-"What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?" Lovel answered by an involuntary groan. see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them, or met them, without longing to tear, to deface, what is so dishonorable?"

"Dishonorable!" echoed Lovel—"in what respect dishon-

orable?"

"I mean, disgraceful to the arts."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention,—as a skilful angler, by means of his line, maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonized

prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriages; and it is inconceivable how often, in the course of that short walk, Lovel, exhausted by the unceasing prosing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or anyone else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his distemperature.

Miss Wardour, and her self-elected knight companion, rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady, apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her tete-a-tete with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr. Oldbuck came up. "I wished

to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbuck, concerning the date of

these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's savoir faire, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr. Blattergowl was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, cum decimis inclusis tam vicariis quam garbalibus, et nunquam antea separatis, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the Teind Court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localling his last augmentation of stipend. The orators, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr. Oldbuck harangued, the Baronet declaimed, Mr. Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry, and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Teind Court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the infirmities endured by his great age and ascetic

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued—" was called popularly Hell-in-Harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoil, in France, after killing

six of the English with his own——"

"Decreet of certification," proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone, which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised, in the long run, to obtain the ascendency in this strife of narrators;— "Decreet of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded,

when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the teind-free land; which was a mere evasion, for—

But here the Baronet and Mr. Oldbuck having recovered their wind, and continued their respective harangues, the three strands of the conversation, to speak the language of a ropework, were again twined together into one undistinguishable

string of confusion.

Yet, howsoever uninteresting this piebald jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Wardour's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain M'Intyre an opportunity of renewing their private conversation. So that, after waiting for a little time with displeasure, ill concealed by his haughty features, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and taking his sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbor has neither become

more lively nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us,

Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society, than your unworthy brother—Pray, who is this Mr. Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces ?—he does not use to be so accessible to strangers.

"Mr. Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man."
"Ay,—that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room,

and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows."

"No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class."

"But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in society, and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find

him domesticated?"

"If you mean, how he comes to visit at Monkbarns, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr. Lovel rendered Miss Wardour and him a service of the most important kind."

"What! that romantic story is true, then?—And pray, does the valorous knight aspire, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril? is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector," said his sister, "if you really continue to

nourish any affection for Miss Wardour-"

"If, Mary?—what an if was there!"

"--- I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my sage sister?" asked Captain M'Intyre: "Miss Wardor, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune;—and, as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always con-

siders us as members of the Monkbarns family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases," answered the Highlander scornfully; "but anyone with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have ennobled my mother, if her veins had been filled with printer's ink."

"For God's sake, Hector," replied his anxious sister, "take care of yourself! a single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested eavesdropper, would lose you his favor forever, and destroy all chance of your succeed-

ing to his estate."

"Be it so," answered the heedless young man; "I am one of a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less endure to want for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his plebeian name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and you may wed this new favorite of his if you please, and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives, if it pleases Heaven. My part is taken—I'll fawn on no man for an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss M'Intyre laid her hand on her brother's arm, and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Who," she said, "injures or seeks to injure you, but your own hasty temper?—what dangers are you defying, but those you have yourself conjured up?—Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been, since

we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own," replied M'Intyre, "and I am enraged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not

worth the spark of a flint—his investigations about invalided pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past service—all these things I have something of Hotspur in me, put me out of patience. sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother! Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighborbood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he isgenerous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain M'Intyre, "I am schooled-goodmanners be my speed! I'll do the civil thing by your new

friend—I'll have some talk with this Mr. Lovel.

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The treble disquisition was by this time ended; and Sir Arthur was speaking on the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the tapis, Lovel, accidentally mingling in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel

was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then?" said M'Intyre; "may I inquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?"—Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied; "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir ———."

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance!-for although I did not serve with General Sir --, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation Lovel again blushed so deeply as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldbuck to himself; "but I will not readily give up my phænix of post-chaise companions—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Lovel in the meanwhile had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M'Intyre. "You know the General's hand, in all probability—I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M'Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the General's hand, but dryly observed, as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain M'Intyre," answered Lovel, in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you choose to inquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Oldbuck, "what is the meaning of all this? Have we got Hiren here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies, forsooth, that when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folk's shins that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling

subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and, with high color and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party;—they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent suspicion than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good-breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Wardour's man-

ner see.ned more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain M'Intyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Lovel's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her; "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I—every

friend of Mr. Lovel's will expect him to employ it."

Lovel bowed low and colored deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Oldbuck, who, during this interval, had, with Caxon's assistance, been arranging his disordered periwig, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, man!" said Oldbuck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector's indiscreet curiosity and vehemence? Why, he is a thoughtless boy—a spoiled child from the time he was in the nurse's arms—he threw his coral and bells at my head for refusing him a bit of sugar; and you have too much sense to mind such a shrewish boy: aquam earvare mentem is the motto of our friend Horace. I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights." But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone.—" Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will show you the treatise upon the duello, which I composed when the town-clerk and provost Mucklewhame chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my Essay, which is signed *Pacificator*; but there was no need, as the matter was

taken up by the town-council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M'Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it be so; for otherwise, I will stand second to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss M'Intyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her precaution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinnock, and then, wheeling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M'Intyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exasperated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel's side, and touching his hat slightly, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, "What am I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was

at my service?"

"Simply, sir," replied Lovel, "that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card."

"And is this all the information you are disposed to give

me ? "

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I find you, sir, in company with my sister," said the young soldier, "and I have a right to know who is admitted into Miss

M'Intyre's society."

- "I shall take the liberty of disputing that right," replied Lovel, with a manner as haughty as that of the young soldier; "you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to inquire further."
 - "Mr. Lovel, if you served as you say you have---"

"If!" interrupted Lovel,—"if I have served as I say I have?"

- "Yes, sir, such is my expression—if you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other."
- "If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen."

"Very well, sir," rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse sound, galloped off to overtake his party.

His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister, having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now?" said the Antiquary, "riding to and fro as your neck were upon the wager—why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove!—I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down—But I will take order with you, my young gentleman—you shall return with me this night to Monkbarns." So saying, he bid the postilion go on.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

——If you fail Honor here,
Never presume to serve her any more;
Bid farewell to the integrity of armes;
And the honorable name of soldier
Fall from you, like a shivered weath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.

A FAIRE QUARRELL.

EARLY the next morning, a gentleman came to wait upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Fairport on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr. Lesley (such was the name of the visitor), "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?"

"The same. He holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family."

"May I ask, if you, Mr. Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and unceremoniously put to

you?"

"Perhaps not;—and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as peacemaker. From Mr. Lovel's very gentleman-like manners, everyone must strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of dubious calumny which will attach itself to one whose situa-

tion is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that infer-

ence."

"—Or at least," said Lesley, proceeding, "that it is not the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished—if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this

unpleasant business."

"Which is to say, Mr. Lesley, that if I condescend to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will condescend to rest satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject—I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your honor, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of anyone. Captain M'Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any further, or to inquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances, of a stranger, who, without seeking any intimate connection with him, or his, chances to dine with his uncle, or walk in company with his sister."

"In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests you to be informed, that your farther visits at Monkbarns, and all connection with Miss M'Intyre, must be dropt, as disagreeable to him."

"I shall certainly," said Lovel, visit Mr. Oldbuck when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much (though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintance) to introduce it into such a discussion."

"Since that is your resolution, sir," answered Lesley, "Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr. Lovel, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character, will favor him with a meeting this evening, at seven, at the thorn-tree in the little

valley close by the ruins of St. Ruth."

"Most unquestionably, I will wait upon him. There is

only one difficulty—I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintance in Fairport—I will be on the spot, however—Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that."

Lesley had taken his hat, and was as far as the door of the

apartment, when as if moved by the peculiarity of Lovel's situation, he returned, and thus addressed him: "Mr. Lovel, there is something so singular in all this, that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your preserving an incognito, for which, I am convinced, there can be no dishonorable reason. Still, this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate—nay, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece of Quixotry in M'Intyre to give you a meeting, while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understand your innuendo, Mr. Lesley," rejoined Lovel; "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman, to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be laid that is unhandsome or unbecoming. For a friend, I dare say I shall find some one or other who will do me that good turn; and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when

you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig is come into the roadstead, and he himself is now at old Caxon's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and, as I am sure I should willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."

"At the thorn-tree, then, Mr. Lesley, at seven this evening

—the arms, I presume, are pistols?"

"Exactly. M'Intrye has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkbarns—he was with me this morning by five, in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good-morning to you, Mr. Lovel." And Lesley left the

apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached, without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for an action which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved

by speaking a single word. Yet pride whispered, that to speak that word now, would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Everyone, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean dishonored poltroon, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr. Lesley. M'Intyre's insolent behavior to himself personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolution which might have been expected from so young a man,-to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffril.

The lieutenant received him with the good-breeding of a gentleman and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request that he might be favored with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice. "This is a most singular

circumstance," he said, " and really-"

"I am conscious, Mr. Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Permit me to ask you one question," asked the sailor;—
"Is there anything of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate."

"Upon my honor, no; there is nothing but what, in a very

short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril—"indeed I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connection, which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbors, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffril," replied Lovel, "whatever were the rank of my parents, I should never think of concealing it

from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any

propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor—" give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all—But what of that? our own honor has the next call on us after our country;—you are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Mr. Hector M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jackanapes. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor,—he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as his uncle pleases; and whether one pursues fortune by land, or sea, makes no great difference, I should fancy."

"None in the universe, certainly," answered Lovel.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this rencounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Not particularly," Lovel replied.

"I am sorry for that-M'Intyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Lovel, "both for his sake and my own: I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffril, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at caulking a shot-hole. I will let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know that he attends for the benefit of either party. Is there anything I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Lovel.

"This small billet contains the key of my escritoir, and my very brief secret. There is one letter in the escritoir" (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke), "which I beg the

favor of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor. "Nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action; and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffril will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff;—we must get our things in fighting order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate, at the Græme's-Arms over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Lovel.

"Agreed," said Taffril; and the whole affair was arranged. It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short greensward

of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St. Ruth.*

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffril, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which during the ardent heat of the day had sheltered in the breaches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound which at once gives life to a landscape, and marks its solitude.—Taffril and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn a figure as vigorous in his decay as the mossgrown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. "This is embarrassing enough," said Lovel:—"How shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffril, who knew the mendicant of yore—"here's half-a-crown for you. You must go to the Four Horse-shoes yonder—the little inn, you know, and inquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate, wait there till we come back,—and — Get off with you — Come, come, weigh,

anchor."

"I thank ye for your awmous," said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money; "but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffril—I canna gang your errand e'en now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"
"I wad speak a word wi' young Mr. Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel: "what would you say with me? Come, say on, and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted onything to the Laird o' Monkbarns?"

"Indebted — no, not I—what of that?—what makes you think so?"

"Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit; and wha suld come whirling there in a post-chaise, but Monkbarns in an unco carfuffle—now, it's no a little thing that will make his honor take a chaise and post-horse twa days rinnin."

^{[*} Supposed to have been suggested by the old Abbey of Arbroath in Forfarshire.]

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Ou, ye'se hear, ye'se hear. Weel, Monkbarns is closeted wi' the shirra whatever puir folk may be left thereout—ye needna doubt that—the gentlemen are aye unco civil amang themsells."

"For heaven's sake, my old friend-"

"Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr. Lovel? it wad be mair purpose fa'ard than to speak o' heaven in that impatient gate.'

"But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffril here." "Weel, weel, a' in gude time," said the beggar-" I can use a little wee bit freedom wi' Mr. Daniel Taffril; -mony's the

peery and the tap I worked for him langsyne, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinkler."

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad."

"Nane o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the mendicant to a brief and decided tone. "The shirra sent for his clerk, and as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you—I thought it had been on a fugic warrant for debt; for a' body kens the laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch—But now I may haud my tongue for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up' and I guess that Monkbarns's purpose was very kind, and that yours is muckle waur than it should be."

The antagonist now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. "What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an auld fallow," said Edie, "but I am also an auld

soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the 42d."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us," said M'Intyre, "or"—and he lifted his cane in terrorem,

though without the idea of touching the old man.

But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the insult. "Haud down your switch, Captain M'Intyre! I am an auld soldier, as I said before, and I'll take muckle frae your father's son; but no a touch o' the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither."

"Well, well, I was wrong-I was wrong," said M'Intyre; "here's a crown for you—go your ways—what's the matter

now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a gray palmer or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were around him than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanor. "What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws? Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them—and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? and is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? Uhon! it's an ill feight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns. I'm a puir man—but I'm an auld man too—and what my poverty takes awa frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times. Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads;—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae feighting eneugh, and maybe auld Edie will hirple out himsell if he can get a feal-dyke to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiment, and manly rude elocution of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrament, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend reconciliation.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lesley," said Taffril, "old Adam speaks like an oracle. Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish;—to-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf. I think the word should be forget and forgive on both sides,—that we should all shake hands, fire these foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Græme's-Arms."

"I would heartily recommend it," said Lesley; "for, amidst a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said M'Intyre, very coldly, "all this should

have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any farther, might go to supper at the Græme's-Arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as

possible."

"Bairns! bairns!" cried old Ochiltree; but perceiving he was no longer attended to—"Madmen, I should say—but your blood be on your heads!" And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the seconds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in sullen indignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying farther attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim; M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, "It is nothing—it is nothing—give us the other pistols." But in an instant he said, in a lower tone, "I believe I have enough—and what's worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself—Bear all witness, I provoked this matter." Then raising himself again on his arm, he added, "Shake hands, Lovel—I believe you to be a gentleman—forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death—My poor sister!"

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the evil of which he had been the active, though unwilling cause, with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant. "Why stand you gazing on your deed?—What's doomed is doomed—what's done is past recalling. But awa, awa, if ye wad save your young blood from a shamefu' death—I see the men out by yonder that are come ower late to part ye—but, out and alack! sune eneugh, and ower sune, to drag ye to prison."

"He is right—he is right," exclaimed Taffril; "you must

night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Mussel-crag. Away—away, for Heaven's sake!"

"O yes! fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words

faltering with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the mendicant, almost dragging him off; "the Captain's plan is the best—I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the mean time, were they to seek ye wi' sleuth-hounds."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Taffril—"to stay here

is mere madness."

"It was worse madness to have come hither," said Lovel, pressing his hand—"But farewell!" And he followed Ochiltree into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fire;
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in caves,
Known, save to me, to none.—
THE WONDER OF A KINGDOME.

LOVEL almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counter-balance a thousand evils! 'Yet, then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflection, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands?—the feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual fiend himself is said to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now muttering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning,—a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth. was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cleft, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealing it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchoret of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Rosslyn, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses. "Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by mysell, and that's Jingling Jock and the Lang Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I fand mysell auld and forfairn, and no able to enjoy

God's blessed air ony langer, I wad drag mysell here wi' a pickle ait-meal; and see, there's a bit bonny drapping well that popples that self-same gate simmer and winter;—and I wad e'en streek mysell out here, and abide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its useless ugsome carcass into some bush or bracken no to gie living things a scunner wi' the sight o't when it's dead—Ay, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farm-stead, the gudewife wad cry, 'Whisht, stirra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bits o' weans wad up, puir things, and toddle to the door to pu' in the auld Blue-Gown that mends a' their bonny-dies—But there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a bit turnpike-stair that gaes up to the auld kirk abune. folks say this place was howkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they durstna sae weel hae brought in by the main port and in open day-And some said that ane o' them turned a saint (or aiblins wad hae had folk think sae), and settled him down in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks ave ca'd it, and garr'd big the stair, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Monkbarns wad hae a hantle to say about it, as he has about maist things, if he ken'd only about the place. But whether it was made for man's devices or God's service, I have seen ower muckle sin done in it in my day, and far ower muckle have I been partaker of-ay, even here in this dark cove. Mony a gudewife's been wondering what for the red cock didna craw her up in the morning, when he's been roasting, puir fallow, in this dark hole—And, ohon! I wish that and the like o' that had been the warst o't! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels o' the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was forester in thae days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gaun daundering about the wood at e'en, to see after the Laird's game-and whiles he wad hae seen a glance o' the light frae the door o' the cave, flaughtering against the hazels on the other bank; and then siccan stories as Sanders had about the worricows and gyre-carlins that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal e'e open but his ain; and eh! as he wad thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me ayont the ingle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly carle grane for grane, and tale for tale, though I ken'd muckle better about it than ever he did. Ay, ay—they were daft days thae ;—but they were a' vanity, and waur,—and it's fitting that they wha hae led a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, suld

aiblins come to lack it when they are auld."

While Ochiltree was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compunction alternately predominated, his unfortunate auditor had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the solid rock, and abandoned himself to that lassitude, both of mind and body, which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. puir bairn I" said auld Edie, "an he sleeps in this damp hole. he'll maybe wauken nae mair, or catch some sair disease. no the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep ony gate an anes our wames are fu'. Sit up, Maister Lovel, lad! After a's come and gane, I dare say the captain-lad will do weel eneugh—and, after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune. I hae seen mony a man killed, and helped to kill them mysell, though there was nae quarrel between us-and if it isna wrang to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade, and speak a foreign language, I canna see but a man may have excuse for killing his ain mortal foe, that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dinna say it's right-God forbid-or that it isna sinfu' to take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils; but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repented of. Sinfu' men are we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld gray sinner that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise atween the twa boards o' the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae."

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he possessed, the mendicant thus continued to solicit and compel the attention of Lovel, until the twilight began to fade into night. "Now," said Ochiltree, "I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I hae sat mony a time to hear the howlit crying out of the ivy tod, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruins. There can be naebody come here after this time o' night; and if they hae made ony search, thae blackguard shirra'-officers and constables, it will hae been ower lang syne. Od, they are as great cowards as ither folk, wi' a' their warrants and king's keys *—I hae gien some o' them a

^a The king's keys are, in law phrase, the crow-bars and nammers used to force doors and locks, in execution of the king's warrant.

gliff in my day, when they were coming rather ower near me—But, lauded be grace for it! they canna stir me now for ony waur than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; and then Miss Isabella Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken"—(Lovel sighed)—"Aweel, dinna be cast down—bowls may a' row right yet—gie the lassie time to ken her mind. She's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine—I gang by the bridewell as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath—deil ony o' them daur hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now; I keep the crown o' the causey when I gae to the borough, and rub shouthers wi' a bailie wi' as little concern as an he were a brock."

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave, which obscured the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the

way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free eneugh," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they werena a lang-breathed generation, I reckon; they hae contrived queer tirlie-wirlie holes, that gang out to the open air, and keep the stair as caller as a kail-blade."

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither ruinous nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side wall of the chancel, from which it received air and light through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid or-

naments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage ance gaed round great part o' the biggin," said the beggar, "and through the wa' o' the place I've heard Monkbarns ca' the Refractory" [meaning probably Refectory], "and so awa to the Prior's ain house. It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time,—and then he might come ben here and see that they were busy skreighing awa wi' the psalms doun below there; and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might step awa and fetch in a bonnie lass at the cove yonder—for they were queer hands the monks, unless mony lees is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to big up the passage in some parts, and pu' it down in others, for fear o' some uncanny body getting into it, and finding their way down to the cove: it wad hae been a fashious job that—by my certie, some o' our necks wad hae been ewking."

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche,

constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the chancel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stonework, it commanded a full view of the chancel in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower, from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behavior of his monks, and ascertain, by personal inspection, their punctual attendance upon those rites of devotion which his rank exempted him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the chancel, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St. Michael and the dragon, and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the vagabonds who frequented the cave of St. Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with hewn stones from the ruin.

"We shall be better here," said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench, and stretching the lappet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him—"we shall be better here than doun below; the air's free and mild, and the savor of the wallflowers, and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa's, is far mair refreshing than the damp smell doun below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers, and they're maist aye seen about ruined buildings. Now, Maister Lovel, can ony o' you scholars gie a gude reason for that?'

Lovel replied in the negative.

"I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like mony folk's gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity—or maybe it's a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odors to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi' the sight we are looking upon—thae pleasant and quiet lang streaks o' moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o' this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions o' the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o' the dark ivy as the breath o' wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wi' lamps, and candles nae doubt, and roughies,*

and wi' the mirth and the frankincent that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi' organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and a' instruments o' music—I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is of these grand parafle o' ceremonies that holy writ says, 'It is an abomination to me.' I am thinking, Maister Lovel, if twa puir contrite spirits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition——"

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm,

saying,—" Hush! I heard some one speak."

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie, in a whisper, "but

we're surely safe here—where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be nane o' our folk," said Edie in the same low and cautious tone; "there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am nae believer in auld wives' stories about ghaists, though this is gey like a place for them—But mortal, or of the other world, here they come!—twa men and a light."

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moon-lit meadow beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was, that, despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. A touch and whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should anything appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed with eager and anxious curiosity every accent and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chancel; and a voice,

which Lovel at once recognized, from its tone and dialect, to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, "Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for dis great purpose. You shall see, mine goot sir, dat it is all one bibble-babble dat Mr. Oldbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little child. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred stivers. But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will show all de secrets dat art can show,—ay, de secret of de great Pymander."

"That other ane," whispered Edie, "maun be, according to a' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour—I ken naebody but himsell wad come here at this time at e'en wi' that German blackguard;—ane wad think he's bewitched him—he gars him e'en trow that chalk is cheese. Let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept. excepting the last three emphatic words, "Very great expense; to which Dousterswivel at once replied—" Expenses!—to be sure—dere must be de great expenses. You do not expect to reap before you do sow de seed: de expense is de seed-de riches and de mine of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop-vary goot crop too, on mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of snuff, or so big; and if you do not reap de great harvest-dat is, de great harvest for de little pinch of seed, for it must be proportions, you must know—then never call one honest man, Herman Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron—for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver; you know de moon measureth de whole zodiack in de space of twenty-eight dayevery shild knows dat. Well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of Libra, and I engrave upon one side de worts, Shedbarschemoth Schartathan—dat is, de Emblems of de Intelligence of de moon—and I make this picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—vary well. Then upon this side I make de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine-dere it is done very proper. Now I will make dis avail me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expenses I lay out in de suffumigations, as nine, to de product of nine multiplied into itself—But I shall find no more to night as maybe two or dree times nine, because dere is a

thwarting power in de house of ascendency."

"But, Dousterswivel," said the simple Baronet, "does not this look like magic?—I am a true though unworthy son of the Episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah!—not a bit magic in it at all—not a bit—It is all founded on de planetary influence, and de sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer dan dis. I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to

have taken a fit of the ague.

"Dat is great pity," said Dousterswivel; "I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard dis treasure like one fierce watchdog—but I know how to manage him;—you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Baronet, in a tone of feigned in-

difference; " I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my patron; it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hours; and I could show you de spirit vary well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needful worts. Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of ane city, and den-let me see-ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black grayhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de elector's great hunting-match; and den one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them—and paf—all should be gone; den you should hear horns winded dat all de ruins should ring-mine wort, they should play fine hunting piece, as goot as him you call'd Fischer with his oboi; vary well-den comes one herald, as we call Ernhold, winding his horn-and den come de great Peolphan, called de mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black steed. But you would not care to see all this?" *

"Why, I am not afraid," answered the poor Baronet,—"if—that is—does anything—any great mischiefs, happen on such

occasions?"

"Bah! mischiefs? no!—sometimes if de circle be not quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will take his advantage, and drag him exorcist out of de circle and throttle him. Dat does happens."

"Well then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition,

and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is de time—hold you de sword till I kindle de little what you

call chip."

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely; and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened, with its shortlived glare, all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes which produced a strong and pungent odor. The exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapor floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel.

"Was that an echo?" said the Baronet, astonished at the sternutation which resounded from above; "or"—drawing close to the adept, "can it be the spirit you talked of, ridicul-

ing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"N-n-no," muttered the German, who began to partake

of his pupil's terrors, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-smothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy on us!" said the Baronet.

"Alle guten Geistern loben den Herrn!" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be de bestermost done in

de daylight—we was bestermost to go away just now."

"You juggling villain!" said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terrors, connected as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin—"you juggling mountebank! this is some legerdemain trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven! I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to fool me on to my ruin! Go on, then—come fairy, come fiend, you shall show me that

treasure, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you

shall see spirits enough."

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the allerbestmost usage. Consider, mine honored sir, that de spirits——"

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humor of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accus-

tomed to solicit charity.

Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees-"Dear Sir

Arthurs, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel!" said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the exorcism, "that shift shall not serve you—Monkbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks—I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!"

"For de lofe of Heaven be patient, mine honored patron, and you shall hafe all de treasure as I knows of—yes, you shall indeed—But do not speak about de spirits—it makes dem

angry."

Edie Ochiltree here prepared himself to throw in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest, as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanor of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel, having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend, and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjurer extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of his alarm. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Mine patrons, it is here—Got save us all?"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the

adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswivel had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging), something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswivel, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, "On mine dear wort, mine patrons, dis is all-it is indeed; I mean all we can do to-night;"-and he gazed around him with a cowering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated, still more sternly, "I will be satisfied—I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case, or casket,—for Lovel could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Baronet's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. "Ay," said the Baronet, "this is being indeed in good luck! and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldieword's, added to the other incumbent claims, must have been ruin indeed. If you think we can parry it by repeating this experiment—suppose when the moon next changes,—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may."

"Oh, mine good patrons, do not speak about all dat," said Dousterswivel, "as just now, but help me to put de shtone to de rights, and let us begone our own ways." And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned once more to his guidance, away from a spot, where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented goblins as lurking behind each pillar with the

purpose of punishing his treachery.

"Saw onybody e'er the like o' that!" said Edie, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—"saw ony creature living e'er the like o' that!—But what can we do for that puir doited deevil of a knight-baronet? Od, he showed muckle mair spunk, too, than I thought had been in him—I thought he wad hae sent cauld iron through the vagabond—Sir Arthur wasna half sae bauld

at Bessie's-apron you night—but then, his blood was up even now, and that makes an unco difference. I hae seen mony a man wad hae felled another an anger him, that wadna muckle hae liked a clink against Crummie's-horn you time. But what's to be done?"

"I suppose," said Lovel, "his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had ar-

ranged beforehand."

"What! the siller!—Ay, ay—trust him for that—they that hide ken best where to find. He wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the land-louper. I wad like it weel just to hae come in at the clipping-time, and gien him a lounder wi' my pike-staff; he wad hae taen it for a bennison frae some o' the auld dead abbots. But it's best no to be rash; sticking disna gang by strength, but by the guiding o' the gully. I'se be upsides wi' him ae day."

"What if you should inform Mr. Oldbuck?" said Lovel.

"Ou, I dinna ken-Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither. Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and whiles Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himsell. in some things;—he wad believe a bodle to be an auld Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon ony leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae garr'd him trow mony a queer tale mysell, gude forgie me. But wi' a' that, he has unco little sympathy wi' ither folks; and he's snell and dure eneugh in casting up their nonsense to them, as if he had nane o' his ain. He'll listen the hale day, an ye'll tell him about tales o' Wallace, and Blind Harry, and Davie Lindsay; but ye maunna speak to him about ghaists or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that;—he had amaist flung auld Caxon out o' the window (and he might just as weel hae flung awa his best wig after him), for threeping he had seen a ghaist at the humlock-knowe. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's birse, and maybe do mair ill nor gude—he's done that twice or thrice about thae minewarks; ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on wi' them the deeper, the mair he was warned against it by Monkbarns."

"What say you then," said Lovel, "to letting Miss Wardour know the circumstance?"

"Ou, puir thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure?—and, besides, what wad it help? There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a

writer chield in Edinburgh has been driving the spur-rowels of the law up to the head into Sir Arthur's sides to gar him payit, and if he canna, he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as a he has left, to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the puir lassie about what canna be helped? And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's unco convenient, ye see yoursell, to hae a hiding-hole o' ane's ain; and though I be out o' the line o' needing ane e'en now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do onything to need ane again, yet naebody kens what temptation ane may be gien ower to—and, to be brief, I downa bide the thought of onybody kennin about the place;—they say, keep a thing seven year an' ye'll aye find a use for't—and maybe I may need the cove, either for mysell, or for some ither body."

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, notwithstanding his scraps of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening. and considerably rousing the energies which had been stupefled by the first view of calamity. He reflected that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one—that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain M'Intyre's situation—and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.—Such were Lovel's feelings. when the hour arrived when, according to Edie's calculationwho, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper-it was fitting they should leave their hidingplace, and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffril's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared ever the sea, as soon as their exit from the copse permitted.

them to view the horizon.—Morning, said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was, therefore, with renewed health and vigor that Lovel, guided by the trusty mendicant, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Den of St. Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-brig which was lying-to in the offing—close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Taffril himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he have the meadicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. "M'Intyre's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but far from desperate." His attention had got Lovel's baggage privately sent on board the brig; "and," he said, "he trusted that, if Lovel chose to stay with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his rencontre. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal, he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our farther motions," said Lovel, "as we

go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavored to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the hale folk here have either gane daft, or they hae made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drowns the miller. I hae had mair gowd offered me within this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life afore. Keep the siller, lad-ye'll hae need o't, I'se warrant ye, and I hae nane; my claes is nae great things, and I get a blue gown every year, and as mony siller groats as the king, God bless him, is years auld-you and I serve the same master, ye ken, Captain Taffril; there's rigging provided for—and my meats and drink I get for the asking in my rounds, or, at an orra time, I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for nane: so that a' the siller I need is just to buy tobacco and sneeshin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cauld day, though I am name dram-drinker to be a gaberlunzie;—sae take back your gowd and just gie me a lily-white shilling."

Upon these whims, which he imagined intimately connected with the honor of his vagabond profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty; and therefore Lovel was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending, at the same time, secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed.—"Ye needna doubt that," said Ochiltree; "I never tell'd tales out o' yon cove in my life, though mony a queer thing I hae seen in't."

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after it as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue bonnet as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture, and began to move slowly along the sands as if resuming

his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Wiser Raymondus, in his closet pent, Laughs at such danger and adventurement When half his lands are spent in golden smokes, And now his second hopeful glasse is broke, But yet, if haply his third furnace hold, Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.

ABOUT a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr. Oldbuck, descending to his breakfast-parior, found that his womankind were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug, which was wont to receive his libations of mum, not duly aired for its reception.

"This confounded hot-brained boy!" he said to himself "now that he begins to get out of danger, I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to sixes and sevens—an universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my sister—no answer. I call, I shout—I invoke my inmates by more names than the Romans gave to their deities—at length Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half-hour lilting in the Tartarean regions of the kitchen,

The author cannot remember where these lines are to be found: perhaps in Bishop Hall's Satires. [They occur in Book iv. Satire ii..]

condescends to hear me and reply, but without coming up stairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs."—Here he again began to hollow aloud—"Jenny, where's Miss Oldbuck?"

" Miss Grizzy's in the captain's room."

"Umph !-I thought so—and where's my niece?"

"Miss Mary's making the captain's tea."

"Umph! I supposed as much again—and where's Caxon?"

"Awa to the town about the captain's fowling-gun, and his

setting-dog."

- "And who the devil's to dress my periwig, you silly jade?—when you knew that Miss Wardour and Sir Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, how could you let Caxon go on such a Tomfool's errand?"
- "Me! what could I hinder him?—your honor wadna has us contradict the captain e'en now, and him maybe deeing?"

"Dying!" said the alarmed Antiquary,—"eh! what? has he been worse?"

"Na, he's no nae waur that I ken of." *

"Then he must be better—and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the one to destroy all my furniture, steal from my larder, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head. He has had gunning and pistolling enough to serve him one while, I should think."

Here Miss Oldbuck entered the parlor, at the door of which Oldbuck was carrying on this conversation, he bellowing downward to Jenny, and she again screaming upward in reply.

"Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry yoursell as hoarse as a corbic—is that the way to skreigh when there's a

sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself,—I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who lies six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I detest such implements ever since our elder brother, poor Williewald, marched out of the world on a pair of damp feet, caught in the Kittlefitting-moss. But that signifies nothing; I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to earry Squire Hector out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my

A It is, I believe, a piece of free-masonry, or a point of conscience, among the Scottish lower orders, never to admit that a patient is doing better. The closest approach to recovery which they can be brought to allow, is, that the party inquired after is "Nae waur."

turkeys—I think any of the feræ nature are safe from him for one while."

Miss M'Intyre now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast, with the alertness of one who is too late in setting about a task, and is anxious to make up for lost time. But this did not avail her. "Take care, you silly womankind—that mum's too near the fire—the bottle will burst; and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to a cinder as a burnt-offering for Juno, or what do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Pantheon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his first moments of mature reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house (I thank him), and meet company to aid the rest of the woman-kind of my household in their daily conversation and intercourse with him."

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fairport, and she's broke her chain twice, and came running down here to him; and you would not have us beat the faithful beast away from the door?—it moans as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room."

"Why," said his uncle, "they said Caxon had gone to

Fairport after his dog and gun."

"O dear sir, no," answered Miss M'Intyre, "it was to fetch some dressings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fairport at any rate."

"Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mess of womankind have been about it—Dressings, quotha?—and who is to dress my wig?—But I suppose Jenny will undertake—" continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass—" to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set to breakfast—with what appetite we may. Well may I say to Hector, as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal (I detest dogs) flung down the taper among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials—Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

"I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is quite sensible of the rashness of his own behavior, and allows that Mr. Lovel behaved very handsomely."

"And much good that will do, when he has frightened the lad out of the country! I tell thee, Mary, Hector's under-

standing, and far more that of feminity, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has occasioned to the present age and to posterity—aureum quidem opus—a poem on such a subject, with notes illustrative of all that is ciear, and all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic panegyrists look about them. Fingal, as they conceitedly term Fin-Mac-Coul, should have disappeared before my search, rolling himself in his cloud like the spirit of Loda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to an ancient and gray-haired man; and to see it lost by the madcap spleen of a hot-headed boy! But I submit—Heaven's will be done!"

Thus continued the Antiquary to maunder, as his sister expressed it, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey, and all the comforts of a Scottish morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them. But they knew the nature of the man. "Monkbarns's bark," said Miss Griselda Oldbuck, in confidential intercourse with Miss Rebecca Blattergowl, "is muckle waur than his bite."

In fact, Mr. Oldbuck had suffered in mind extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to, and the interruption of his antiquarian labors. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence, by his niece and sister, he unloaded his discontent in such grumblings as we have rehearsed, venting many a sarcasm against womankind, soldiers, dogs, and guns, all which implements of noise, discord, and tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold in utter abomination.

This expectoration of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all sullenness at the sound, Oldbuck ran nimbly up stairs and down stairs, for both operations were necessary ere he could receive Miss Wardour and her father at the door of his mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And Sir Arthur, referring to his previous inquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Intyre's health.

"Better than he deserves," was the answer—"better than he deserves, for disturbing us with his vixen brawls, and breaking God's peace and the King's."

"The young gentleman," Sir Arthur said, "had been im-

prudent; but he understood they were indebted to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel."

"No more suspicious than his own," answered the Antiquary, eager in his favorite's defence; "the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Hector's impertinent interrogatories—that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to choose his confidants better—Ay, Miss Wardour, you may look at me—but it is very true;—it was in my bosom that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Fairport; and no stone should have been left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself."

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Wardour changed color more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidents to be selected as the depositary of love affairs,—and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of communication,—next to Edie Ochiltree, Oldbuck seemed the most uncouth and extraordinary; nor could she sufficiently admire or fret at the extraordinary combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so unfitted to be entrusted with it. to fear the mode of Oldbuck's entering upon the affair with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew that the honest gentleman, however vehement in his prejudices, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion upon an éclaircissement taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Oldbuck readily arise and show the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience by listening and replying to the observations of the attendant thanes upon the storm of the preceding night, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two virtuosi turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonies, fairly seated themselves in the sanctum sanctorum of the Antiquary,—"you, who know so much of my

family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you."

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry,

but----"

"It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Really, then, Sir Arthur," continued the Antiquary, "in the present state of the money-market—and stocks being so low——"

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet;
"I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of

money to advantage."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that his involuntary ejaculation of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. "And as for the mode of employing it," said he, pausing, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off encumbrances, Sir Arthur?—There is the sum in the personal bond—and the three notes of hand," continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, abhorred the very sight—"with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see—"

"To about a thousand pounds," said Sir Arthur, hastily;

"you told me the amount the other day."

"But there's another term's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts (errors excepted) to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling—But look over the summation yourself."

"I daresay you are quite right, my dear sir," said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you after you have eaten till you nauseate—" perfectly right, I dare say; and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value

-that is, if you choose to accept it in bullion."

"Bullion! I suppose you mean lead. What the deuce! have we hit on the vein then at last? But what could I do with a thousand pounds' worth, and upwards, of lead? The former abbots of Trotcosey might have roofed their church and monastery with it indeed—but for me—"

"By bullion," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious

metals,—gold and silver."

"Ah! indeed?—and from what Eldorado is this treasure

to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly. "And now I think of it, you shall see the whole process, on one small condition."

" And what is that?" craved the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance, by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in idea the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as wellnigh desperate, was so much astounded at the tables being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo, in an accent of wo and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds!"

"Yes, my good sir," continued Sir Arthur; "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or

three days."

There was a pause—either Oldbuck's nether jaw had not recovered its position, so as to enable him to utter a negative.

or his curiosity kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you," continued Sir Arthur, "to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions."

Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully avoided committing hemself by any promise of farther assist-

ance.

"Mr. Dousterswivel," said Sir Arthur, "having discovered---"

Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me."

"But listen—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Dousterswivel persuaded me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth—and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the rogue had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source."

"No, indeed—a casket of gold and silver coins—here they are."

With that, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large ram's horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's eyes glistened as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

"Upon my word—Scotch, English, and foreign coins, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them rariet rariores—etiam rarissimi / Here is the bonnet-piece of James V., the unicorn of James II.,—ay, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's. And these were really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

"Most assuredly-my own eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck: "but you must tell me the when

-the where—the how."

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon—the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth's priory—the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Dousterswivel, accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed!" said Oldbuck; "and what means of discovery

did you employ?"

"Only a simple suffumigation," said the Baronet, "accompanied by availing ourselves of the suitable planetary hour."

"Simple suffumination? simple nonsensification—planetary hour? planetary fiddlestick! Sapiens dominabitur astris. My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gull of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too, if he had been by when you was craned up the devil's turnpike yonder at Halket-head—to be sure the transformation would have been then peculiarly apropos."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discernment; but I think you will give me credit

for having seen what I say I saw."

"Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary,—"to this extent at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw

anything but what he thought he saw."

"Well, then," replied the Baronet, "as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Oldbuck, I saw, with my own eyes, these coins dug out of the chancel of St. Ruth at midnight. And as to Dousterswivel, although the discovery be owing to his science, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldbuck, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment,

"Yes truly," continued Sir Arthur—"I assure you I was upon my guard—we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins."

"Oh, you did?" said Oldbuck; "an accomplice hid among

them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the Baronet;—"the sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather resembled those of a man who sneezes violently than any other—one deep groan I certainly heard besides; and Dousterswivel assures me that he beheld the spirit Peolphan, the Great Hunter of the North—(look for him in your Nicolaus Remigius, or Petrus Thyracus, Mr. Oldbuck)—who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects."

"These indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been apropos to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case which includes these coins, has all the appearance of being an old-fashioned Scottish snuff-mull. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors

of this sneezing goblin?"

"Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or consequence might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Dousterswivel, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do;—and, sir, the proof of his skill and honesty is this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book,

I will with pleasure select—"

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider them as anything but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Pinkerton, who has impugned the ancient and trustworthy authorities upon which, as upon venerable and moss-grown pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities reposed."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, Mair and Boece, the Jachin and Boaz, not of history but of falsification and forgery. And notwithstanding all you have told me, I look on your friend Dousterswivel to be as apocryphal as any

of them."

"Why then, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to awaken

old disputes, I suppose you think, that because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to

ascertain what modern events pass before me?"
"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary; "but I consider all the affectation of terror which this worthy gentleman, your coadjutor, chose to play off, as being merely one part of his trick or mystery. And with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hudibras's lawver-

> -Money placed for show, Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, And for his false opinions pay.-

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"An hundred and fifty pounds ;—I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me

with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow -it is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as sharpers manage a raw gamester. -Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would serve you."

"Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on

these occasions leaves no room to doubt that."

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Dousterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for oid neighborhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I persume, have no objection 1"

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where is Dousterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but

knowing your prejudice against him-

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur: it is systems, not individuals, that incur my reprobation." He rang the bell. "Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Dousterswivel, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Dousterswivel to let Mr. Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

And this Doctor,
Your sooty smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst if the head,
And all fly out in fume.

THE ALCHEMEST.

"How do you do, goot Mr. Oldenbuck! and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain M'Intyre, is getting better again? Ach! it is a bat business when young gentlemens will put lead balls into each other's body."

"Lead adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr. Dousterswivel; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend Sir Arthur, that you have taken up a

better trade, and become a discoverer of gold."

"Ach, Mr. Oldenbuck, mine goot and honored patron should not have told a word about that little matter; for, though I have all reliance—yes, indeed, on goot Mr. Oldenbuck's prudence and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Wardour—yet, my heavens! it is an great ponderous secret."

"More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make by

it, I fear," answered Oldbuck.

"Dat is just as you shall have de faith and de patience for de grand experiment—If you join wid Sir Arthur, as he is

Fairport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in dedirty notes, and you shall have de pure gold and silver, I can not tell how much."

"Nor anyone for you, I believe," said the Antiquary, "But, hark you, Mr. Dousterswivel: Suppose, without troubling this same sneezing spirit with any farther fumigations, we should go in a body, and having fair day-light and our good consciences to befriend us, using no other conjuring implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fairly trench the area of the chancel in the ruins of St. Ruth, from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any farther expense—the ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection—do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"

"Bah!—you will not find one copper thimble—But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure. I have showed him how it is possible—very possible—to have de great sum of money for his occasions—I have showed him de real experiment. If he likes not to believe, goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Dousterswivel—he only loses the money and de gold and de silvers—dat is all."

Sir Arthur Wardour cast an intimidated glance at Oldbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Baronet felt, what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, sarcastic character—feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Dousterswivel saw he was in danger of losing his dupe, unless he could make some favorable impression on the adviser.

"I know, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de goblin. But look at this curious horn;—I know, you know de curiosity of all de countries, and how de great Oldenburgh horn, as they keep still in the Museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburgh by one female spirit of de wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing—you who know all de curiosity so well—and dere it is de horn full of coins;—if it had been a box or case, I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldbuck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although, it may be, the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and venerable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other; but whether to the adept or his patron, may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr. Oldenbuck, I find you still hard of belief—but

let me assure you, de monksh understood de magisterium."

"Let us leave talking of the magisterium, Mr. Dousterswivel, and think a little about the magistrate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine heaven! and what is dat to de purpose when I am

doing you all de goot I can?".

"Why, you must know that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feeling of humanity on which such chimeras had been founded; and to prevent those feelings from being tampered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the ninth of George the Second, chap. 5, that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or crafty science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de laws?" asked Dousterswivel, with some

agitation.

"Thyself shall see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Den, gentlemens, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call pillory—it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your prisons

no more, where one cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr. Dousterswivel," said the Antiquary, "I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St. Ruth, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure."

"Mine heaven, Mr. Oldenbuck! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak, dat if you go now, you will not get so much treasure as one poor shabby

sixpence?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, chopfallen. Oldbuck's obstinate belief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Dousterswivel, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet

he did not entirely give him up.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the baronet, "you do Mr. Dousterswivel less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters descriptive of the Intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly—I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the Intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden

at Saint Ruth may disappear before we get there."

"Well, gentlemens," said Dousterswivel, sullenly, "I will make no objections to go along with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of anything as shall be

worth your going twenty yard from your own gate."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary; and the Baronet's equipage being ordered, Miss Wardour received an intimation from her father, that she was to remain at Monkbarns until his return from an airing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the communication which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled, for the present, to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was melancholy enough. Dousterswivel maintained a sulky silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed, in gloomy prospect, the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldbuck, who perceived that his having so far interfered in his neighbor's affair gave the Baronet a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus each being wrapped in his own unpleasant

ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side, until they reached the Four Horse-shoes, by which sign the little inn was distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and while they were busy about these preparations, were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edie Ochiltree.

"The Lord bless your honor," began the Blue-Gown, with the genuine mendicant whine, "and long life to you!—weel pleased am I to hear that young Captain M'Intyre is like to be on his legs again sune—Think on your poor bedesman

the day."

"Aha, old true-penny!" replied the Antiquary. "Why, then hast never come to Monkbarns since thy perils by rock and flood—here's something for thee to buy snuff,"—and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which enclosed the coins.

"Ay, and there's something to pit it in," said the mendicant, eyeing the ram's horn—"that loom's an auld acquaintance o' mine. I could take my aith to that sneeshing-mull amang a thousand—I carried it for mony a year, till I niffered it for this tin ane wi' auld George Glen, the dammer and sinker, when he took a fancy till't down at Glen-Withershins yonder."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldbuck;—"so you exchanged it with a miner? but I presume you never saw it so well filled before"

-and opening it, he showed the coins.

"Troth, ye may swear that, Monkbarns: when it was mine it ne'er had abune the like o' saxpenny worth o' black rappee in't at ance. But I reckon ye'll be gaun to mak an antic o't, as ye hae dune wi' mony an orra thing besides. Od, I wish onybody wad mak an antic o' me; but mony ane will find worth in rousted bits o' capper and horn and airn, that care unco little about an auld carle o' their ain country and kind."

"You may now guess," said Oldbuck, turning to Sir Arthur, "to whose good offices you were indebted the other night. To trace this cornucopia of yours to a miner, is bringing it pretty near a friend of ours—I hope we shall be as successful this

morning, without paying for it."

"And whare is your honors gaun the day," said the mendicant, "wi' a' your picks and shules?—Od, this will be some o' your tricks, Monkbarns: ye'll be for whirling some o' the auld monks down by yonder out o' their graves afore they hear the last call—but, wi' your leave, I'se follow ye at ony rate, and see what ye mak o't."

The party soon arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the chancel, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next. The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the

adept.

Fray, Mr. Dousterswivel, what is your advice in this matter? Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east?—or will you assist us with your triangular vial of May-dew, or with your divining-rod of witches-hazel?—or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping blustering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may at least be useful to those who have not the happiness to be bachelors, to still their brawling children withal?"

"Mr. Oldenbuck," said Dousterswivel, doggedfy, "I have told you already that you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me—yes, indeed."

"If your honors are thinking of tirling the floor," said old Edie, "and wad but take a puir body's advice, I would begin below that muckle stane that has the man there streekit out

upon his back in the midst o't."

"I have some reason for thinking favorably of that plan

myself," said the Baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldbuck: "it was not unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased—many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholinus and others."

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was once more forced

aside, and the earth gave easy way to the spade.

"It's travell'd earth that," said Edie, "it howks sae eithly;

—I ken it weel, for ance I wrought a simmer wi' auld Will
Winnet, the bedral, and howkit mair graves than ane in my
day; but I left him in winter, for it was unco cald wark; and
then it cam a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast—for
ye ken a green Yule makes a fat kirkyard; and I never dowed
to bide a hard turn o' wark in my life—sae aff I gaed, and left
Will to delve his last dwellings by himsell for Edie."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labors as to discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

"It is worth while proceeding in our labors," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains."

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it, "are the same with those on Misticot's tower, supposed to have been built by Malcolm the usurper. No man knew where he was buried, and there is an old prophecy in our tamily, that bodes us no good when his grave shall be discovered."

"I wot," said the beggar, "I have often heard that when I was a bairn—

If Malcolm the Misticot's grave were fun', The lands of Knockwinnock were lost and won."

Oldbuck, with his spectacles on his nose, had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the mouldered devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knockwinnock arms, sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Wardour."

"Richard, called the red-handed Wardour, married Sybil Knockwinnock, the heiress of the Saxon family, and by that alliance," said Sir Arthur, "brought the castle and estate into the name of Wardour, in the year of God 1150."

"Very true, Sir Arthur; and here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been, that they did

not see this curious monument before?"

"Na, whare was the through-stane, that it didna come before our een till e'now?" said Ochiltree; "for I hae ken'd this auld kirk, man and bairn, for saxty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore; and it's nae sic mote neither, but what ane might see it in their parritch."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the chancel, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labor. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began

at length to tire of the job.

"We're down to the till now," said one of them, "and the ne'er a coffin or onything else is here—some cunninger chiel's been afore us, I reckon;"—and the laborer scrambled out of the grave.

"Hout, lad," said Edie, getting down in his room—"let me try my hand for an auld bedral;—ye're gude seekers, but ill

finders."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pike-staff forcibly down; it encountered resistance in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, "Nae halvers and quarters—hale o' mine ain and nane o'

my neighbor's."

Everybody, from the dejected Baronet to the sullen adept, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it, could its space have contained them. The laborers, who had begun to flag in their monotonous and apparently hopeless task, now resumed their tools, and plied them with all the ardor of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and augured its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pickaxe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of oakum, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Baronet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from inexpressible distress of mind. Oldbuck, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined row by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of bullion to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knockwinnock, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twitched his sleeve, and having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldbuck with an air of triumph.

"I did tell you, my goot friend, Mr. Oldenbuck, dat I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out vary goot way to return thank?"

"Why, Mr. Dousterswivel, do you pretend to have had any

"Why, Mr. Dousterswivel, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success?—you forget you refused us all aid of your science, man; and you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf: you have used neither charm, lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor geomantic figure. Where be your periapts, and your abracadabras, man? your Mayfern, your vervain,

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther, Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop, Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit, With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials, Would burst a man to name?——

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a scourge of the quacks of thy day!—who expected to see them revive in our own?"

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Cleans.—You now shall know the king o' the beggars' treasure :— Yes—are to-morrow you shall find your harbor Here,—fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you.

THE BEGGAR'S BUSH.

THE German, determined, it would seem, to assert the vantage ground on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and stateliness to the attack of the Antiquary.

"Maister Oldenbuck, all dis may be very witty and comedy, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—to people dat will not believe deir own eye-sights. It is vary true dat I ave not any of de things of de art, and it makes de more wonder what I has done dis day. But I would ask of you, mine honored

and goot and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket, and show me what you shall find dere."

Sir Arthur obeyed his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary; "this is the graduated and calculated sigil by which Mr. Dousterswivel and I regulated our first discovery."

"Pshaw! pshaw! my dear friend," said Oldbuck, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a trumpery crown-piece, beat out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dousterswivel had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share

of it."

"In troth, please your honor," said Edie, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dunkerswivel has had sae muckle merit in discovering a' the gear, the least ye can do is to gie him that o't that's left behind for his labor; for doubtless he that kend where to find sae muckle will have mae difficulty to find mair."

Dousterswivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain purchase," as Ochiltree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in

his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkbarns, Mr. Dousterswivel, but come to the Castle to-morrow, and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter—and the fifty Fairport dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lads, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish, or the loose earth which had been removed from

the grave-in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lads, tie the tarpaulin over it, and get it away to the carriage.—Monkbarns, will you walk? I

must go back your way to take up Miss Wardour."

"And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Exchequer, in case of any interference on the part of the Crown. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift, should they make any claim. We must talk about it, though."

"And I particularly recommend silence to all who are pres-

ent," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed

themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkbarns, "recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed, is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story will be circulated under twenty different shapes. But never mind—we will state the true one to the Barons and that is all that is necessary."

"I incline to send off an express to-night," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honor to a sure hand," said Ochiltree; "little Davie Mailsetter, and the butcher's reisting powny."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur. "My lads" (to the work-people), "come with me to the Four Horse-shoes, that I may take down all your names. —Dousterswivel, I won't ask you to go down to Monkbarns, as the laird and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow."

Dousterswivel growled out an answer, in which the words, "duty," — "mine honored patron," — and "wait upon Sir Arthurs,"—were alone distinguishable; and after the Baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and workmen, who, in hope of reward and whiskey, joyfully attended their leader, the adept remained in a brown study by the side of

the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought this?" he ejaculated unconsciously. "Mine heiligkeit! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, sapperment! I never thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or dree feet deeper down in the earth—mein himmel! it had been all mine own—so much more as I have been muddling about to get from this fool's man."

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochiltree, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pike-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instance so keenly knowing that even the assurance of Dousterswivel, though a professed adventurer, sunk beneath their glances. But he saw the necessity of an éclaircissement, and, rallying his spirits, instantly began to sound the mendicant on the occurrences of the day. "Goot Maister Edies Ochiltrees—"

"Edie Ochiltree, nae maister-your puir bedesman and the

king's," answered the Blue-Gown.

"Awell den, goot Edie. what do you think of all dis?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I darena say very simple) o' your honor to gie that twa rich gentles, wha hae lands and lairdships, and siller without end, this grand pose o' silver and treasure (three times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it), that might hae made yoursell and ony twa or three honest bodies beside, as happy and content as the day was lang."

"Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, dat is very true; only I did not know, dat is, I was not sure, where to find the gelv

myself."

"What! was it not by your honor's advice and counsel that Monkbarns and the Knight of Knockwinnock came here then?"

"Aha—yes; but it was by another circumstance. I did not know dat dey would have found de treasure, mine friend; though I did guess, by such a tintamarre, and cough, and sneeze, and groan, among de spirit one other night here, dat there might be treasure and bullion hereabout. Ach, mein himmel! the spirit will hone and groan over his gelt, as if he were a Dutch Burgo-master counting his dollars after a great dinner at the Stadthaus."

"And do you really believe the like o' that, Mr. Duster-

deevil?—a skeelfu' man like you—hout fie!"

"Mein friend," answered the adept, forced by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hone and moan and groan myself on de oder night, and till I did this day see de cause, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico—and what would you ave me think den?"

"And what wad ye gie to ony ane," said Edie, "that wad

help ye to sic another kistfu' o' silver?"

"Give?-mein himmel!-one great big quarter of it."

"Now if the secret were mine," said the mendicant, "I wad stand out for a half; for you see, though I am but a puir ragged body, and couldna carry silver or gowd to sell for fear o' being taen up, yet I could find mony folk would pass it awa for me at unco muckle easier profit than ye're thinking on."

"Ach, himmel!—Mein goot friend, what was it I said?—I did mean to say you should have de tree quarter for your half,

and de one quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dusterdeevil, we will divide equally what we find, like brother and brother. Now, look at this board that I just flung into the dark aisle out o' the way, while Monkbarns was glowering ower a' the silver yonder. He's a sharp chiel

Monkbarns—I was glad to keep the like o' this out o' his sight. Ye'll maybe can read the character better than me—I am nae that book learned, at least I'm no that muckle in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced from it hinges, had been carelessly flung aside during the ardor of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it seems, secreted by the mendicant. There was a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by spitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief, and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter.

"Can ye mak ought o't?" said Edie to the adept.

"S," said the philosopher, like a child getting his lesson in the primer—"S, T, A, R, C, H,—Starch!—dat is what de woman-washers put into de neckerchers, and de shirt collar."

"Starch!" echoed Ochiltree; "na, na, Mr. Dusterdeevil, ye are mair of a conjuror than a clerk—it's search, man, search

—See there's the Ye clear and distinct."

"Aha! I see it now—it is search—number one. Mein himmel! then there must be a number two, mein goot friend: for search is what you call to seek and dig, and this is but number one! Mine wort, there is one great big prize in de wheel for

us goot Maister Ochiltree."

"Aweel, it may be sae; but we canna howk for't enow—we hae nae shules, for they hae taen them a' awa—and it's like some o' them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a' things trig again. But an ye'll sit down wi' me a while in the wood, I'se satisfy your honor that ye hae just lighted on the only man in the country that could hae tauld about Malcolm Misticot and his hidden treasure—But first we'll rub out the letters on this board, for fear it tell tales."

And by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then daubed the board with clay so as to obliterate all

traces of the erasure.

Dousterswivel stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and alacrity about all the old man's movements, which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing winnings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was sufficiently sharp to

everpower his offended pride, and though far more an impostor than a dupe, he was not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the gross superstitions by means of which he imposed upon others. Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at feeling himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a carrion-crow.— "Let me, however, hear this story to an end," thought Dousterswivel, "and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better as Maister Edie Ochiltrees makes purposes."

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Prior's Oak—a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins, where the German sat down, and

in silence waited the old man's communication.

"Maister Dustandsnivel," said the narrator, "it's an unco while since I heard this business treated anent;—for the lairds of Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather—and I mind a wee bit about them a'—liked to hear it spoken about; nor they dinna like it yet—But nae matter; ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like onything else in a great house, though it were forbidden in the ha'—and sae I hae heard the circumstance rehearsed by auld servants in the family; and in thir present days, when things o' that auld-warld sort arena keepit in mind round winter fire-sides as they used to be, I question if there's onybody in the country can tell the tale but mysell—aye out-taken the laird though, for there's a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle."

"Well, all dat is vary well-but get you on with your stories,

mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel.

"Aweel, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this was a job in the auld times o' rugging and riving through the hale country, when it was ilka ane for himsell, and God for us a'—when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it. It was just he ower her, and she ower him, whichever could win upmost, a' through the east country here, and nae doubt through the rest o' Scotland in the self and same manner.

"Sae in these days Sir Richard Wardour came into the land, and that was the first o' the name ever was in this country. There's been mony o' them sin' syne; and the maist, like him they ca'd Hell-in-Harness, and the rest o' them, are sleeping down in yon ruins. They were a proud dour set o' men, but unco brave, and aye stood up for the weel o' the country, God

sain them a'—there's no muckle popery in that wish. They ca'd them the Norman Wardours, though they cam frae the south to this country. So this Sir Richard, that they ca'd Red-hand, drew up wi' the auld Knockwinnock o' that day-for then they were Knockwinnocks of that Ilk—and wad fain marry his only daughter, that was to have the castle and the land. Laith, laith was the lass-(Sybil Knockwinnock they ca'd her that tauld me the tale)—laith, laith was she to gie into the match, for she had fa'en a wee ower thick wi' a cousin o' her ain that her father had some ill-will to; and sae it was, that after she had been married to Sir Richard jimp four monthsfor marry him she maun, it's like-ye'll no hinder her gieing them a present o' a bonny knave bairn. Then there was siccan a ca'-thro,' as the like was never seen; and she's be burnt, and he's be slain, was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' sowdered up again some gait, and the bairn was sent awa, and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wanle fallow, like mony ane that comes o' the wrang side o' the blanket; and Sir Richard wi' the Red-hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was lound and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Misticot-(Sir Arthur says it should be Misbegot, but they aye ca'd him Misticot that spoke o't lang syne)—down cam this Malcolm, the love-begot, frae Glen-isla, wi' a string o' lang-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aye ready for onybody's mischief, and he threeps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardours out to the hill. There was a sort of fighting and blude-spilling about it, for the gentles took different sides; but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and keepit the Castle of Knockwinnock, and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower that they ca' Misticot's tower to this day."

"Mine goot friend, old Mr. Edie Ochiltree," interrupted the German, "this is all as one like de long histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine countries; but I would as rather

hear of de silver and gold."

"Why, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother o' his father's, that was Prior o' St. Ruth here; and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession of their house in the lands of Knockwinnock. Folks said that the monks in that days had the art of multiplying metals—at ony rate, they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour; that was Red-hand's son, challenged Misticot to fight with him

in the lists as they ca'd them—that's no lists or tailor's runds and selvedges o' claith, but a palin'-thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Misticot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy—but he wadna touch his life, for the blood of Knockwinnock that was in baith their veins: so Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despite and vexation. Naebody ever kenn'd whare his uncle the prior earded him, or what he did wi' his gowd and silver, for he stood on the right o' halie kirk, and wad gie nae account to onybody. But the prophecy gat abroad in the country, that whenever Misticot's grave was fund out, the estate of Knockwinnock should be lost and won."

"Ach! mine goot old friend, Maister Edie, and dat is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthurs will quarrel wit his goot friends to please Mr. Oldenbuck—And so you do tink dat dis golds and

silvers belonged to goot Mr. Malcolm Mishdigoat?"

"Troth do I, Mr. Dousterdeevil."

"And you do believe dat dere is more of dat sorts behind?"

"By my certie do I—How can it be otherwise?—Search—
No. I.—that is as muckle as to say, search and ye'll find number twa. Besides, yon kist is only silver, and I aye heard that Misticot's pose had muckle yellow gowd in't."

"Den, mine goot friends," said the adept, jumping up hastily,

"why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For twa gude reasons," answered the beggar, who quietly kept his sitting posture;—"first, because, as I said before, we have naething to dig wi', for they have taen awa the picks and shules; and, secondly, because there will be a wheen idle gowks coming to glower at the hole as lang as it is daylight, and maybe the laird may send somebody to fill it up—and ony way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark lantern, I'll have tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our twa sells, and naebody the wiser for't."

"Be—be—but, mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, "it is not so goot or so safe to be about goot Maister Mishdigoat's grabe at dat time of night—you have forgot how I told you de spirits did hone and mone dere. I do assure you, dere is disturbance dere."

"If ye're afraid of ghaists," answered the mendicant, coolly, "I'll do the job mysell, and bring your share o' the siller to

ony place you like to appoint."

"No—no—mine excellent old Mr. Edie,—too much trouble for you — I will not have dat—I will come myself — and it will be bettermost; for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Dousterswivel, discovered Maister Mishdigoat's grave when I was looking for a place as to put away some little trumpery coins, just to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasures. Yes, I did take some what you call rubbish, and did discover Maister Mishdigoat's own monumentsh—It's like dat he meant I should be his heirs—so it would not be civility in me not to come mineself for mine inheritance."

"At twal o'clock, then," said the mendicant, "we meet under this tree. I'll watch for a while, and see that naebody meddles wi' the grave—it's only saying the laird's forbade it—then get my bit supper frae Ringan the poinder up by, and leave to sleep in his barn; and I'll slip out at night, and ne'er be mist."

"Do so, mine goot Maister Edie, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should moan and sneeze

deir very brains out."

So saying he shook hands with the old man, and with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

See thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty—
Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
If gold and silver beckon to come on.

King John.

THE night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. "Eh, sirs," said the old mendicant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large oak-tree to wait for his associate—"Eh, sirs, but human nature's a wilful and wilyard thing!—Is it not an unco lucre o' gain wad bring this Dousterdivel out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gousty wa's?—and amna I a bigger fule than himsell to bide here waiting for him?"

Having made these reflections, he wrapped himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded

amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and uncertain gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted arches and shafted windows of the old building, which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their ruinous state, and anon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The natle lake had its share of these transient beams of light, and showed its waters broken, whitened, and agitated under the passing storm, which, when the clouds swept over the moon, were only distinguished by their sullen and murmuring plash against the beach. wooded glen repeated, to every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sunk again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, resembling the sighs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of his torture are over. In these sounds, superstition might have found ample gratification for that state of excited terror which she fears and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ochiltree's composition. His mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

"I have kept guard on the outposts baith in Germany and America," he said to himself, "in mony a waur night than this, and when I ken'd there was maybe a dozen o' their riffemen in the thicket before me. But I was aye gleg at my duty—nae-

body ever catched Edie sleeping."

As he muttered thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pike-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone assorting better with his military reminiscenes than his present state—"Stand! who goes there!"

"De devil, goot Edie," answered Dousterswivel, "why does you speak so loud as a baarenhauter, or what you call a faction-

ary-I mean a sentinel?"

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment," answered the mendicant. "Here's an awsome night! Hae ye

brought the lantern and a pock for the siller?"

"Ay—ay, mine goot friend," said the German, "here it is—my pair of what you call saddlebag; one side will be for you, one side for me;—I will put dem on my horse to save you de trouble, as you are old man.'

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edie Ochiltree.

"O yes, mine friend-tied yonder by de stile," responded the adept.

"Weel, I hae just ae word to the bargain—there sall nane of my gear gang on your beast's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid of?" said the for-

eigner.

"Only of losing sight of horse, man, and money," again replied the gaberlunzie.

"Does you know dat you make one gentlemans out to be

one great rogue?"

"Mony gentlemen," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves—But what's the sense of quarrelling?—If ye want to gang on, gang on—if no—I'll gae back to the gude ait-straw in Ringan Aikwood's barn that I left wi' right ill-will e'now, and I'll pit back the pick and shule whar I got them."

Dousterswivel deliberated a moment, whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors of Misticot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavoring, therefore, to assume his usual cajoling tone, though internally incensed, he begged "his goot friend Maister Edie Ochiltrees would lead the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent friend could propose."

"Aweel, aweel, then," said Edie, "tak gude care o' your feet amang the lang grass and the loose stanes. I wish we may get the light keepit in neist, wi' this fearsome wind—but there's a

blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

"Ye're a learned man, Mr. Dousterdeevil, and ken muckle o' the marvellous works o' nature—Now, will ye tell me ae thing?—D'ye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth?—d'ye believe in them, ay or no?"

"Now, goot Mr. Edie," whispered Dousterswivel, in an expostulatory tone of voice, "is this a times or a places for such a

questions ?"

"Indeed is it, baith the tane and the t'other, Mr. Dustanshovel; for I maun fairly tell ye, there's reports that auld Misticot walks. Now this wad be an uncanny night to meet him in, and wha kens if he wad be ower weel pleased wi' our purpose of visiting his pose?"

"Alle guten Geister"—muttered the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a tremulous warble of his voice,—" I do desires you not to speak so, Mr. Edie; for, from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believes——"

"Now I," said Ochiltree, entering the chancel, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance, "I wadna gie the crack o' my thumb for him were he to appear at this moment: he's

but a disembodied spirit, as we are embodied anes."

"For the lofe of heavens," said Dousterswivel, "say nothing

at all neither about somebodies or nobodies!"

"Aweel," said the beggar (expanding the shade of the lantern), "here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I'se be a wee bit deeper in the grave;" and he jumped into the place from which the precious chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes, he tired, or affected to tire, and said to his companion, "I'm auld and failed now, and canna keep at it—time about's fair play, neighbor; ye maun get in and tak the shule a bit, and shule out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you."

Dousterswivel accordingly took the place which the beggar had evacuated, and toiled with all the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind

at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labor hard. "My certie! few ever wrought for siccan a day's wage; an it be but—say the tenth part o' the size o' the kist, No. I., it will double its value, being filled wi' gowd instead of silver. Od, ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and shule—ye could win your round half-crown ilka day. Tak care o' your taes wi' that stane!" giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again to the great annoyance of his associate's shins.

Thus exhorted by the mendicant, Dousterswivel struggled and labored among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an unhallowed syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery

upon him.

"O dinna swear! dinna swear! Wha kens wha's listening!
—Eh! gude guide us, what's yon!—Hout, it's just a branch of ivy flightering awa frae the wa'; when the moon was in, it lookit ameo like a dead man's arm wi' a taper in't—I thought it was Misticot himsell. But never mind, work you away—fling the

earth weel up by out o' the gate—Od, if ye're no as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnet himsell! What gars ye stop now?—ye're just at the very bit for a chance."

"Stop!" said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins (God

forgife me!) is founded upon."

"Weel," said the beggar, "that's the likeliest bit of ony. It will be but a muckle through-stane laid down to kiver the gowd—tak the pick till't, and pit mair strength, man—ae gude downright devvel will split it, I'se warrant ye—Ay, that will do!—Od, he comes on wi' Wallace's straiks!"

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Hurra, boys!—there goes Ringan's pick-axe!" cried Edie:
"it's a shame o' the Fairport folk to sell siccan frail gear. Try

the shule—at it again, Mr. Dusterdeevil."

The adept without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associate in a voice that trembled with anger. "Does you know, Mr. Edies Ochiltrees, who it is you put off your gibes and your jests upon?"

"Brawly, Mr. Dusterdeevil—brawly do I ken ye, and has done mony a day; but there's nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a our treasures; we should hae had baith ends o' the pockmanky filled by this time—I hope it's bowk eneugh to haud a' the gear?"

"Look you, you base old person," said the incensed philosopher, "if you do put another jest upon me, I will cleave your

skull-piece with this shovels!"

"And whare wad my hands and my pike-staff be a' the time?" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, tout, Maister Dusterdeevil, I haena lived sae lang in the warld neither, to be shuled out o't that gate. What ails ye to be cankered, man, wi'your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a minute;" and he jumped into the pit, and took up the spade.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, "that if you have played me one big trick, I

will give you one big beating, Mr. Edies."

"Hear till him now!" said Ochiltree, "he kens how to gar folk find out the gear—Od, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himsell some day."

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mattock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal, had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man!—do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an auld man

that might be your father?—Look behind ye, man!"

Dousterswivel turned instinctively, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by exorcism or otherwise, but having instantly recourse to the voie de fait, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial, that he fell under the weight of them, and remained senseless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself, he was alone in the ruined chancel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Misticot's grave. He raised himself with a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes, that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Ochiltree, to bring him to that solitary spot, the sarcasms by which he had provoked him into a guarrel, and the ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the malice of Edie Ochiltree singly, but concluded that the mendicant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him—but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Ochiltree had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated detence.

Lastly, the way in which Dousterswivel supposed the Baronet to have exercised his revenge, was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury, and to nourish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement. And before Dousterswivel had fairly recovered his legs, he had mentally sworn the ruin of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he pos-

sessed too much the power of accelerating.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was no time to indulge such speculations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighborhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lantern had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, fulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally obscured, and though Dousterswivel had some experience of the ruins, and knew that he must endeavor to regain the eastern door of the chancel, vet the confusion of his ideas was such, that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. bah!" quoth he valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense-all one part of de damn big trick and imposture. Devil! that one thick-skulled Scotch Baronet, as I have led by the nose for five year, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!"

As he had come to this conclusion, an incident occurred which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the melancholy sough of the dying wind, and the plash of the rain-drops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of wocal music so sad and solemn, as if the departed spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted ruins were mourning the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet, and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentred in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unanimous information, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard, was the appropriate

music of one of the most solemn dirges of the Church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stirred with a 1 the German superstitions of nixies, oakkings, wer-wolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, durst not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or sacristy. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Dousterswivel stood a moment uncertain what to do; then suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he moved down the

aisle to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross, and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sacristy. An open grave, with four tall flambeaus, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners—a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred—a priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the service book-another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler, and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense—a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning -such were the most prominent figures of the group. little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still farther removed from the body, around the walls of the vault, stood ranged in motionless order. each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. smoky light from so many flambeaus, by the red and indistinct atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, dubious, and as it were phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular apparition. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous—now recited, from the breviary which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic church

has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Meanwhile, Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, and the surprise considered, still remained uncertain whether what he saw was substantial, or an unearthly representation of the rites to which in former times these walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony, or to endeavor to regain the chancel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant mourners. The person who first espied him indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest the coffin, by a sign, and upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the adept. Each took him by an arm, and exerting a degree of force, which he would have been incapable of resisting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the chancel, and sat down, one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Satisfied he was in the power of mortals like himself, the adept would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud Alleluia, pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the sable personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, "Dear sirs, Mr. Dousterswivel, is this you? could not ye have let us ken an ye had wussed till hae been present at the ceremony?—My lord couldna tak it weel your coming blinking and jinking in, in that fashion."

"In de name of all dat is gootness, tell me what you are?"

interrupted the German in his turn.

"What I am? why, wha should I be but Ringan Aikwood, the Knockwinnock poinder?—and what are ye doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the leddy's burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine goot Poinder Aikwood," said the German, raising himself up, "that I have been this vary pights murdered, robbed, and put in fears of my life." "Robbed! wha wad do sic a deed here?—Murdered! od ye speak pretty blithe for a murdered man—Put in fear! what put you in fear, Mr. Dousterswive!?"

"I will tell you, Maister Poinder Aikwood Ringan, just dat old miscreant dog villain blue-gown, as you call Edie Ochil-

trees."

"I'll ne'er believe that," answered Ringan;—"Edie was ken'd to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, and soothfast man; and, mair by token, he's sleeping up yonder in our barn, and has been since ten at e'en—Sae touch ye wha liket, Mr. Dousterswivel, and whether onybody touched ye or no, I'm sure Edie's sackless."

"Maister Ringan Aikwood Poinders, I do not know what you call sackless,—but let alone all de oils and de soot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was dis night robbed of fifty pounds by your oil and sooty friend, Edies Ochiltree; and he is no more in your barn even now dan I ever shall be in de

kingdom of heafen."

"Weel, sir, if ye will gae up wi' me, as the burial company has dispersed, we'se mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and we'se see if Edie's at the barn. There was twa wild-looking chaps left the auld kirk when we were coming up wi' the corpse, that's certain; and the priest, wha likes ill that ony heretics should look on at our church ceremonies, sent twa o' the riding saulies after them; sae we'll hear a' about it-frae them."

Thus speaking, the kindly apparition, with the assistance of the mute personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Dousterswivel to the place

of that rest which the adept so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the adept; "oder, I will have de law put in force against all the peoples."

While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Ringan and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness ren-

dered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Dousterswivel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the *ignis fatuus*, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We aye put out the torches at the Halie-cross Well on sic occasions," said the forester to his guest. And accordingly no

farther visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousterswivel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

O weel may the boatic row
And better may she apeed,
And weel may the boatic row
That earns the bairnies' bread !
The boatic rows, the boatic rows,
The boatic rows fis' weel,
And lightsome be their life that bear
The merlin and the cree! !
OLD BALLAR.

We must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleventh of this edifying history I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion,—there was dilapidation,—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates. Luckie Mucklebackit and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort, that seemed to warrant their old sluttish proverb, "The clartier the cosier." A huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The fishing had been successful, and the family, with customary improvidence, had, since unlading the cargo, continued an unremitting operation of broiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trenchers, mingled with morsels of broken bannocks and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children. of whom she chucked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of "Get out o' the gate, ye little sorrow!" was strongly contrasted with the passive and halfstupefied look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in her wonted chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of-now muttering to herself,

now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her toy or close cap, or twitched her blue checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom, and her spindle in her hand, she plied lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grannie's spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded, that even the fated Princess in the fairy tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle, and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was (and it was long past midnight), the whole family were still on foot, and far from proposing to go to bed; the dame was still busy broiling car-cakes on the girdle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Findhorn haddocks (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood), to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, sirs?" announced a visitor. The answer, "Ay, ay,—come your ways ben, hinny," occasioned the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Rintherout, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her

appearance.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the mistress of the family—"Hegh, sirs, can this be you, Jenny?—a sight o' you's gude for sair een, lass!"

"O woman, we've been sae ta'en up wi' Captain Hector's wound up by, that I havena had my fit out ower the door this fortnight: but he's better now, and auld Caxon sleeps in his room in case he wanted onything. Sae, as soon as our auld folk gaed to bed, I e'en snodded my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case onybody should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just cam down the gate to see an there was ony cracks amang ye."

"Ay, ay," answered Luckie Mucklebackit, "I see you hae gotten a' your braws on; ye're looking about for Steenie now—but he's no at hame the night; and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass

-a feckless thing like you's no fit to mainteen a man."

"Steenie will no do for me," retorted Jennie, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-born damsel; "I maun hae a man that can mainteen his wife."

"Ou ay, hinny thae's your landward and burrows-town

notions. My certie !--fish-wives ken better--they keep the.

man, and keep the house, and keep the siller, too, lass."

"A wheen poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea. "As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisher loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore. And then the man casts aff the wat and puts on the dry, and sits down wi' his pipe and his gillstoup ahint the ingle, like ony auld houdie, and ne'er a turn will he do till the coble's affoat again! And the wife she maun get the scull on her back, and awa wi' the fish to the next burrows-town, and scauld and ban wi'ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her till it's sauld-and that's the gait fisherwives live, puir slaving bodies."

"Slaves?—gae wa', lass! ca' the head o' the house slaves? little ye ken about it, lass. Show me a word my Saunders daur speak, or a turn he daur do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat, and his drink, and his diversion, like ony o' the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' onything about the bigging his ain, frae the rooftree down to a crackit trencher on the bink. He kens weel eneugh wha feeds him, and cleeds him, and keeps a' tight, thack and rape, when his coble is jowing awa in the Firth, puir fallow. Na, na, lass !-them that sell the goods guide the purse-them that guide the purse rule the house. Show me ane o' yer bits o' farmer-bodies that wad let their wife drive the stock to the market, and ca' in the debts. Na, na."

"Aweel, aweel, Maggie, ilka land has its ain lauch-But where's Steenie the night, when a's come and gane? And

where's the gudeman?"*

"I hae putten the gudeman to his bed, for he was e'en sair forfain; and Steenie's awa' out about some barns-breaking wi' the auld gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree: they'll be in sune, and ye can sit doun."

"Troth, gudewife" (taking a seat) "I haena that muckle time to stop—but I maun tell ye about the news. Ye'll hae heard o' the muckle kist o' gowd that Sir Arthur has fund down by at St. Ruth?—He'll be grander than ever now—he'll no can haud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon."

"Ou ay—a' the country's heard o' that; but auld Edie says that they ca' it ten times mair than ever was o't, and he saw them howk it up. Od, it would be lang or a puir body that

needed it got sic a windfa'."

Note G. Gyneocracy.

"Na, that's sure eneugh.—And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenallen being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's as this night fa's, wi' torch-light; and a' the papist servants, and Ringan Aikwood, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen."

"Troth, hinny," answered the Nereid, "if they let naebody but papists come there, it'll no be muckle o' a show in this country, for the auld harlot, as honest Mr. Blattergowl ca's her, has few that drink o' her cup o' enchantments in this corner o' our chosen lands.—But what can ail them to bury the auld carlin (a rudas wife she was) in the night-time?—I dare say our gudemither will ken."

Here she exalted her voice, and exclaimed twice or thrice, "Gudemither! gudemither!" but lost in the apathy of age and deafness, the aged sibyl she addressed continued plying her

spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

"Speak to your grandmither, Jenny—Od, I wad rather hail the cobble half a mile aff, and the nor-wast wind whistling again

in my teeth."

"Grannie," said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, "minnie wants to ken what for the Glenallen folk aye bury by candle-light in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered, trembling, and clay-colored hand, raised up her ashen-hued and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two light-blue eyes chiefly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, "What gars the Glenallan family inter their dead by torchlight, said the lassie?—Is there a Glenallan dead e'en now?"

"We might be a' dead and buried too," said Maggie, "for onything ye wad ken about it;"—and then, raising her voice to the stretch of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added,

"It's the auld Countess, gudemither."

"And is she ca'd hame then at last?" said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—"is she then called to her last account after her lang race o' pride and power?—O God, forgie her!"

"But minnie was asking ye," resumed the lesser querist,

"what for the Glenallan family aye bury their dead by torch-

light?"

"They hae aye dune sae," said the grandmother, "since the time the Great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw, when they say the coronach was cried in ae day from the mouth of the Tay to the Buck of the Cabrach, that ye wad hae heard nae other sound but that of lamentation for the great folks that had fa'en fighting against Donald of the Isles. But the Great Earl's mither was living—they were a doughty and a dour race, the women o' the house o' Glenallan—and she wad hae nae coronach cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place of rest, without either drinking the dirge, or crying the lament. She said he had killed enow that day he died, for the widows and daughters o' the Highlanders he had slain to cry the coronach for them they had lost, and for her son too; and sae she laid him in his grave wi' dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail. And it was thought a proud word o' the family, and they are stickit by it—and the mair in the latter times, because in the night-time they had mair freedom to perform their popish ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the daylight—at least that was the case in my time; they wad hae been disturbed in the day-time baith by the law and the commons of Fairport—they may be owerlooked now, as I have heard: the warld's changed—I whiles hardly ken whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living."

"And looking round the fire, as if in a state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth relapsed into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twirling the spindle.

"Eh, sirs!" said Jenny Rintherout, under her breath to her gossip, "it's awsome to hear your gudemither break out in that

gait—it's like the dead speaking to the living."

"Ye're no that far wrang, lass; she minds naething o' what passes the day—but set her on auld tales, and she can speak like a prent buke. She kens mair about the Glenallan family than maist folk—the gudeman's father was their fisher mony a day. Ye maun ken the papists make a great point o' eating fish—it's nae bad part o' their religion that, whatever the rest is—I could aye sell the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the Countess's ain table, grace be wi' her! especially on a Friday—But see as our gudemither's hands and lips are ganging—now it's working in her head like barm—she'll speak eneugh the night. Whiles she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' bairns."

"Hegh, Mrs. Mucklebackit, she's an awsome wife!" said

Jenny in reply. "D'ye think she's a'thegither right? Folk say she downa gang to the kirk, or speak to the minister, and that she was ance a papist; but since her gudeman's been dead, naebody kens what she is. D'ye think yoursell that she's no uncanny?"

"Canny, ye silly tawpie! think ye ae auld wife's less canny than anither? unless it be Alison Breck—I really couldna in conscience swear for her; I have kent the boxes she set fill'd

wi' partans, when-"

"Whisht, whisht, Maggie," whispered Jenny-" your gude-

mither's gaun to speak again."

"Wasna there some ane o'ye said," asked the old sibyl, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Joscelind, Lady Glenallan, is dead, an' buried this night?"

"Yes, gudemither," screamed the daughter-in-law, "it's e'en

sae."

"And e'en sae let it be," said old Elspeth; "she's made mony a sair heart in her day—ay, e'en her ain son's—is he living yet?"

"Ay, he's living yet; but how lang he'll live—however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after you in the spring,

and leaving siller?"

"It may be sae, Maggie—I dinna mind it—but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived, they might hae been happy folk! But he was gane, and the lady carried it in-ower and out-ower wi'her son, and garr'd him trow the thing he never suld hae trowed, and do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent still, were his life as lang as this lang and wearisome ane o' mine."

"O what was it, grannie?"—and "What was it, gude-mither?"—and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?" asked the

children, the mother, and the visitor, in one breath.

"Never ask what it was," answered the old sibyl, "but pray to God that ye arena left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' your ain hearts: they may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle—I can bear a sad witness to that. O that weary and fearfu' night! will it never gang out o' my auld head!—Eh! to see her lying on the floor wi' her lang hair dreeping wi' the salt water!—Heaven will avenge on a' that had to do wi't. Sirs! is my son out wi' the coble this windy e'en?"

"Na, na, mither—nae coble can keep the sea this wind; he's sleeping in his bed out-ower yonder ahint the hallan."

"Is Steenie out at sea then?"

"Na, grannie—Steenie's awa out wi' auld Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie; maybe they'll be gaun to see the burial."

"That canna be," said the mother of the family; "we kent naething o't till Jock Rand cam in, and tauld us the Aikwoods had warning to attend—they keep that things unco private—and they were to bring the corpse a' the way frae the Castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state this ten days at Glenallan House, in a grand chamber a' hung wi' black, and lighted wi' wax cannle."

"God assoilzie her!" ejaculated old Elspeth, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death; "she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gaen to account for it a', and His mercy is infinite—God grant she may find it sae!" And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break

again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that auld daft beggar carle and our son Steenie can be doing out in sic a nicht as this," said Maggie Mucklebackit; and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitor. "Gang awa, ane o' ye, hinnies, up to the heugh head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing; the car-cakes will be burnt to a cinder."

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with the loud exclamation, "Eh, minnie! eh, grannie! there's a white bogle chasing twa black ares down the

beugh."

A noise of footsteps followed this singular annunciation, and young Steenie Mucklebackit, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, bounced into the hut. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steenie did was to look for the bar of the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for firewood in the hard winter three years ago; "for what use," she said, "had the like o' them for bars?"

"There's naebody chasing us," said the beggar, after he had taken his breath: "we're e'en like the wicked, that flee when

no one pursueth."

"Troth, but we were chased," said Steenie, "by a spirit o

something little better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the saft grund that wadna bear the beast, flung him about, I wot that weel; but I didna think my auld legs could have brought me aff as fast; I ran amaist as fast as if I had been at Prestonpans." *

^{[*} This refers to the flight of the government forces at the bettle of Prestonpans, 1745-]

"Hout, ye daft gowks!" said Luckie Mucklebackit, "it will

hae been some o' the riders at the Countess's burial."

"What!" said Edie, "is the auld Countess buried the night at St. Ruth's? Ou, that wad be the lights and the noise that scarr'ed us awa; I wish I had ken'd—I wad hae stude them, and no left the man yonder—but they'll take care o' him. Ye strike ower hard, Steenie—I doubt ye foundered the chield."

"Ne'er a bit," said Steenie, laughing; "he has braw broad shouthers, and I just took measure o' them wi' the stang. Od, if I hadna been something short wi' him, he wad hae knockit

your auld harns out, lad."

"Weel, an I win clear o' this scrape," said Edie, "I'se tempt Providence nae mair. But I canna think it an unlawfu' thing to pit a bit trick on sic a landlouping scoundrel, that just lives by tricking honester folk."

"But what are we to do with this?" said Steenie, producing

a pocket-book.

"Od guide us, man," said Edie in great alarm, "what garr'd ye touch the gear? a very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be

eneugh to hang as baith."

"I dinna ken," said Steenie; "the book had fa'en out o' his pocket, I fancy, for I fand it amang my feet when I was graping about to set him on his legs again, and I just pat it in my pouch to keep it safe; and then came the tramp of horse, and you cried, 'Rin, rin,' and I had nae mair thought o' the boo'."

"We maun get it back to the loon some gait or other; ye had better take it yoursell, I think, wi' peep o' light, up to Ringan Aikwood's. I wadna for a hundred pounds it was fund in our hands."

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

"A bonny night ye hae made o't, Mr. Steenie," said Jenny Rintherout, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman—"A bonny night ye hae made o't, tramping about wi' gaberlunzies, and getting yoursell hunted wi' worriecows, when ye suld be sleeping in your bed, like your father, honest man."

This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic raillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The mendicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining,—the children had one by one crept into their nests,—the old grandmother was deposited in her

flock-bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rintherout to her own mansion, and at what hour he returned the story saith not,—and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-coal upon the fire, and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Would part with half their states, to have the plan
And credit to beg in the first style.

BEGGAR'S BUSSE.

OLD EDIE was stirring with the lark, and his first inquiry was after Steenie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before daybreak, to avail themselves of the tide, but he had promised that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Ringan Aikwood, for Dousterswivel, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and shouldering her basket of fish, tramped sturdily away towards Fairport. The children were idling round the door, for the day was fair and sunshiny. The ancient grandame, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal spindle, wholly unmoved by the yelling and screaming of the children, and the scolding of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the renewal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crone.

"Gude day to ye, cummer, and mony ane o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' har'st, and I trust to find ye baith haill and fere."

"Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave," said the old woman, in a hollow and sepulchral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

"Ye're auld, cummer, and sae am I mysell; but we maun abide His will—we'll no be forgotten in His good time.

"Nor our deeds neither," said the crone: "what's dune in

the body maun be answered in the spirit."

"I wot that's true; and I may weel tak the tale hame to mysell, that hae led a misruled and roving life. But ye were aye a canny wife. We're a' frail—but ye canna hae sae muckle to bow ye down."

"Less than I might have had—but mair, O far mair, than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed out o' Fairport harbor!—Didna somebody say yestreen—at least sae it is borne in on my mind, but auld folk hae weak fancies—did not somebody say that Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?"

"They said the truth whaever said it," answered old Edie; she was buried yestreen by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I, like a fule, gat a gliff wi' seeing the lights and the riders."

"It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Harlaw;—they did it to show scorn that they

was killed at Harlaw;—they did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals; the wives o' the house of Glenallan wailed nae wail for the husband, nor the sister for the brother.—But is she e'en ca'd to the lang account?"

"As sure," answered Edie, "as we maun a' abide it."
"Then I'll unlade my mind, come o't what will."

This she spoke with more alacrity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then raised up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mummy animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length she pulled out a small chipbox, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a braid of hair, composed of two different colors, black and light brown, twined together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

"Gudeman," she said to Ochiltree, "as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house of Glenallan, and

ask for the Earl."

"The Earl of Glenallan, cummer! ou, he winna see ony o' the gentles o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?"

"Gang your ways and try;—and tell him that Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot—he'll mind me best by that name—maun.

see him or she be relieved frae her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token of the business she wad speak o'."

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

"Weel, gudewife," he said, "I'se do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. But surely there was never sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerl by an auld fishwife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar."

With this reflection, Edie took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door though which her ambassador had departed. The appearance of excitation, which the conversation had occasioned, gradually left her features; she sank down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labor of the distaff and spindle, with her wonted air of

apathy.

Edie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenallan was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the curiosity belonging to his idle trade and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, or what connection the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenallan could have with the crimes or penitence of an old doting woman. whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavored to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenallan family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess, lately deceased, who inherited, in a most remarkable degree, the stern, fierce, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenallan since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive their union two years. The Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the large estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldin, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's marriage-settlement. After this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the

reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to its mistress, his residence at Glenallan offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldin Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldin, in the outset of life, had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenallan House, he seemed to have adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character, Excluded from politics by the incapacities attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldin led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the clergyman of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan House. But this was all; their heretic neighbors knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn parade which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern and stately demeanor of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighborhood had already begun to conjecture whether gayety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report, that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious austerities, and that in all probability he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his frame and his spirits; so that heralds and genealogists were already looking back into

their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking with gleesome anticipation, of the proba-

bility of a "great Glenallan cause."

As Edie Ochiltree approached the front of Glenallan House,* an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what way he should be most likely to gain access for delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the Earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage, where he obtained the means of making up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, Forr his hounor the Yerl of Glenllan-These. But being aware that missives delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself, do not always make. their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's lodge, he discovered, by the number of poor ranked before it, some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others itinerants of his own begging profession,—that there was about to be a general dole or distribution of charity.

"A good turn," said Edie to himself, "never goes unrewarded—I'll maybe get a good awmous that I wad hae missed

but for trotting on this auld wife's errand."

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of his ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible,—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue gown and badge, no less to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly, to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward sae bauldly!—I'm thinking no, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge."

"Na, na, I am no a Roman," said Edie.

"Then shank yoursell awa to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopals or Presbyterians yonder: it's a shame to see a heretic hae sic a lang white beard, that would do credit to a hermit."

Ochiltree, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion

^{[*} Supposed to represent Glammis Castle in Forfarshire, with which the Author was well acquamted.]

of his charity. But never was a poor occasional conformist more roughly rejected by a High-church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

"See to him wi' his badge!" they said;—"he hears ane o' the king's Presbyterian chaplains sough out a sermon on the morning of every birth-day, and now he would pass himsell for ane o' the Episcopal church! Na, na!—we'll take care o' that."

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and Prelacy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either disdained to disguise their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition

without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of precedence was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a piece of money, to each individual of all the three classes. The almoner, an ecclesiastic o grave appearance and demeanor, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Joscelind, late Countess of Glenallan, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same color, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the prelatists. The less-favored kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltree, and awakened recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeenshire accent, "Fat is the auld feelbody deeing, that he canna gang avay, now that he's gotten

baith meat and siller?"

"Francie Macraw," answered Edie Ochiltree, "d'ye no mind

Fontenoy, and 'keep thegither front and rear?'"

"Ohon! ohon!" cried Francie, with a true north-country yell of recognition, "naebody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a peer state, man."

"No sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack wi' you, and I kenna when I

may see you again, for your folk dinna mak Protestants welcome, and that's ae reason that I hae never been here before."

"Fusht, fusht," said Francie, "let that flee stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out ;—and come you awa wi' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef bane, man."

Having then spoke a confidential word with the porter (probably to request his connivance), and having waited until the almoner had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps. Francie Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenallan House, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge scutcheon, in which the herald and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness,—the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with scythes, hour glasses, skulls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, Macraw led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants' hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenallan, he was entitled to call his To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francie's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our mendicant envoy drank ale, and talked over old stories with his comrade, until no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his embassy, which had for some time escaped his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said;—for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier * might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hout, tout, man," said Francie, "the Earl will look at nae

petitions-but I can gie't to the almoner."

"But it relates to some secret, that maybe my lord wad like best to see't himsell."

"I'm jeedging that's the very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the first and foremost."

"But I hae come a' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francie,

and ye really maun help me at a pinch."

"Ne'er speed then if I dinna," answered the Aberdeenshire man: "let them be as cankered as they like, they can but turn

A single soldier means, in Scotch, a private soldier

me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang

down to end my days at Inverurie."

With this doughty resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could much inconvenience himself, Francie Macraw left the apartment. It was long before he returned, and when he did, his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

"I am nae seer gin ye be Edie Ochiltree o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the deil in his likeness!"

"And what makes ye speak in that gait?" demanded the

astonished mendicant.

"Because my lord has been in sic a distress and surpreese as I ne'er saw a man in my life. But he'll see you—I got that job cookit. He was like a man awa frae himsell for mony minutes, and I thought he wad hae swarv't a'thegither,—and fan he cam to himsell, he asked fae brought the packet—and fat trow ye I said?"

"An auld soger," says Edie, "that does likeliest at a gentle's door; at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters, for maybe the gudewife will hae something

to souther."

"But I said ne'er ane o' the twa," answered Francie; "my lord cares as little about the tane as the tother—for he's best to them that can souther up our sins. Sae I e'en said the bit paper was brought by an auld man wi' a long fite beard—he might be a capeechin freer for fat I ken'd, for he was dressed like an auld palmer. Sae ye'll be sent up for fanever he can find mettle to face ye."

"I wish I was weel through this business," thought Edie to himself; "mony folk surmise that the Earl's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be offended

wi' me for taking upon me sae muckle?"

But there was now no room for retreat—a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Macraw said, with a smothered accent, as if already in his master's presence, "That's my lord's bell!—follow me, and step lightly and

cannily, Edie."

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of being overheard, through a long passage, and up a back stair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were ample and extensive, furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendor of the family. But all the ornaments were in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of

a Scottish nobleman before the union of the crowns. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernized during her residence at Glenallan House. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose massive frames were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Vandyke and other masters of eminence; but the collection was richest in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Domenichino, Velasquez, and Murillo, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful and sometimes disgusting, subjects were represented, harmonized with the gloomy state of the apartments,—a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francie imposed silence on him by signs, and opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and advancing towards Macraw, said, under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or what has be to do here?—Retire to the gallery, and wait for

me there."

"It's impossible just now to attend your reverence," answered Macraw, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not maintain the altercation within hearing of his patron,—"the Earl's bell has rung."

He had scarce uttered the words, when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Macraw, with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

"I tell'd ye sae," said the Aberdeen man in a whisper to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they

had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

This ring.—
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears,
Conjured the sense of honor and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.
THE FATAL MARKIAGE.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan House, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favorite son, the hand of the Countess did not shake, nor her eyelid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow, which her pride commanded, might not have some effect in hastening her own death. It was at least generally supposed that the apoplectic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated her existence, was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. although Lady Glenallan forebore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease

and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood; and when he hastily arose and advanced towards his visitor, the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman with whom he was confronted, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the antechamber till he rung the bell, awaited, with hurried yet fearful impatience, until he heard first the door of his apartment, and then that of the antechamber, shut and fastened by the spring-holt. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hasty yet faltering tone, "In the name of all our religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what am I to expect from a communication opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him. "Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trevidation and agony—"tell me, do you come to say that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible, has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance?—I will not blench from it, father—let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit!"

Edie had now recollection enough to perceive, that if he did not interrupt the frankness of Lord Glenallan's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. He therefore uttered with a hasty and trembling voice—"Your lordship's honor is mistaken—I am not of your persuasion, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only puir Edie Ochiltree, the king's bedesman and your honor's."

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then, drawing himself up erect, rested his arm on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

"And you are not then," said Lord Glenallan, after a pause

of surprise—"You are not then a Catholic priest?"

"God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking; "I am only the king's bedesman and

your honor's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, and paced the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, "From one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, fellow?" said Lord Glenallan: "what is your meaning?—explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the hours of

family distress."

"It was auld Elspeth Mucklebackit that sent me here," said the beggar, "in order to say——"

"You dote, old man!" said the Earl; "I never heard the

name—but this dreadful token reminds me—"

"I mind now, my lord," said Ochiltree, "she tauld me your lordship would be mair familiar wi' her, if I ca'd her Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot—she had that name when she lived on your honor's land, that is, your honor's worshipful mother's that was then—Grace be wi' her!"

"Ay," said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous; "that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

"Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she canna flit in peace until she sees

you."

"Not until she sees me — what can that mean? But she is doting with age and infirmity. I tell thee, friend, I called:

at her cottage myself, not a twelvemonth since, from a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or: voice."

"If your honor wad permit me," said Edie, to whom the length of the conference restored a part of his professional audacity and native talkativeness—"if your honor wad but permit me, I wad say, under correction of your lordship's better judgment, that auld Elspeth's like some of the ancient ruined strengths and castles that ane sees amang the hills. There are mony parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and decayed, but then there's parts that look the steever, and the stronger, and the grander, because they are rising just like to fragments among the ruins o' the rest. She's an awful woman."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant; "she always was different from other women—likest perhaps to her who is now no more, in her temper and turn of mind.—She wishes to see me, then?"

"Before she dies," said Edie, "she earnestly entreats that

pleasure."

"It will be a pleasure to neither of us," said the Earl, sternly, yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the sea-shore to the southward of Fairport?"

"Just between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock Castle, but nearer to Monkbarns. Your lordship's honor will ken the laird.

and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenallan's answer. Edie saw his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was so little germain to the matter.

" Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Ochiltree stoutly; for the remembrance of the unequal division of the dole rose in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."

"He who can conscientiously call himself good, has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will

—But who is he that shall dare to do so!"

"Not I," said Edie; "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the

"A soldier, my lord; and mony a sair day's kemping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but——"

"A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and sacked and

spoiled?"

"I winna say," replied Edie, "that I have been better than my neighbors;—it's a rough trade—war's sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserable, asking from precarious charity the food which in your youth you tore from the

hand of the poor peasant?"

"I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am nae just sae miserable neither. For my sins, I hae had grace to repent of them, if I might say sae, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me; and for my food, naebody grudges an auld man a bit and a drink—Sae I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am ca'd upon."

"And thus, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praiseworthy in your past life—with less to look forward to on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence? Go, begone! and in your age and poverty and weariness, never envy the lord of such a mansion as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments—Here is

something for thee."

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would perhaps have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction, but the tone of Lord Glenallan was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—"See this old man safe from the castle—let no one ask him any questions—and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house."

"That would be difficult for me," said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand, "that would be e'en difficult, since your honor has gien me such gude cause to remember it."

Lord Glenallan stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and, with his hand, made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

HAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying bill,
The bat, the wicket, were his labors all.
CRABBE'S VILLAGE.

Francis Macraw, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the mendicant, in order to see him fairly out of the estate, without permitting him to have conversation, or intercourse, with any of the Earl's dependants or domestics. judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person entrusted with the convoy, he used every measure in his power to extort from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glenallan. Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examination. and easily evaded those of his quondam comrade. secrets of grit folk," said Ochiltree within himself, " are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast snecked up, and it's a' very weel or better-but ance let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn cam aff for letting loose his tongue about the Major's leddy and Captain Bandilier."

Francie was therefore foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chess-player, became, at every unsuccessful movement, more liable to the counter-

checks of his opponent.

"Sae ye uphauld ye had nae particulars to say to my lord

but about yer ain matters?"

"Ay, and about the wee bits o' things I had brought frae abroad," said Edie. "I ken'd you papist folk are unco set on the relics that are fetched frae far—kirks and sae forth."

"Troth, my Lord maun be turned feel outright," said the domestic, "an he puts himsell into sic a carfuffle, for onything

ye could bring him, Edie."

"I doubtna ye may say true in the main, neighbor," replied the beggar; "but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger

days, Francie, and that whiles unsettles folk sair."

"Troth, Edie, and ye may say that—and since it's like ye'll ne'er come back to the estate, or, if ye dee, that ye'll no find me there, I'se e'en tell you he had a heart in his young time

sae wrecked and rent, that it's a wonder it hasna broken outright lang afore this day."

"Ay, say ye sae?" said Ochiltree; "that maun hae been

about a woman, I reckon?"

"Troth, and ye hae guessed it," said Francie—"jeest a cusin o' his nain—Miss Eveline Neville, as they suld hae ca'd her;—there was a sough in the country about it, but it was hushed up, as the grandees were concerned;—it's mair than twenty years syne—ay, it will be three-and-twenty."

"Ay, I was in America then," said the mendicant, "and no

in the way to hear the country clashes."

"There was little clash about it, man," replied Macraw; "he liked this young leddy, and suld hae married her, but his mother fand it out, and then the deil gaed o'er Jock Wabster. At last, the peer lass clodded hersell o'er the scaur at the Craigburnfoot into the sea, and there was an end o't.

"An end o't wi' the puir leddy," said the mendicant, "but,

as I reckon, nae end o't wi' the yerl."

"Nae end o't till his life makes an end," answered the Aberionian.

"But what for did the auld Countess forbid the marriage?"

continued the persevering querist.

"Fat for!—she maybe didna weel ken for fat hersell, for sne gar'd a' bow to her bidding, right or wrang—But it was ken'd the young leddy was inclined to some o' the heresies of the country—mair by token, she was sib to him nearer than our Church's rule admits of. Sae the leddy was driven to the desperate act, and the yerl has never since held his head up like a man."

"Weel away!" replied Ochiltree:—"it's e'en queer I ne'er

heard this tale afore."

"It's e'en queer that ye heard it now, for deil ane o' the servants durst hae spoken o't had the auld Countess been living. Eh, man, Edie! but she was a trimmer—it wad hae taen a skeely man to hae squared wi' her!—But she's in her grave, and we may loose our tongues a bit fan we meet a friend.—But fare ye weel, Edie—I maun be back to the evening service. An' ye come to Inverurie maybe sax months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francie Macraw."

What one kindly pressed, the other as firmly promised; and the friends having thus parted, with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road back to the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace onward his

habitual pilgrimage.

It was a fine summer evening, and the world—that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Edie Ochiltree, for the choosing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many places of refuge for the evening, that he was nice, and even fastidious in the choice. Ailie Sim's public was on the road-side about a mile before him, but there would be a parcel of young fellows there on the Saturday night, and that was a bar to civil con-Other "gudemen and gudewives," as the farmers and their dames are termed in Scotland, successively presented themselves to his imagination. But one was deaf, and could not hear him; another toothless, and could not make him hear; a third had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured house-At Monkbarns or Knockwinnock he was sure of a favorable and hospitable reception; but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I dinna ken how it is," said the old man, "but I am nicer about my quarters this night than ever I mind having been in my life. I think, having seen a' the braws yonder, and finding out ane may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain lot—But I wuss it bode me gude, for pride goeth before destruction. At ony rate the warst barn e'er man lay in wad be a pleasanter abode than Glenallan House, wi' a' the pictures and black velvet, and silver bonny-wawlies belanging to it—

Sae I'll e'en settle at ance and put in for Ailie Sim's."

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was bending his course, the setting sun had relieved its inmates from their labor, and the young men, availing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of long-bowls on a patch of common, while the women and elders looked on. The shout, the laugh, the exclamations of winners and losers, came in blended chorus up the path which Ochiltree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of strength and agilty. These remembrances seldom fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mendicant. "At that time of day," was his natural reflection, "I would have thought as little about ony auld palmering body that was coming down the edge of Kinblythemont, as ony o' thae stalwart young chiels does e'enow about auld Edie Ochiltree."

He was, however, presently cheered, by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred between the bands of players, and as the gauger favored the one party, and the schoolmaster the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The miller and smith, also, had espoused different sides, and, considering the vivacity of two such disputants, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amicably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the mendicant exclaimed, "Ah! here comes auld Edie, that kens the rules of a' country games better than ony man that ever drave a bowl, or threw an axle-tree, or putted a stane either;—let's hae nae quarrelling, callants—we'll stand by auld

Edie's judgment."

Edie was accordingly welcomed, and installed asumpire, with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a Bishop to whom the mitre is proffered, or of a new Speaker called to the chair, the old man declined the high trust and responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and, in requital for his self-denial and humility, had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurance of young, old, and middleaged, that he was simply the best qualified person for the office of arbiter " in the haill country-side." Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expression on either side, he heard the smith and gauger on one side, the miller and schoolmaster on the other, as junior and senior counsel. Edie's mind, however, was fully made up on the subject before the pleading began; like that of many a judge, who must nevertheless go through all the forms, and endure in its full extent the eloquence and argumentation of the Bar. For when all had been said on both sides, and much of it said over oftener than once, our senior being well and ripely advised, pronounced the moderate and healing judgment, that the disputed cast was a drawn one. and should therefore count to neither party. This judicious decision restored concord to the field of players; they began anew to arrange their match and their bets, with the clamorous mirth usual on such occasions of village sports, and the more eager were already stripping their jackets, and committing them, with their colored handkerchiefs, to the care of wives, sisters, and mistresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport—that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation, with which the first news of calamity is received by the hearers, began to be heard indistinctly. A buzz went about among the women of "Eh, sirs!

sae young and sae suddenly summoned!"—It then extended itself among the men, and silenced the sounds of sportive mirth. All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each inquired the cause at his neighbor, who knew as little as the querist. At length the rumor reached, in distinct shape, the ears of Edie Ochiltree, who was in the very centre of the assembly. The boat of Mucklebackit, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been swamped at sea, and four men had perished, it was affirmed including Mucklebackit and his son. Rumor had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been overset; but Stephen, or, as he was called, Steenie Mucklebackit, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his residence and his mode of life removed the young man from the society of the country folks, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic mirth to pay that tribute to sudden calamity which it seldom fails to receive in cases of infrequent occurrence. To Ochiltree, in particular, the news came like a knell, the rather that he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sportive mischief; and though neither loss nor injury was designed to the German adept, yet the work was not precisely one in which the latter hours of life ought to **be** occupied.

Misfortunes never come alone. While Ochiltree, pensively leaning upon his staff, added his regrets to those of the hamlet which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's collar was seized by a peace officer, who displayed his baton in his right hand, and exclaimed, "In the king's name."

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric, to prove to the constable and his assistant that he had no right to arrest the king's bedesman as a vagrant; and the mute eloquence of the miller and smith, which was vested in their clenched fists, was prepared to give Highland bail for their arbiter; his blue gown, they said, was his warrant for travelling the country.

"But his blue gown," answered the officer, "is nae protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against

him for these crimes."

"Murder!" said Edie, "murder! wha did I e'er murder?"

"Mr. German Dousterswivel, the agent at Glen-Withershins mining-works."

"Murder Doustersnivel?—hout, he's living, and life-like, man."

"Nae thanks to you if he be; he had a sair struggle for his life, if a' be true he tells, and ye maun answer for't at the bid-

ding of the law."

The defenders of the mendicant shrunk back at hearing the atrocity of the charges against him, but more than one kind hand thrust meat and bread and pence upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison, to which the officers were about to conduct him.

"Thanks to ye! God bless ye a', bairns!—I've gotten out o' mony a snare when I was waur deserving o' deliverance—I shall escape like a bird from the fowler. Play out your play, and never mind me—I am mair grieved for the puir lad that's

gane, than for aught they can do to me."

Accordingly, the unresisting prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his wallets the alms which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hamlet, was as deep-laden as a government victualler. The labor of bearing this accumulating burden was, however, abridged, by the officer procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a magis-

trate, in order to his examination and committal.

The disaster of Steenie, and the arrest of Edie, put a stop to the sports of the village, the pensive inhabitants of which began to speculate upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly consigned one of their comrades to the grave, and placed their master of the revels in some danger of being hanged. The character of Dousterswivel being pretty generally known, which was in his case equivalent to being pretty generally detested, there were many speculations upon the probability of the accusations being malicious. But all agreed, that if Edie Ochiltree behoved in all events to suffer upon this occasion, it was a great pity he had not better merited his fate by killing Dousterswivel outright.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth. He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir, Th' aquatic had the best—the argument Still galls our champion's breech.

OLD PLAY.

"AND the poor young fellow, Steenie Mucklebackit, is to be buried this morning," said our old friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his quilted night-gown for an old-fashioned black coat in lieu of the snuff-colored vestment which he ordinarily wore, "and, I presume, it is expected that I should attend the funeral?"

"Ou, ay," answered the faithful Caxon, officiously brushing the white threads and specks from his patron's habit. "The body, God help us! was sae broken against the rocks that they're fain to hurry the burial. The sea's a kittle cast, as I tell my daughter, puir thing, when I want her to get up her spirits; the sea, says I, Jenny, is as uncertain a calling—"

"As the calling of an old periwig-maker, that's robbed of his business by crops and the powder-tax. Caxon, thy topics of consolation are as ill chosen as they are foreign to the present purpose. Quid mihi cum famina? What have I to do with thy womankind, who have enough and to spare of mine own?—I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people to attend the funeral of their son?"

"Ou, doubtless, your honor is expected," answered Caxon; weel I wot ye are expected. Ye ken, in this country ilka gentleman is wussed to be sae civil as to see the corpse aff his grounds; ye needna gang higher than the loan-head—it's no expected your honor suld leave the land; it's just a Kelso convoy, a step and a half ower the doorstane."

"A Kelso convoy!" echoed the inquisitive Antiquary; "and

why a Kelso convoy more than any other?"

"Dear sir," answered Caxon, "how should I ken? it's just

a by-word."

"Caxon," answered Oldbuck, "thou art a mere periwigmaker—Had I asked Ochiltree the question, he would have had a legend ready made to my hand."

"My business," replied Caxon, with more animation than

he commonly displayed, "is with the outside of your honor's head, as ye are accustomed to say."

"True, Caxon, true; and it is no reproach to a thatcher that

he is not an upholsterer."

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote down "Kelso convoy—said to be a step and a half over the threshold. Authority—Caxon. — Quare — Whence derived? Mem. To

write to Dr. Graysteel upon the subject."

Having made this entry, he resumed—"And truly, as to this custom of the landlord attending the body of the peasant, I approve it, Caxon. It comes from ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of mutual aid and dependence between the lord and cultivator of the soil. And herein I must say, the feudal system—(as also in its courtesy towards womankind, in which it exceeded)—herein, I say, the feudal usages mitigated and softened the sternness of classical times. No man, Caxon, ever heard of a Spartan attending the funeral of a Helot—yet I dare be sworn that John of the Girnel—ye have heard of him, Caxon?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Caxon; "naebody can hae been lang in your honor's company without hearing of that gentle-

man."

"Well," continued the Antiquary, "I would bet a trifle there was not a kolb kerl, or bondsman, or peasant, ascriptus gleba, died upon the monks' territories down here, but John of the Girnel saw them fairly and decently interred."

"Ay, but if it like your honor, they say he had mair to do wi' the births than the burials. Ha! ha! a gleeful

chuckle.

"Good, Caxon, very good!—why, you shine this morning."

"And besides," added Caxon, slyly, encouraged by his patron's approbation, "they say, too, that the Catholic priests in that times gat something for ganging about to burials."

"Right, Caxon! right as my glove! By the bye, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith—right, I say, as my glove, Caxon—but we of the Protestant ascendency have the more merit in doing that duty for nothing, which cost money in the reign of that empress of superstition, whom Spenser, Caxon, terms in his allegorical phrase,

Abessa, daughter of that woman blind,

But why talk I of these things to thee?—my poor Lovel has

spoiled me, and taught me to speak aloud when it is much the same as speaking to myself. Where's my nephew, Hector M'Intyre?"

"He's in the parlor, sir, wi' the leddies."

"Very well," said the Antiquary, "I will betake me thither."

"Now, Monkbarns," said his sister, on his entering the parlor, "ye maunna be angry."

"My dear uncle!" began Miss M'Intyre.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Oldbuck, in alarm of some impending bad news, and arguing upon the supplicating tone of the ladies, as a fortress apprehends an attack from the very first flourish of the trumpet which announces the summons—"what's all this?—what do you bespeak my patience for?"

"No particular matter, I should hope, sir," said Hector, who, with his arm in a sling, was seated at the breakfast table; —"however, whatever it may amount to I am answerable for it, as I am for much more trouble that I have occasioned, and

for which I have little more than thanks to offer."

"No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome—only let it be a warning to you," said the Antiquary, "against your fits of anger, which is a short madness—Ira furor brevis—but what is this new disaster?"

"My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down---"

"If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clochnaben!" interjected Oldbuck.

"Indeed, uncle," said the young lady, "I am afraid—it was that which stood upon the sideboard—the poor thing only meant

to eat the pat of fresh butter."

"In which she has fully succeeded, I presume, for I see that on the table is salted. But that is nothing—my lachrymatory, the main pillar of my theory on which I rested to show, in despite of the ignorant obstinacy of Mac-Cribb, that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains, and left behind them traces of their arts and arms, is gone—annihilated—reduced to such fragments as might be the shreds of a broken—flowerpot!

But never more be officer of mine."

"Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in

a regiment of your raising."

"At least, Hector, I would have you despatch your camp train, and travel expeditas, or relictis impedimentis. You cannot conceive how I am annoyed by this beast—she commits burglary, I believe, for I heard her charged with breaking into the kitchen after all the doors were locked, and eating up a shoulder of mutton."—(Our readers, if they chance to remember Jenny Rintherout's precaution of leaving the door open when she went down to the fisher's cottage, will probably acquit poor Juno of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a claustrum fregit, and which makes the distinction between burglary and privately stealing.)

I am truly sorry, sir," said Hector, "that Juno has committed so much disorder; but Jack Muirhead, the breaker, was never able to bring her under command. She has more travel

than any bitch I ever knew, but---"

"Then, Hector, I wish the bitch would travel herself out of

my grounds."

"We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness about a paltry pipkin."

"O brother! brother!" ejaculated Miss M'Intyre, in utter

despair at this vituperative epithet.

"Why, what would you have me call it?" continued Hector; it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine, or sherbet, or water;—I brought home a pair of them—I might have brought home twenty."

"What!" said Oldbuck, "shaped such as that your dog

threw down?"

"Yes, sir, much such a sort of earthen jar as that which was on the sideboard. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our wine on the passage—they answer wonderfully well. If I could think they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honored by your accepting them."

"Indeed, my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by possessing them. To trace the connection of nations by their usages, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favorite study. Everything that can illustrate

such connections is most valuable to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trifles of the same kind. And now, am I to hope you have forgiven me?"

"O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish."

"But Juno—she is only thoughtless too, I assure you—the breaker tells me she has no vice or stubbornness."

"Well, I grant Juno also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will imitate her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Monkbarns parlor."

"Then, uncle," said the soldier, "I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my follower, that I thought worth your acceptance; but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan-nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before? I got it from a French savant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair."

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unrepressed ecstasy, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, thanked him an hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss Griselda (though she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

"It's a bonny thing," she said, "Monkbarns, and, I dare say, a valuable; but it's out o' my way—ye ken I am nae judge

o'sic matters."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed Oldbuck; "it is the very spirit of the borough has infected us all; I think I have smelled the smoke these two days, that the wind has stuck, like a remora, in the north-east—and its prejudices fly farther than its vapors. Believe me, my dear Hector, were I to walk up the High Street of Fairport, displaying this inestimable gem in the eyes of each one I met, no human creature, from the provost to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, I could not penetrate to the Horsemarket ere I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. Oh, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray.

Weave the warp and weave the woof, The winding-sheet of wit and sense, Dull garment of defensive proof, 'Gainst all that doth not gather pence."

The most remarkable proof of this peace-offering being quite acceptable was, that while the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person; and finally,

becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast, as, looking first at one then at another of his audience, he repeated, with self-complacency,

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,-

You remember the passage in the Fatal Sisters, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original—But, hey-day! my toast has vanished!—I see which way—Ah, thou type of womankind! no wonder they take offence at thy generic appellation!"—(So saying, he shook his fist at Juno, who scoured out of the parlor.)—"However, as Jupiter, according to Homer, could not rule Juno in heaven, and as Jack Muirhead, according to Hector M'Intyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose she must have her own way." And this mild censure the brother and sister justly accounted a full pardon for Juno's offences, and sate down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over, the Antiquary proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier

pleaded the want of a mourning habit.

"O, that does not signify—your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will entertain—no, that's an improper phrase—but that will interest you, from the resemblances which I will point out betwixt popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients."

"Heaven forgive me!" thought M'Intyre;—"I shall certainly misbehave, and lose all the credit I have so lately and

accidentally gained."

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreating looks of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by evincing inattention or impatience. But our best resolutions are frail, when opposed to our predominant inclinations. Our Antiquary,—to leave nothing unexplained, had commenced with the funeral rites of the ancient Scandinavians, when his nephew interrupted him, in a discussion upon the "age of hills," to remark that a large sea-gull, which flitted around them, had come twice within shot. This error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldbuck resumed his disquisition.

"There are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector; for, in the strange contingencies of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, as we term it, what could be more

convenient than to have at your fingers' ends the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the officina gentium, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of those heroes,

Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure, Who smiled in death?——

How animating, for example, at the conclusion of a weary march, to find yourself in the vicinity of a Runic monument, and discover that you have pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero!"

"I am afraid, sir, our mess would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighborhood of a good poultry-yard."

"Alas, that you should say so! No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient

valor has died away in the breasts of the British soldiery."

"By no means, sir—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of these heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of examining an old tombstone. But I assure you, we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' fame; I used often of an evening to get old Rory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Ossian about the battles of Fingal and Lamon Mor, and Magnus and the Spirit of Muirartach."

"And did you believe," asked the aroused Antiquary, "did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson's to be really

ancient, you simple boy?"

"Believe it, sir?—how could I but believe it, when I have

heard the songs sung from my infancy?"

"But not the same as Macpherson's English Ossian—you're not absurd enough to say that, I hope?" said the Antiquary,

his brow darkening with wrath.

But Hector stoutly abode the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honor of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of these popular poems, and would have fought knee-deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore undauntedly maintained, that Rory M'Alpin could repeat the whole book from one end to another;—and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general, by adding, "At least, if he was allowed whiskey enough, he could repeat as long as anybody would hearken to him."

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; "and that, I suppose, was

not very long."

"Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a piper."

"But do you recollect, now," said Oldbuck, setting his teeth firmly together, and speaking without opening them, which was his custom when contradicted—"Do you recollect, now, any of these verses you thought so beautiful and interesting—being a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?"

"I don't pretend to much skill, uncle; but it's not very reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harolds, Harfagers,

and Hacos you are so fond of."

"Why, these, sir—these mighty and unconquered Goths—were your ancestors! The bare-breeched Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like a fearful people, in the crevices of the rocks, were but their Mancipia and Serfs!"

Hector's brow now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he said, "I don't understand the meaning of Mancipia and Serfs, but I conceive that such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders: no man but my mother's brother dared to have used such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe, that I consider it as neither hospitable, handsome, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldbuck——"

"Were great and gallant chiefs, I dare say, Hector; and really I did not mean to give you such immense offence in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unimpassioned. But you are as hot and hasty, as if you were Hector and Achilles,

and Agamemnon to boot."

"I am sorry I expressed myself so hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good. But my ancestors——"

"No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront—none."

"I'm glad of it, sir; for the house of M'Intyre--"

"Peace be with them all, every man of them," said the Antiquary. "But to return to our subject—Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement?"

"Very hard this," thought M'Intyre, "that he will speak with such glee of everything which is ancient, excepting my family."—Then after some efforts at recollection, he added aloud, "Yes sir,—I think I do remember some lines; but you do not understand the Gaelic language."

"And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me

some idea of the sense in our vernacular idiom?"

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, running over the original, well garnished with aghes, aughs, and

oughs, and similar gutterals, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having premised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Oisin, or Ossian, and Patrick, the tutelar Saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose:

"Patrick the psalm-singer,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass---"

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable fooling—I dare say

the poet was very right. What says the Saint?"

"He replies in character," said M'Intyre: "but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Ossian come in upon a strong deep bass—those of Patrick are upon a tenor key."

"Like M'Alpin's drone and small pipes, I suppose," said

Oldbuck. "Well? Pray, go on."

"Well then, Patrick replies to Ossian:

Upon my word, son of Fingal, While I am warbling the psalms, The clamor of your old women's tales Disturbs my devotional exercises."

"Excellent!—why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sung better than Blattergowl's precentor, or it would be hang-choice between the poet and psalmist. But what I admire is the courtesy of these two eminent persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Intyre, gravely, "he must have taken very unwarrantable liberties with his original."

"It will go near to be thought so shortly—but pray proceed."

"Then," said M'Intyre, "this is the answer of Ossian:

Dare you compare your psalms, You son of a——"

"Son of a what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"It means, I think," said the young soldier, with some reluctance, "son of a female dog:

Do you compare your psalms, To the tales of the bare-arm'd Fenians?" "Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly, Hector?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doggedly.

"Because I should have thought the nudity might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body."

Disdaining to reply to this insinuation, Hector proceeded

in his recitation:

"I shall think it no great harm
To wring your bald head from your shoulders----

But what is that yonder?" exclaimed Hector, interrupting himself.

"One of the herd of Proteus," said the Antiquary-"a

phoca, or seal, lying asleep on the beach."

Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, totally forgot both Ossian, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaiming—"I shall have her! I shall have her!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating.

Not Sancho, when his master interrupted his account of the combatants of Pentapolin with the naked arm, to advance in person to the charge of the flock of sheep, stood more confounded than Oldbuck at this sudden escapade of his nephew.

"Is the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him!"—Then elevating his voice, "Hector—nephew—fool—let alone the *Phoca*—let alone the *Phoca* !—they bite, I tell you, like furies. He minds me no more than a post. There—there they are at it—Gad, the *Phoca* has the best of it! I am glad to see it," said he, in the bitterness of his heart, though really alarmed for his nephew's safety—"I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit."

In truth, the seal, finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and making use at once of her fore-paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea, without doing him any farther injury. Captain M'Intyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the ironical congratulations of his uncle, upon a single combat

worthy to be commemorated by Ossian himself, "since," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous opponent has fled, though not upon eagle's wings, from the foe that was low——Egad, she walloped away with all the grace of triumph, and has car-

ried my stick off also, by way of spolia opima."

M'Intyre had little to answer for himself, except that a Highlander could never pass a deer, a seal, or a salmon, where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgot one of his arms was in a sling. He also made his fall an apology for returning back to Monkbarns, and thus escape the farther raillery of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick.

"I cut it," he said, "in the classic woods of Hawthornden, when I did not expect always to have been a bachelor—I would not have given it for an ocean of seals—O Hector! Hector!—thy namesake was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou to be

the plague of Monkbarns!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep. Their tears are luke-warm brine;—from your old eyes Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North, Chilling the furrows of our withered cheeks, Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feeling—Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil, Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

OLD PLAY.

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They had now, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favorable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbors, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of-

Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature

that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remained in it. after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate offorts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollec-His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not vet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consola-His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a bra' fallow, an ye be spared, Patie,—but ye'll never -never can be—what he was to me !—He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness.—They say folks maun submit—I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled

to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortunes, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fishers, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost

in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word—neither had she shed a tear-nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed-a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth,

as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we have such merry meetings!"

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay," she continued with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually in her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead

with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, teinds, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly, to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechizing the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres,-notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be hounded out, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to intro-

duce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any

verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech-"Yes, sir, yes !-Ye're very gude-ye're very gude!-Nae doubt, nae doubt !- It's our duty to submit !- But, oh dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him!-Oh, my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! -and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuffbox to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went though them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe, and even horror.

In the mean time, the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh,—"Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day-Whan did I that before, think ye, cummers? -Never since-" and the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screwnails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us forever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish and hard hearted. spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer. and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least, Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honor Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season" (of which fish he was understood to be fond), "if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersell, in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons,-miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chiefmourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations. who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful

executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half-a-mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labor of the gravediggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The clergyman offered our Antiquary his company to walk homeward; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother, that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also, in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

The coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage, as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the

despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bedclothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember, that though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent, that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband—"O, what an hour is this! and naebody to help a poor lone woman—O, gudemither, could ye but speak

a word to him!—wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness—I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for any ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Hegh, sirs!" said the poor mother, "wha is that can be

coming in that gate e'enow?—They canna hae heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, "Whatna gait's that to disturb a sorrowfu' house?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognized to be Lord Glenallan. "Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighboring cottages, called Elspeth, who was long resident at Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"It's my gudemither, my lord," said Margaret; "but she canna see onybody e'enow—Ohon! we're dreeing a sair weird

-we hae had a heavy dispensation!"

"God forbid," said Lord Glenallan, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow;—but my days are numbered—your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time."

"And what," answered the desolate mother, "wad ye see at an auld woman, broken down wi' age and sorrow and heart-break? Gentle or semple shall not darken my door the day my

bairn's been carried out a corpse."

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritability of disposition and profession, which began to mingle itself with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she held the door about one-third part open, and placed herself in the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within—" Wha's that, Maggie? what for are ye steeking them out!—let them come in; it doesna signify an auld rope's end wha comes in or wha gaes out o' this house frae this time forward."

The woman stood aside at her husband's command, and permitted Lord Glenallan to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and emaciated countenance, formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief, as they were displayed in the rude and weatherbeaten visage of the fisherman, and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as audible as his voice could make it, "Are you Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"Wha is it that asks about the unhallowed residence of that evil woman?" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenallan."

"Earl !- Earl of Glenallan!"

"He who was called William Lord Geraldin," said the

Earl; " and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan."

"Open the bole," said the old woman firmly and hastily to her daughter-in-law, "open the bole wi' speed, that I may see if this be the right Lord Geraldin—the son of my mistress him that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born—him that has reason to curse me that I didna smother him before the hour was past!"

The window, which had been shut in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stifling cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman, and those of the old sibyl, who now, standing upon her feet, and holding him by one hand, peered anxiously in his features with her light-blue eyes, and holding her long and withered fore-finger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as if to trace the outlines and reconcile what she recollected with that she now beheld. As she finished her scrutiny, she said with a deep sigh, "It's a sairsair change; and wha's fault is it?—but that's written down where it will be remembered—it's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the flesh.—And what," she said after a pause, "what is Lord Geraldin seeking from a poor auld creature like me, that's dead already, and only belangs sae far to the living that she isna yet laid in the moulds?"

"Nay," answered Lord Glenallan, "in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so urgently to see me?—and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew well I dared not refuse?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edie Ochiltree had delivered to him at Glenallan House. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The palsy of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance;—then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "And how came ye by it then?—how came ye by it? I thought I had kept it sae securely—what will the Countess say?"

"You know," said the Earl "at least you must have heard, that my mother is dead."

* Dead! are ye no imposing upon me? has she left a' at last, lands and lordship and lineages?"

"All, all," said the Earl, "as mortals must leave all human

vanities."

"I mind now," answered Elspeth—"I heard of it before; but there has been sic distress in our house since, and my memory is sae muckle impaired—But ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gane hame?"

The Earl again assured her that her former mistress was no

more.

"Then," said Elspeth, "it shall burden my mind nae langer!
—When she lived, wha dared to speak what it would hae displeased her to hae had noised abroad? But she's gane—and I will confess all."

"Then turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Mucklebackit, her first burst of grief being over, was by no means disposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the commands of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly obnoxious to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more astonished at hearing revived, when it seemed to have been so long relinquished and forgotten.

"It was an unco thing," she said, in a grumbling tone of voice,—for the rank of Lord Glenallan was somewhat imposing—"it was an unco thing to bid a mother leave her ain house wi' the tear in her ee, the moment her eldest son had been

carried a corpse out at the door o't."

The fisherman, in a stubborn and sullen tone, added to the same purpose. "This is nae day for your auld-warld stories, mother. My lord, if he be a lord, may ca' some other day—or he may speak out what he has gotten to say if he likes it; there's nane here will think it worth their while to listen to him or you either. But neither for laird or loon, gentle or semple, will I leave my ain house to pleasure onybody on the very day my poor——"

Here his voice choked, and he could proceed no farther; but as he had risen when Lord Glenallan came in, and had since remained standing, he now threw himself doggedly upon a seat, and remained in the sullen posture of one who was de-

termined to keep his word.

But the old woman, whom this crisis seemed to repossess in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been eminently gifted, arose, and advancing towards him, said, with a solemn voice, "My son, as ye wad shun hearing of your mother's shame—as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her guilt—as ye wad deserve her blessing and avoid her curse, I charge ye, by the body that bore and that nursed ye, to leave me at freedom to speak with Lord Geraldin, what nae mortal ears but his ain maun listen to. Obey my words, that when ye lay the moulds on my head—and, oh that the day were come!
—ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother wared on you.

The terms of this solemn charge revived in the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience in which his mother had trained him up, and to which he had submitted implicitly while her powers of exacting it remained entire. The recollection mingled also with the prevailing passion of the moment; for, glancing his eye at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself, "He never disobeyed me, in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex her?" Then, taking his reluctant spouse by the arm, he led her gently out of the cottage, and latched the door behind them as he left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Glenallan, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into her lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of the communication which she

proposed to make to him.

"Ye will have it sune eneugh," she replied;—"my mind's clear eneugh now, and there is not—I think there is not—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Craigburnfoot is before my een, as it were present in reality:—the green bank, with its selvedge, just where the burn met wi' the sea—the twa little barks, wi' their sails furled, lying in the natural cove which it formed—the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Glenallan, and hung right ower the stream—Ah! yes—I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him—that I hae but ane alive of our four fair sons—that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured our ill-gotten wealth—that they carried the corpse of my son's eldest-born frae the house this morning—But I never can forget the days I spent at bonny Craigburnfoot!"

"You were a favorite of my mother," said Lord Glenallan, desirous to bring her back to the point, from which she was

wandering.

"I was, I was,—ye needna mind me o' that. She brought me up abune my station, and wi' knowledge mair than my fel-

lows—but, like the tempter of auld, wi' the knowledge of gude

she taught me the knowledge of evil."

"For God's sake, Elspeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are confident to one dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to hear it named—but speak on farther."

"I will," she said—"I will!—just bear wi' me for a little;" -and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with imbecility or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her mind, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add, as a remarkable fact, that such was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that, notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that Lord Glenallan spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and slowly, as if anxious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood; concisely at the same time, and with none of the verbiage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The tenor of her communication is disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us—
A bloodhound stanuch—she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when Time hath chilled our joints,
And maimed our hope of combat or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouthed bay, announcing all
Of wrath, and wo, and punishment that bides us.

OLD PLAY.

"I NEED not tell you," said the old woman, addressing the Earl of Glenallan, "that I was the favorite and confidential

attendant of Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, whom God as soilzie!"—(here she crossed herself)—" and I think farther, ye may not have forgotten that I shared her regard for mony years. I returned it by the maist sincere attachment, but I fell into disgrace frae a trifling act of disobedience, reported to your mother by ane that thought, and she wasna wrang, that I was a spy upon her actions and yours."

"I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice trem-

bling with passion, "name not her name in my hearing!"

"I MUST," returned the penitent firmly and calmly, "or how

can you understand me?"

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hut, drew his hat over his face, clenched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a pain-

ful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

"I say, then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Eveline. Neville, then bred up in Glenallan House as the daughter of a cousin-german and intimate friend of your father that was gane. There was muckle mystery in her history,—but wha dared to inquire farther than the Countess liked to tell?—All in Glenallan House loved Miss Neville—all but twa, your mother and mysell—we baith hated her."

"God! for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so formed to inspire affection, never walked on this wretched

world?"

"It may have been sae," rejoined Elspeth, "but your mother hated a' that cam of your father's family—a' but himsell. Her reasons related to strife which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are naething to this purpose. But oh! doubly did she hate Eveline Neville when she perceived that there was a growing kindness atween you and that unfortunate young leddy! Ye may mind that the Countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing o' the cauld shouther—at least it wasna seen farther; but at the lang run it brak out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knockwinnock Castle with Sir Arthur's leddy, wha (God sain her!) was then wi' the living."

"You rend my heart by recalling these particulars—But go on,—and may my present agony be accepted as additional pen-

ance for the involuntary crime!"

"She had been absent some months," continued Elspeth,
when I was ae night watching in my hut the return of my hus-

band from fishing, and shedding in private those bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung frae me whenever I thought on my disgrace. The sneck was drawn, and the Countess your mother entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a spectre, for even in the height of my favor, this was an honor she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if she had risen from the grave. She sat down, and wrung the draps from her hair and cloak,—for the night was drizzling, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a' loaded with dew. only mention these things that you may understand how weel that night lives in my memory,—and weel it may. I was surprised to see her, but I durstna speak first, mair than if I had seen a phantom—Na, I durst not, my lord, I that hae seen mony sights of terror, and never shook at them. Sae, after a silence, she said, 'Elspeth Cheyne (for she always gave me my maiden name), are not ye the daughter of that Reginald Cheyne who died to save his master, Lord Glenallan, on the field of Sheriffmuir?' And I answered her as proudly as hersell nearly - As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenallan whom my father saved that day by his own death."

Here she made a deep pause.

"And what followed?—what followed?—For Heaven's sake, good woman—But why should I use that word?—Yet, good

or bad, I command you to tell me."

"And little I should value earthly command," answered Elspeth, "were there not a voice that has spoken to me sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale, Aweel, my Lord—the Countess said to me, 'My son loves Eveline Neville—they are agreed—they are plighted: should they have a son, my right over Glenallan merges—I sink from that moment from a Countess into a miserable stipendiary dowager. I who brought lands and vassals, and high blood and ancient fame, to my husband, I must cease to be mistress when my son has an heir-male. But I care not for that-had he married any but one of the hated Nevilles, I had been patient. But for them—that they and their descendants should enjoy the right and honors of my ancestors, goes through my heart like a twoedged dirk. And this girl—I detest her!'—And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his determination to preserve silence—"wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan; for though, my lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle, but an ancestor of the frail, demented, cold, useless wretch wha now speaks with you, carried his shield before him. But that was not a'," continued the beldam, her earthly and evil passions rekindling as she became heated in her narration—" that was not a'; I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and, during our whole journey, she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they ca'd it "—(and, strange as it may seem, she spoke of an affront offered by a heedless school-girl without intention, with a degree of inveteracy which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would neither have authorized or excited in any well-constituted mind) - "Yes, the scorned and jested at me-but let them that scorn the tartan fear the dirk!"

She paused, and then went on-"But I deny not that I hated her mair than she deserved. My mistress, the Countess. persevered and said, 'Elspeth Cheyne, this unruly boy will marry with the false English blood. Were days as they have been. I could throw her into the Massymore * of Glenalian, and fetter him in the Keep of Strathbonnel. But these times are past, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their baser dependants. Hear me, Elspeth Cheyne! if you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that they shall not marry. She walks often to that cliff that overhangs your dwelling to look for her lover's boat-(ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my Lord)—let him find her forty fathom lower than he expects!'—Yes! ye may stare and frown and clench your hand; but, as sure as I am to face the only Being I ever feared—and, oh that I had feared him mair f -these were your mother's words. What avails it to me to lie to you?—But I wadna consent to stain my hand with blood.— Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are ower sibb thegither. But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as disobedient reprobates; '-that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the fiend is ever ower busy wi' brains like mine, that are subtle beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add-'But they

^{*} Kussa-mora, an ancient name for a dungeon, derived from the Moorish language, perhaps as if rack as the time of the Crusades.

might be brought to think themselves sae sibb as no Christian law will permit their wedlock."

Here the Earl of Glenallan echoed her words, with a shriek so piercing as almost to rend the roof of the cottage—"Ah! then Eveiine Neville was not the—the——"

"The daughter, ye would say, of your father?" continued Elspeth. "No—be it a torment or be it a comfort to you—ken the truth, she was nae mair a daughter of your father's

house than I am."

"Woman, deceive me not !—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave, for sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal—"

"Bethink ye, my Lord Geraldin, ere ye curse the memory of a parent that's gane, is there none of the blood of Glenallan living, whose faults have led to this dreadfu' catastrophe?"

"Mean you my brother?—he, too, is gone," said the Earl.

"No," replied the sibyl, "I mean yoursell, Lord Geraldin, Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockwinnock, our plot might have separated you for a time, but would have left at least your sorrows without remorse to canker them. But your ain conduct had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mair force because ye cam rushing to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that couldna be got ower, neither wad nor could hae been practised against ye."

"Great Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman—"it is as if a film fell from my obscured eyes! Yes, I now well understand the doubtful hints of consolation thrown out by my wretched mother, tending indirectly to impeach the evidence of the horrors of which her arts had led me to believe myself

guilty."

"She could not speak mair plainly," answered Elspeth, "without confessing her ain fraud,—and she would have submitted to be torn by wild horses, rather than unfold what she had done; and if she had still lived, so would I for her sake. They were stout hearts the race of Glenallan, male and female, and sae were a' that in auld times cried their gathering-word of Clochnaben—they stood shouther to shouther—nae man parted frae his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrang. The times are changed, I hear, now."

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracted reflections, to notice the rude car

pressions of savage fidelity, in which, even in the latest ebb of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a

stern and stubborn source of consolation.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am then free from a guilt the most horrible with which man can be stained, and the sense of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowed me down to an untimely grave. Accept," he fervently uttered, lifting his eyes upwards, "accept my humble thanks! If I live miserable, at least I shall not die stained with that unnatural guilt!—And thou—proceed, if thou hast more to tell—proceed, while thou hast voice to speak it,

and I have powers to listen."

"Yes," answered the beldam, "the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed passing rapidly away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I find his grasp turning every day caulder at my heart. Interrupt me nae mair with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to an end! And then—if ye be indeed sic a Lord of Glenallan as I hae heard of in my day—make your merrymen gather the thorn, and the brier, and the green hollin, till they heap them as high as the house-riggin', and burn! burn! burn! the auld witch Elspeth, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever crawled upon the land!"

"Go on," said the Earl, "go on-I will not again interrupt

you."

He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no irritability on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wonderful tale he then heard. But Elspeth had become exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part of her story was more broken, and though still distinctly intelligible in most parts, had no longer the lucid conciseness which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glenallan found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her narrative without success, to prompt her memory by demanding—"What proofs she could propose to bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told?"

"The evidence," she replied, "of Eveline Neville's real birth was in the Countess's possession, with reasons for its being for some time kept private;—they may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left hand drawer of the ebony cabinet that stood in the dressing-room. These she meant to suppress for the time, until you went abroad again, when she trusted,

before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her ain coun-

try or to get her settled in marriage."

"But did you not show me letters of my father's, which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that horrible moment, to avow his relationship to—to the unhappy——"

nappy——

We did; and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or her either? But we suppressed the true explanation of these letters, and that was, that your father thought it right the young leddy should pass for his daughter for a while, on account o' some family reasons that were amang them."

"But wherefore, when you learned our union, was this

dreadful artifice persisted in."

"It wasna," she replied, "till Lady Glenallan had commu nicated this fause tale, that she suspected ye had actually made a marriage—nor even then did you avow it sae as to satisfy her whether the ceremony had in verity passed atween ye or no—But ye remember, O ye canna but remember weel, what passed in that awfu' meeting!"

"Woman! you swore upon the gospels to the fact which

you now disavow."

"I did,—and I wad hae taen a yet mair holy pledge on it, if there had been ane—I wad not hae spared the blood of my body, or the guilt of my soul, to serve the house of Glenallan."

"Wretch! do you call that horrid perjury, attended with consequences yet more dreadful—do you esteem that a service

to the house of your benefactors?"

"I served her, wha was then the head of Glenallan, as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner between God and mine—She is gane to her account, and I maun follow. Have I tauld you a'?"

"No," answered Lord Glenallan—"you have yet more to tell—you have to tell me of the death of the angel whom your perjury drove to despair, stained, as she thought herself, with a crime so horrible. Speak truth—was that dreadful—was that horrible incident"—he could scarcely articulate the words—"was it as reported? or was it an act of yet further, though not more atrocious cruelty, inflicted by others?"

"I understand you," said Elspeth. "But report spoke truth;—our false witness was indeed the cause, but the deed was her ain distracted act. On that fearfu' disclosure, when ye rushed frace the Countess's presence and saddled your horse, and left the castle like a fire-flaught, the Countess hadna yet discovered your private marriage; she hadna fund out that the

union, which she had framed this awfu' tale to prevent, had e'est taen place. Ye fled from the house as if the fire o' Heaven was about to fa' upon it, and Miss Neville, atween reason and want o't, was put under sure ward. But the ward sleep't, and the prisoner waked—the window was open—the way was before her—there was the cliff, and there was the sea! O, when will I forget that!"

"And thus died," said the Earl, "even so as was reported?" "No, my lord. I had gane out to the cove—the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot o' that cliff—it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade—Where am I wandering?—I saw a white object dart frae the tap o' the cliff like a sea-maw through the mist, and then a heavy flash and sparkle of the waters showed me it was a human creature that had fa'en into the waves. I was bold and strong, and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shouthers-I could hae carried twa sic then—carried her to my hut, and laid her on my bed. Neighbors cam and brought help; but the words she uttered in her ravings, when she got back the use of speech, were such, that I was fain to send them awa, and get up word to Glenallan House. The Countess sent down her Spanish servant Teresa-if ever there was a fiend on earth in human form, that woman was ane. She and I were to watch the unhappy leddy, and let no other person approach. God knows what Teresa's part was to hae been—she tauld it not to me but Heaven took the conclusion in its ain hand. The poor leddy! she took the pangs of travail before her time, bore a male child, and died in the arms of me, of her mortal enemy ! Ay, ye may weep—she was a sightly creature to see to—but think ye, if I didna mourn her then, that I can mourn her now? Na, na, I left Teresa wi' the dead corpse and new-born babe, till I gaed up to take the Countess's commands what was to be done. Late as it was, I ca'd her up, and she gar'd me ca' up vour brother-"

"My brother?"

"Yes, Lord Geraldin, e'en your brother, that some said she aye wished to be her heir. At ony rate, he was the person maist concerned in the succession and heritance of the house of Glenallan."

"And is it possible to believe, then, that my brother, out of avarice to grasp at my inheritance, would lend himself to such a base and dreadful stratagem?"

"Your mother believed it," said the old beldam with a

fiendish laugh-"it was nae plot of my making; but what they did or said I will not sae, because I did not hear. Lang and sair they consulted in the black wainscot dressing-room; and when your brother passed through the room where I was waiting, it seemed to me (and I have often thought sae since syne) that the fire of hell was in his cheek and een. But he had left some of it with his mother, at ony rate. She entered the room like a woman demented, and the first words she spoke were, Elspeth Cheyne, did you ever pull a new-budded flower? I answered, as ye may believe, that I often had. 'Then.' said she, 'ye will ken the better how to blight the spurious and heretical blossom that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house—See here;'--(and she gave me a golden bodkin)—'nothing but gold must shed the blood of Glenallan'. This child is already as one of the dead, and since thou and Teresa alone kens that it lives, let it be dealt upon as ye will answer to me!' and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the bodkin in my hand.—Here it is; that and the ring of Miss Neville, are a' I hae preserved of my ill gotten gear—for muckle was the gear I got. And weel hae I keepit the secret, but no for the gowd or gear either."

Her long and bony han I held out to Lord Glenallan a gold bodkin, down which in fancy he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

"Wretch! had you the heart?"

"I kenna if I could have had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trode on; but Teresa and the child were gane—a' that was alive was gane—naething left but the lifeless corpse."

"And did you never learn my infant's fate?"

"I could but guess. I have tauld ye your mother's purpose, and I ken Teresa was a fiend. She was never mair seen in Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her ain land. A dark curtain has fa'en ower the past, and the few that witnessed ony part of it could only surmise something of seduction and suicide. You yourself——"

"I know-I know it all," answered the Earl.

"You indeed know all that I can say—And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?'

"Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man," said the Earl,

turning away.

"And how shall I ask of the pure and unstained what is denied to me by a sinner like myself? If I hae sinned, hae I suffered?—Hae I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since

those lang wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craigburnfoot?—Has not my house been burned, wi' my bairn in the cradle?—Have not my boats been wrecked, when a' others weather'd the gale?—Have not a' that were near and dear to me dree'd penance for my sin?—Has not the fire had its share o' them—the winds had their part—the sea had her part?— And oh!" she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards Heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor—"O that the earth would take her part, that's been lang lang wearying to be joined to it!"

Lord Glenallan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate reprobation. "May God forgive thee, wretched woman," he said, "as sincerely as I do! Turn for mercy to Him who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own! I will

send a religious man."

"Na, na—nae priest! nae priest!" she ejaculated; and the door of the cottage opening as she spoke, prevented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

Still in his dead hand denched remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the limb,
Lopped off and laid in grave, retains, they tell us,
Straugs commerce with the motilated stump,
Whose nerves are twinging still in maimed existence.

OLD PLAY.

THE Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr. Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gatherem. Resisting this temptation, our senior preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Mucklebackit himself. "I am glad," he said in a tone of sympathy—"I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion."

"And what would ye have me to do," answered the fisher

gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beat-

ing as hard as my hammer."

Without taking more notice of old Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labor; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, humnied or whistled,—and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed, that ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill-adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, "There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae mony years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d-d to her!" and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, "Yet what needs ane be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense?—though I am no that muckle better mysell. She's but a rickle o' auld rotten deals nailed thegither, and warped wi' the wind and the sea-and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She mann be mended though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity."

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labor, — but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he said, "Saunders, there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Shavings the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns."

"I thank ye, Monkbarns," answered the poor fisher.; "I am a plain-spoken man, and hae little to say for mysell; I might hae learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighborly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close; and I hae often said, in thae times when they were ganging to raise up the puir folk against the gentles—I hae often said, ne'er a man should steer a hair touching to Monkbarns while Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said Steenie too. And, Monkbarns, when ye laid his head in the grave (and mony thanks for the respect), ye saw the mouls laid on an honest lad that likit you weel, though he made little phrase about it."

Oldbuck, beaten from the pride of his affected cynicism, would not willingly have had anyone by on that occasion to quote to him his favorite maxims of the Stoic philosophy. The large drops fell fast from his own eyes, as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the bravery and generous sentiments of his son, to forbear useless sorrow, and led him by the arm towards his own home, where another scene

awaited our Antiquary.

As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was Lord Glenallan. Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they saluted each other—with haughty reserve on the part of Mr. Oldbuck, and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

"My Lord Glenallan, I think?" said Mr. Oldbuck.

"Yes-much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Oldbuck."

"I do not mean," said the Antiquary, " to intrude upon your

lordship—I only came to see this distressed family."

"And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims

on your compassion."

"My compassion? Lord Glenallan cannot need my compassion. If Lord Glenallan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it."

"Our former acquaintance," said the Earl-

"Is of such ancient date, my lord—was of such short duration, and was connected with circumstances so exquisitely pain-

ful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it."

So saying, the Antiquary turned away, and left the hut; but Lord Glenallan followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty "Good-morning, my lord," requested a few minutes' conversation, and the favor of his advice in an important matter.

"Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your intercourse will be deemed an honor. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of raking up the past events of my useless life;—and forgive me if I say, I have particular pain in reverting to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship like"——He stopped short.

"Like a villain, you would say," said Lord Glenallan-"for

such I must have appeared to you."

"My lord—my lord, I have no desire to hear your shrift,"

said the Antiquary.

"But, sir, if I can show you that I am more sinned against than sinning—that I have been a man miserable beyond the power of description, and who looks forward at this moment to an untimely grave as to a haven of rest, you will not refuse the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment as a hint from Heaven, I venture thus to press on you."

"Assuredly, my lord, I shall shun no longer the continuation

of this extraordinary interview."

"I must then recall to you our occasional meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockwinnock Castle,—and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family."

"The unfortunate Miss Eveline Neville, my lord; I remem-

ber it well."

"Towards whom you entertained sentiments-"

"Very different from those with which I before and since have regarded her sex. Her gentleness, her docility, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed out to her, attached my affections more than became my age—though that was not then much advanced—or the solidity of my character. But I need not remind your lordship of the various modes in which you indulged your gayety at the expense of an awkward and retired student, embarrassed by the expression of feelings so new to him, and I have no doubt that the young lady joined you in the well-deserved ridicule—it is the way of womankind. I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresses and their rejection, that your lordship may be satisfied everything is full in my memory, and may, so far as I am concerned, tell your story without scruple or needless delicacy."

"I will," said Lord Glenallan. "But first let me say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy of women, to suppose she could make

a jest of the honest affection of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my levity at your expense—may I now presume you will excuse the gay freedoms which then offended you?—my state of mind has never since laid me under the necessity of apologizing for the inadverten-

cies of a light and happy temper."

"My lord, you are fully pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck.

"You should be aware, that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which might make her prefer a competent independence and the hand of an honest man—But I am wasting time—I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine!"

"Mr. Oldbuck, you judge harshly."

"Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county—having neither, like some of them, the honor to be connected with your powerful family—nor, like others, the meanness to fear it,—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville's death—I shake you, my lord, but I must be plain—I do own I had every reason to believe that she had met most unfair dealing, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeit marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to stifle and destroy the evidence of a real union. And I cannot doubt in my own mind, that this cruelty on your lordship's part, whether coming of your own free will, or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated."

"You are deceived, Mr. Oldbuck, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the circumstances. Believe me, I respected you even when I was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misfortunes. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I, by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, induced me to join my unhappy mother in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Eveline and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank,—for I feel unable to remain longer standing,—and have the goodness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made."

They sate down accordingly; and Lord Glenallan briefly

marrated his unhappy family history—his concealed marriage the horrible invention by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the arts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville's birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which, for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and vouched by the oaths of her attendants, Teresa and Elspeth. "I left my paternal mansion," he concluded, "as if the furies of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I knew not whither. Nor have I the slightest recollection of what I did or whither I went, until I was discovered by my brother. I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-bed and recovery, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the sharer of my misfortunes, and heard that her despair had found a dreadful remedy for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business; and you will hardly wonder, that, believing what I did believe, I should join in those expedients to stop your investigation, which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnesses of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your zeal. clergyman, therefore, and witnesses, as persons who acted in the matter only to please the powerful heir of Glenallan, were accessible to his promises and threats, and were so provided for that they had no objections to leave this country for an-For myself, Mr. Oldbuck," pursued this unhappy man, "from that moment I considered myself as blotted out of the book of the living, and as having nothing left to do with this My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art even by intimations which I can now interpret as calculated to produce a doubt of the horrible tale she herself had fabricated. But I construed all she said as the fictions of maternal affection. I will forbear all reproach. She is no more—and, as her wretched associate said, she knew not how the dart was poisoned, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her But, Mr. Oldbuck, if ever, during these twenty years, there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me-my sleep has not refreshed me—my devotions have not comforted me—all that is cheering and necessary to man has been to me

converted into poison. The rare and limited intercourse wnich I have held with others has been most odious to me. as if I were bringing the contamination of unnatural and inexpressible guilt among the gay and the innocent. have been moments when I had thoughts of another description -to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers of the traveller in foreign and barbarous climates-to mingle in political intrigue, or to retire to the stern seclusion of the anchorites of our religion;—all these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy, which was mine no longer, after the withering stroke I had received. I vegetated on as I could in the same spot-fancy, feeling, judgment, and health, gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed,—when first the blossoms fade, then the boughs, until its state resembles the decayed and dving trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me?"

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, much affected, "my pity—my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your dismal story is of itself not only an ample excuse for whatever appeared mysterious in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies (and I, my lord, was never of the number) to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honored me, whose opinion can be of little consequence, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, " as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confession which I have heard this day, I need not say that I had no formed plan of consulting you, or anyone, upon affairs the tendency of which I could not even have suspected. But I am without friends, unused to business, and, by long retirement, unacquainted alike with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation; and when, most unexpectedly, I find myself immersed in the matters of which I know least, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence—I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and independent spirit; and there is one circumstance," said he, "which ought to combine us in some degree-our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Eveline, You offered yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortunes. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support."

buck, "so far as my slender ability extends;—and I am honored by the preference, whether it arises from choice, or is prompted by chance. But this is a matter to be ripely considered. May I ask what are your principal views at present?"

"To ascertain the fate of my child," said the Earl, "be the consequences what they may, and to do justice to the honor of Eveline, which I have only permitted to be suspected to avoid discovery of the yet more horrible taint to which I was made to believe it liable."

"And the memory of your mother?"

"Must bear its own burden," answered the Earl with a sigh: better that she were justly convicted of deceit, should that be found necessary, than that others should be unjustly accused of crimes so much more dreadful."

"Then, my lord," said Oldbuck, "our first business must be to put the information of the old woman, Elspeth, into a regular

and authenticated form."

"That," said Lord Glenallan, "will be at present, I fear, impossible. She is exhausted herself, and surrounded by her distressed family. To-morrow, perhaps, when she is alone—and yet I doubt, from her imperfect sense of right and wrong, whether she would speak out in anyone's presence but my own.

I am too sorely fatigued."

"Then, my lord," said the Antiquary, whom the interest of the moment elevated above points of expense and convenience, which had generally more than enough of weight with him, "I would propose to your lordship, instead of returning, fatigued as you are, so far as to Glenallan House, or taking the more uncomfortable alternative of going to a bad inn at Fairport, to alarm all the busybodies of the town—I would propose, I say, that you should be my guest at Monkbarns for this night. By to-morrow these poor people will have renewed their out-of-doors vocation—for sorrow with them affords no respite from labor,—and we will visit the old woman Elspeth alone, and take down her examination."

After a formal apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenallan agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Girnel, a legend which Mr. Oldbuck was never known to spare anyone who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddle-horses and a servant in black, which servant had holsters on his saddle-bow, and a coronet upon the holsters, created a general commo-

tion in the house of Monkbarns. Jenny Rintherout, scarce recovered from the hysterics which she had taken on hearing of poor Steenie's misfortune, chased about the turkeys and poultry, cackled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half too many. Miss Griselda made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wilfulness of her brother, who had occasioned such devastation, by suddenly bringing in upon them a papist nobleman. And she ventured to transmit to Mr. Blattergowl some hint of the unusual slaughter which had taken place in the basse-cour, which brought the honest clergyman to inquire how his friend Monkbarns had got home, and whether he was not the worse of being at the funeral, at a period so near the ringing of the bell for dinner, that the Antiquary had no choice left but to invite him to stay and bless the meat. Miss M'Intyre had on her part some curiosity to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an eastern caliph or sultan is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person, of whose unsocial habits and stern manners so many stories were told, that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper was no less flustered and hurried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress, concerning preserves, pastry and fruit, the mode of marshalling and dishing the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the melted butter to run to oil, and the danger of allowing Juno-who, though formally banished from the parlor, failed not to maraud about the out-settlements of the family—to enter the kitchen.

The only inmate of Monkbarns who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Hector M'Intyre, who cared no more for an Earl than he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit, as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harbored any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his satire upon the subject of his gallant but un-

successful single combat with the phoca, or seal.

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenallan, who underwent, with meek and subdued civility, the prosing speeches of the honest divine, and the lengthened apologies of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, which her brother in vain endeavored to abridge. Before the dinner hour, Lord Glenallan requested permission to retire a while to his chamber, Mr. Oldbuck accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

"I think," at length he observed, "I think, Mr. Oldbuck,

that I have been in this apartment before."

"Yes, my lord," answered Oldbuck, "upon occasion of an excursion hither from Knockwinnock—and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied these lines from Chaucer, which now form the motto of the tapestry."

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect. She excelled me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else; and it is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbuck, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such

a wretch as I am."

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own, and drawing the other across his shaggy eyelashes, as if to brush away a mist that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

Clows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
"Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaffed,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy;
Wine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and doll, and tasteless, only solling,
With its base dregs, the vessel that contains it.
OLD PLAY.

Now, only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Blattergowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yerl into our house without speaking a word to a body! And there's the distress of thae Mucklebackits—we canna get a fin o' fish—and we hae nae time to send ower to Fairport for beef, and the mutton's but new killed—and that silly fliskmahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has taen the exies, and done naething but laugh and greet, the skirl at the tail o' the guffaw, for two days successfully—and now we maun ask that strange man, that's as grand and as grave as the Yerl himsell, to stand at the side board! and I canna gang into the kitchen to direct onything.

for he's hovering there, making some pousowdie for my Lord, for he doesna eat like ither folk neither—And how to sert the strange servant man at dinner time—I am sure, Mr. Blatter-

gowl, a'thegither, it passes my judgment."

"Truly, Miss Griselda," replied the divine, "Mont barns was inconsiderate. He should have taen a day to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's condescendence in the process of valuation and sale. But the great man could not have come on a sudden to ony house in this parish where he could have been better served with vivers—that I must say—and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifiying to my nostrils;—and if ye have ony household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Griselda, never make a stranger of me—I can amuse mysell very weel with the larger copy of Erskine's Institutes."

And taking down from the window-seat that amusing folio (the Scottish Coke upon Littleton), he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, "of Teinds or Tythes." and was presently deeply wrapped up in an abstruse discussion

concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenallan, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board, surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating po-Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt the sorrows as a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to The bluntness of Oldbuck, the tiresome apologetic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savored much more of the camp than of the court, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasing. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had justly said, it was impossible

^{*} Powowdie, -- Miscellaneous mess.

to surprise Miss Griselda when her larder was empty), and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allurements of both. His servant placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselda, arranged with the most minute and scrupulous neatness. He ate sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain-head, completed his repast. Such, his servant said, had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenallan House, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkbarns, no anchoret could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of

his regimen.

"A few half-cold greens and potatoes—a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down—antiquity gives no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a hospitium, a place of retreat for Christians; but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Pythagorean, or Indian Bramin—nay, more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples."

"I am a Catholic, you are aware," said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our

church---"

"Lays down many rules of mortification," proceeded the dauntless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised—Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girnel, or the jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this

apple, my lord."

And as he pared the fruit, in spite of his sister's "O fie, Monkbarns!" and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the fame of the abbot's apple with more slyness and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest (as may readily be conceived) missed fire, for this anecdote of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldbuck then took up the subject of Ossian, Macpherson, and MacCribb; but Lord Glenallan had never so much as heard of any

of the three, so little conversant had he been with modern libe erature. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging. or of falling into the hands of Mr. Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the formidable word, "teind-free," when the subject of the French Revolution was started—a political event on which Lord Glenallan looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and zealous aristocrat. Oldbuck was far from carrying his detestation of its principles to such a length.

"There were many men in the first Constituent Assembly," he said, "who held sound Whiggish doctrines, and were for settling the Constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people. And if a set of furious madmen were now in possession of the government, it was," he continued, "what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state resembles an agitated pendulum which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpendicular station. it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet sweeps away stagnant and unwholesome vapors, and repays, in future health and fertility, its immediate desolation and ravage."

The Earl shook his head; but having neither spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncon-

tested.

This discussion served to introduce the young soldier's experiences; and he spoke of the actions in which he had been engaged, with modesty, and at the same time with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred up, like others of his house, in the opinion that the heade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ

them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

"What would I give," said he apart to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room, "what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman !-He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him; but with what zeal and animation he expresses himself—how fond of his profession—how loud in the praise of others—how modest when speaking of himself!"

"Hector is much obliged to you, my lord," replied his uncle, gratified, yet not so much so as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; "I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the sergeant of his company, when

he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the vivacity of his character. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional vehemence, which attends him in everything he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him to-day engage in an animated contest with a phoca, or seal (sealgh, our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural gh), with as much vehemence as if he had fought against Dumourier—Marry, my lord, the phoca had the better, as the said Dumourier had of some other folks. And he'll talk with equal if not superior rapture of the good behavior of a pointer bitch, as of the plan of a campaign."

"He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds,"

said the Earl, "if he is so fond of that exercise."

"You will bind him to you, my lord," said Monkbarna, "body and soul: give him leave to crack off his birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moor fowl, and he's yours for-ever—I will enchant him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could have seen my phænix Lovel!—the very prince and chieftain of the youth of this age; and not destitute of spirit either—I promise you he gave my termagant kinsman a quid pro quo—a Rowland for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Charlemagne."

After coffee, Lord Glenallan requested a private interview

with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

"I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," he said, "to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for Glenallan House has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from."

"Let me first ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what

are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"I wish most especially," answered Lord Glenallan, "to declare my luckless marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Eveline—that is, if you see a possibility of doing

so without making public the conduct of my mother."

"Suum cuique tribuito," said the Antiquary; "do right to everyone. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother, than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly op

posed the match. All—forgive me, my lord—all who ever heard of the late Countess of Glenallan, will learn that without much surprise."

"But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr. Oldbuck,"

said the Earl, in an agitated voice.

"I am not aware of it," replied the Antiquary.

"The fate of the infant—its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful surmises which may be drawn from my conversation with Elspeth."

"If you would have my free opinion, my lord," answered Mr. Oldbuck, "and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained, by my former inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Craigburnfoot in a carriage and four by your brother Edward Geraldine Neville, whose journey towards England with these companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family compact to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatize with illegitimacy, out of that country where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stained with shame yet more indelible, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly from regard to the honor of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighborhood of the Lady Glenallan."

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair.—The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for remedies; but his museum, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless matters, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's salts, he could not help giving a constitutional growl of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into an hospital for a wounded duellist, and now into the sick chamber of a dying nobleman. "And yet," said he, "I have always kept aloof from the soldiery and the peerage. My conditium has only next to be made a lying-in hospital, and then, I trow, the transformation will be complete."

When he returned with the remedy, Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. "You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck—

for you are capable of thinking, which I am not-you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible—my child may

vet live?"

"I think," said the Antiquary, "it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonorable; nor is it possible, that if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant, as I will prove to your lordship he did."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his ancestor Aldobrand, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribbon, and labelled.—Examinations, etc., taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J. P., upon the 18th of February, 17-; a little under was written, in a small hand, Eheu Evelina! The tears dropped fast from the Earl's eyes, as he endeavored, in vain, to unfasten the knot which secured these documents.

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make inquiry among his servants and retainers, so as to hear where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall

be still alive."

"I dare hardly hope it," said the Earl, with a deep sigh.

"Why should my brother have been silent to me?"

"Nay, my lord, why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being whom you must have supposed the offspring of-"

"Most true—there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If anything, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghastly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of

misery existed."

"Then," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive because he was not destroyed in infancy, I own I think you should instantly set on foot inquiries."

"It shall be done," replied Lord Glenallan, catching eagerly at the hope held out to him, the first he had nourished for many years ;- "I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville-But, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir."

"Indeed !—I am sorry for that, my lord—it is a noble estate;

and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's-Burgh alone, which are the most superb relics of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenallan; "but my brother adopted views in politics, and a form of religion, alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently observant to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence—for if worldly possessions could alleviate misery. I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it, if it throws any difficulty in the way of our inquiries—and I bethink me that it may; for in case of my having a lawful son of my body, and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entailed upon my son. It is not therefore likely that this heir, be he who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice.

"And in all probability the steward your lordship mentions

is also in his service," said the Antiquary.

"It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant—how far it is safe to intrust him——"

"I should hope, my lord," said Oldbuck gravely, "that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My ancestor, Aldobrand Oldbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can show by the original edition now in this house."

"I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the Earl, "nor did I speak out of bigotry or intolerance; but probably the Protestant steward will favor the Protestant beir rather than the Catholic—if, indeed, my son has been bred

in his father's faith—or, alas! if indeed he yet lives."

"We must look close into this," said Oldbuck, "before committing ourselves. I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Saxon horn that is preserved in the Minster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the first line of the inscription. I will write forthwith to this gentleman, Dr. Dryasdust, and be particular in my inquiries concerning the character, etc., of your brother's heir, of the gentleman employed in his affairs, and what else may be likely to further

your lordship's inquiries. In the mean time your lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered?"

"Unquestionably," replied the Earl: "the witnesses, who were formerly withdrawn from your research, are still living. My tutor, who solemnized the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for loyalty, legitimacy, and

religion."

"That's one lucky consequence of the French revolution, my lord—you must allow that, at least," said Oldbuck: "but no offence; I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice—If you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary; for as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance;—use makes perfect—and the corps that is most frequently drilled upon the parade, will be most prompt in its exercise, upon the day of battle. And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly read to your lord-ship, in order to pass away the time betwixt and supper——"

"I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements," said Lord Glenallan, "but I never taste anything after sunset."

"Nor I either, my lord," answered his host, "notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients. But then I dine differently from your lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispense with those elaborate entertainments which my womankind (that is, my sister and niece, my lord) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own housewifery than the accommodation of our wants. However, a broiled bone, or a smoked haddock, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own curing, with a toast and a tankard—or something or other of that sort, to close the orifice of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship's."

"My no-supper is literal, Mr. Oldbuck; but I will attend

you at your meal with pleasure."

"Well, my lord," replied the Antiquary, "I will endeavor to entertain your ears at least, since I cannot banquet your palate. What I am about to read to your lordship relates to the upland glens."

Lord Glenallan, though he would rather have recurred to the subject of his own uncertainties, was compelled to make a sign

of rueful civility and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and after premising that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight essay upon castrametation, which had been read with indulgence at several societies of Antiquaries, he commenced as follows: "The subject, my lord, is the hill-fort of Quickens bog, with the site of which your lordship is doubtless familiar—it is upon your storefarm of Mantanner, in the barony of Clochnaben."

"I think I have heard the names of these places," said the

Earl, in answer to the Antiquary's appeal.

"Heard the name? and the farm brings him six hundred

a-year-O Lord!"

Such was the scarce-subdued ejaculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to read his essay with an audible voice, in great glee at having secured a patient, and, as he fondly hoped, an interested hearer.

"Quickens-bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant Quicken, by which, Scottice, we understand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the Triticum repens of Linnaus, and the common English monosyllable Bog, by which we mean, in popular language, a march or morass—in Latin, Palus. confound the rash adopters of the more obvious etymological derivations, to learn that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak scientifically, the Triticum ripens of Linnæus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this castrum or hill-fort, whose ramparts are uniformly clothed with short verdant turf; and that we must seek a bog or palus at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of Gird-the-mear, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, bog, is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the Saxon Burgh, which we find in the various transmutations of Burgh, Burrow, Brough, Bruff, Buff, and Boff, which last approaches very near the sound in question—since, supposing the word to have been originally borgh, which is the genuine Saxon spelling, a slight change, such as modern organs too often make upon ancient sounds, will produce first Bogh, and then, elisa H, or compromising and sinking the guttural, agreeable to the common vernacular practice, you have either Boff or Bog as it happens. The word Quickens requires in like manner to be altered,—decomposed, as it were,—and reduced to its original and genuine sound, ere we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the Ou into Wh, familiar to the tudest tyro who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either Whilkens, or Whichensborgh—put we may suppose,

by way of question, as if those who imposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, 'To whom did this fortress belong?'—Or, it might be, Whackens-burgh, from the Saxon Whacken, to strike with the hand, as doubtless the skirmishers near a place of such apparent consequence must have legitimated such a derivation," etc., etc., etc., etc.

I will be more merciful to my readers than Oldbuck was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Glenallan were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the

uttermost.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer bare,
Age like winter bare.
SHAKESPEARE

In the morning of the following day, the Antiquary, who was something of a sluggard, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxon. "What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid safe by his pillow—"what's the matter now, Caxon?—it can't be eight o'clock yet."

"Na, sir,—but my lord's man sought me out, for he fan cies me your honor's valley-de-sham,—and sae I am, there's nae doubt o't, baith your honor's and the minister's—at least ye hae nae other that I ken o'—and I gie a help to Sir Arthur too,

but that's mair in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well—never mind that," said the Antiquary—"happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as you call it—But why

disturb my morning's rest?"

"Ou, sir, the great man's been up since peep o'day, and he's steered the town to get awa an express to fetch his carriage, and it will be here briefly, and he wad like to see your honor afore he gaes awa."

"Gadso!" ejaculated Oldbuck, "these great men use one's house and time as if they were their own property. Well, it's once and away. Has Jenny come to her senses yet, Caxon?"

"Troth, sir, but just middling," replied the barber; "she's been in a swither about the jocolate this morning, and was like to hae toomed it a' out into the slap-bason, and drank it hersel' in her ecstacies—but she's won ower wi't, wi' the belp o' Miss M'Intyre."

"Then all my womankind are on foot and scrambling, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house—Lend me my gown. And what are the news

at Fairport?"

"Ou, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord," answered the old man, "that hasna been ower the doorstane, they threep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news of his coming to visit your honor?"

"Aha!" said Monkbarns; "and what do they say of that,

Caxon?"

"'Deed, sir, they have various opinions. That fallows, that are the democraws, as they ca' them, that are again' the king and the law, and hairpowder and dressing o' gentlemen's wigs—a wheen blackguards—they say he's come down to speak wi' your honor about bringing down his hill lads and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People;—and when I said your honor never meddled wi' the like o' sic things where there was like to be straiks and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your nevoy did, and that he was weel ken'd to be a kingsman that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yerl was to bring out the men and the siller."

"Come," said the Antiquary, laughing-"I am glad the war

is to cost me nothing but counsel."

"Na, na," said Čaxon—"naebody thinks your honor wad either fight yoursell, or gie ony feck o' siller to ony side o' the question."

"Umph! well, that's the opinion of the democraws, as you

call them—What say the rest o' Fairport?"

"In troth," said the candid reporter, "I canna say it's muckle better. Captain Coquet, of the volunteers—that's him that's to be the new collector,—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and a' Blue Club, are just saving it's no right to let papists, that hae sae mony French friends as the Yerl of Glenallan, gang through the country, and—but your honor will maybe be angry?"

"Not I, Caxon," said Oldbuck; "fire away as if you were

Captain Coquet's whole platoon—I can stand it."

"Weel then, they say, sir, that as ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and wadna petition in favor of the new tax, and as you were again' bringing in the yeomanry at the meal mob, but just for settling the folk wi' the constables—they say ye're no a gude friend to government; and that thae sort o' meetings between sic a powerfu' man as the Yerl, and sic a wise man as you,—Od they think they suld be lookit after; and some say ye should baith be shankit aff till Edinburgh Castle."

"On my word," said the Antiquary, "I am infinitely obliged to my neighbors for their good opinion of me! And so I, that have never interfered with their bickerings, but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to commit high treason, either against King or People?—Give me my coat, Caxon—give me my coat;—it's lucky I live not in their report. Have you heard anything of Taffril and his vessel?"

Caxon's countenance fell.—"Na, sir, and the winds hae been high, and this is a fearfu' coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales,—the headlands rin sae far out, that a veshel's embayed afore I could sharp a razor; and then there's nae harbor or city of refuge on our coast—a' craigs and breakers;—a veshel that rins ashore wi' us flees asunder like the powther when I shake the pluff—and it's as ill to gather ony o't again. I aye tell my daughter thae things when she grows wearied for a letter frae Lieutenant Taffril—It's aye an apology for him. Ye sudna blame him, says I, hinny, for ye little ken what may hae happened."

"Ay, ay, Caxon, thou art as good a comforter as a valet-dechambre.—Give me a white stock, man,—d'ye think I can go down with a handkerchief about my neck when I have com-

pany?"

"Dear sir, the Captain says a three-nookit hankercher is the maist fashionable overlay, and that stocks belang to your honor and me that are auld warld folk. I beg pardon for mentioning us twa thegither, but it was what he said."

"The Captain's a puppy, and you are a goose, Caxon."

"It's very like it may be sae," replied the acquiescent bar-

ber: "I am sure your honor kens best."

Before breakfast, Lord Glenallan, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the exertions of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution instantly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Eveline Neville, which Elspeth had stated to be in his mother's possession.

"And yet, Mr. Oldbuck," he said, "I feel like a man who receives important tidings ere he is yet fully awake, and doubt whether they refer to actual life, or are not rather a continuation of his dream. This woman—this Elspeth,—she is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to dotage. Have I not—it is a hideous question—have I not been hasty in the admission of her present evidence, against that which she

formerly gave me to a very-very different purpose?"

Mr. Oldbuck paused a moment, and then answered with firmness—"No, my lord; I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has told you last, from no apparent impulse but the urgency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself, and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred; and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible, in a formal manner. We thought of setting about this together. But it will be a relief to your lordship, and moreover have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this—at least I will attempt it, so soon as I shall see her in a favorable state of mind to undergo an examination."

Lord Glenallan wrung the Antiquary's hand in token of grateful acquiescence." "I cannot express to you," he said, "Mr Oldbuck, how much your countenance and co-operation in this dark and most melancholy business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness in discharge of your duty as a magistrate, and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever the issue of these matters may prove,—and I would fain hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light,—but whatsoever be the issue, you have laid my family and me under the most last-

ing obligation."

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, "I must necessarily

have the greatest respect for your lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from Aymer de Geraldin, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who by the less vouched, yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marmor of Clochnaben. Yet, with all my veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your lordship what assistance is in my limited power, from sincere sympathy with your sorrows, and detestation at the frauds which have so long been practised upon you.—But, my lord, the matin meal is, I see, now prepared—Permit me to show your lordship the way through the intricacies of my comobitium, which is rather a combination of cells, jostled oddly together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. I trust you will make yourself some amends for the spare diet of yesterday."

But this was no part of Lord Glenallan's system. Having saluted the company with the grave and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manners, his servant placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fair water, being the fare on which he usually broke his fast. While the morning's meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was despatched in much more substantial manner, the noise of wheels was heard.

"Your lordship's carriage, I believe," said Oldbuck, stepping to the window. "On my word, a handsome quadriga,—for such, according to the best scholium, was the vox signata of the Romans for a chariot which, like that of your lordship,

was drawn by four horses."

"And I will venture to say," cried Hector, eagerly gazing from the window, "that four handsomer or better-matched bays never were put in harness—What fine forehands!—what capital chargers they would make!—Might I ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?"

"I—I—rather believe so," said Lord Glenallan; "but I have been so negligent of my domestic matters, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert" (looking at the

domestic).

"They are of your lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, got by Mad Tom out of Jemina and Yarico, your lordship's brood mares."

"Are there more of the set?" said Lord Glenallan.

"Two, my lord,—one rising four, the other five off this grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Dawkins bring them down to Monkbarns to-mor

row," said the Earl-" I hope Captain M'Intyre will accept

them, if they are at all fit for service."

Captain M'Intyre's eyes sparkled, and he was profuse in grateful acknowledgments; while Oldbuck, on the other hand, seizing the Earl's sleeve, endeavored to intercept a present

which boded no good to his corn-chest and hay-loft.

"My lord—my lord—much obliged—much obliged—But Hector is a pedestrian, and never mounts on horseback in battle—he is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of their being car-borne—and that, my lord, is what is running in Hector's head—it is the vehicular, not the equestrian exercise which he envies—

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum Collegisse juvat.

His noddle is running on a curricle, which he has neither money to buy, nor skill to drive if he had it; and I assure your lord-ship, that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duels, whether with human foe or with my friend the phoca."

"You must command us all at present, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl politely; "but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him

pleasure."

"Anything useful, my lord," said Oldbuck, "but no curriculum—I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a quadriga at once—And now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise from Fairport come jingling here for ?—I did not send for it."

"I did, sir," said Hector, rather sulkily, for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended generosity, nor particularly inclined to relish either the disparagement which he cast upon his skill as a charioteer or the mortifying allusion to his bad success in the adventures of the duel and the seal.

"You did, sir?" echoed the Antiquary, in answer to his concise information. "And pray, what may be your business with a post-chaise? Is this splendid equipage—this biga, as I may call it—to serve for an introduction to a quadriga or a

curriculum ?"

"Really, sir," replied the young soldier, "if it be necessary to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Fairport on a little business."

"Will you permit me to inquire into the nature of that business, Hector?" answered his uncle, who loved the exercise of a little brief authority over his relative. "I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the sergeant—an honest gentleman, who is so good as to make Monkbarns his home since his arrival among us—I should, I say, suppose that he may transact any business of yours, without your spending a day's pay on two dog-horses, and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked glass, and leather—such a skeleton of a post-chaise, as that before the door."

"It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and, since you insist upon knowing, I must inform you Caxon has brought word this morning that old Ochiltree, the beggar, is to be brought up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for trial; and I'm going to see that the poor old fellow gets fair play—that's all."

"Ay?—I heard something of this, but could not think it serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be every man's second on all occasions of strife, civil or military, by land, by water, or on the sea-beach, what is your especial

concern with old Edie Ochiltree?"

"He was a soldier in my father's company, sir," replied Hector; "and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish thing one day, he interfered to prevent me, and gave me almost as much good advice, sir, as you could have done yourself."

"And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it eh, Hector?—Come, confess it was thrown away."

"Indeed it was, sir; but I see no reason that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

"Bravo, Hector! that's the most sensible thing ever I heard you say. But always tell me your plans without reserve;—why, I will go with you myself, man. I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrape much more effectually than you can do. Besides, it will save thee half-aguinea, my lad—a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes."

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies, when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too animated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the placable tone of the Antiquary expressed amity. Having received a brief account of the mendicant, and

of the accusation brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Dousterswivel, Lord Clenallan asked, whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly?—He was answered in the affirmative.

"Had he not," continued his Lordship, "a coarse blue coat, or gown, with a badge?—was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with gray beard and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of ease and independence, which formed a strong contrast to his profession?"

"All this is an exact picture of the man," returned Oldbuck.

"Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, "although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement, when he is extri-

cated from his present situation."

"I fear, my lord," said Oldbuck, "he would have difficulty in reconciling his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty, at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher, as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that I suppose he was never ill dined or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of revels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine;—I promise you he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenallan, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for sporting, which was joyously accepted. "I can only add," he said, "that if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glenallan House is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartment, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Gladsmoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glenallan House, and over the well-protected moors of Clochnaben-nay, joy of joys! the deer-forest of Strath-Bonnel-made many acknowledgments of the honor and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M'Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Griselda Oldbuck looked forward with glee to the potting of whole bags of moorfowl and black-game, of which Mr. Blattergowl was a professed admirer. Thus,—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging,—all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired But the panegyric was cut short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Fairport hack, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a canter, creaked, fingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity and smoothness with which Lord Glenallan's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Yes! I love justice well—as well as you do— But since the good dame's blind, she shall excess use If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb;— The breath I utter now shall be no means To take away from me my breath in future.

By dint of charity from the town's-people in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Ochiltree had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less, as the weather proved broken and rainy.

"The prison," he said, "wasna sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd. Ye had aye a good roof ower your head to fend aff the weather, and, if the windows werena glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk enow to crack wi', and he had bread eneugh to eat, and what need he fash himsell about the rest o't?"

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to abate, when the sunbeams shone fair on the rusty bars of this

grated dungeon, and a miserable linnet, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began

to greet them with his whistle.

"Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, "for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the bonny burnsides and green shaws that I should hae been dandering beside in weather like this. But hae—there's some crumbs t'ye, an ye are sae merry; and truth ye hae some reason to sing an ye kent it, for your cage comes by nae fault o' your ain, and I may thank mysell that I am closed up in this weary place."

Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice. The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, "Eh! see sic a gray-haired man as that is, to have committed a highway robbery, wi' ae fit in the grave!"—And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and sport, Puggie Orrock and Jock Ormston, on having a prisoner as old as themselves.

Thus marshalled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Bailie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall portly magistrate, on whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance;—otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

"Bring him in! bring him in!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word these are awful and unnatural times! the very bedesmen and retainers of his Majesty are the first to break his laws. Here has been an old Blue-Gown committing robbery—I suppose the next will reward the royal charity which supplies him with his garb, pension, and begging license, by engaging in high-treason, or sedition at least—But bring him in."

Edie made his obeisance, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general questions, which respected only his name and calling, the mendicant answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having caused his clerk to take down these particulars, began to inquire whereabout the mendi-

cant was on the night when Dousterswivel met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. "Can ye tell me now, Bailie, you that understands the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony o' your questions?"

"Good?—no good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me

to set you at liberty."

"But it seems mair reasonable to me now, that you, Bailie, or onybody that has onything to say against me, should prove

my guilt, and no to be bidding me prove my innocence."

I don't sit here," answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Ringan Aikwood, the forester's, upon the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember,"

replied the cautious bedesman.

"Or whether, in the course of that day or night," continued the magistrate, "you saw Steven, or Steenie, Mucklebackit? you knew him, I suppose?"

"O, brawlie did I ken Steenie, puir fallow," replied the prisoner; -- "but I canna condeshend on ony particular time I

have seen him lately."

"Were you at the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course

of that evening?"

"Bailie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honor's pleasure, we'll cut a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye, I am no minded to answer ony o' that questions—I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth

he might be brought to trouble."

"Na, na," said Ochiltree, "I'll no hae that set down as ony part o' my answer-but I just meant to say, that in a' my memory and practice, I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions."

"Write down," said the Bailie, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions.

the declarant refuses---"

"Na, na, Bailie," reiterated Edie, "ye are no to come in on me that gait neither."

"Dictate the answer yourself then, friend," said the magistrate, "and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth."

"Ay, ay," said Edie-" that's what I ca' fair play; I'se do

that without loss o' time. Sae, neighbor, ye may just write down, that Edie Ochiltree, the declarant, stands up for the liberty—na, I maunna say that neither—I am nae liberty-boy—I hae fought again' them in the riots in Dublin—besides, I have ate the King's bread mony a day. Stay, let me see. Ay—write that Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, stands up for the prerogative—(see that ye spell that word right—it's a lang ane)—for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and winna answer a single word that sall be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for't. Put down that, young man."

"Then, Edie," said the magistrate, "since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison

till you shall be delivered in due course of law."

"Aweel, sir, if it's Heaven's will and man's will, nae doubt I maun submit," replied the mendicant, "I hae nae great objection to the prison, only that a body canna win out o't; and if it wad please you as weel, Bailie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the Circuit, or in ony other court ye like, on ony day ye are pleased to appoint."

"I rather think, my good friend," answered Bailie Littlejohn, "your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. If you could give me sufficient security,

indeed-"

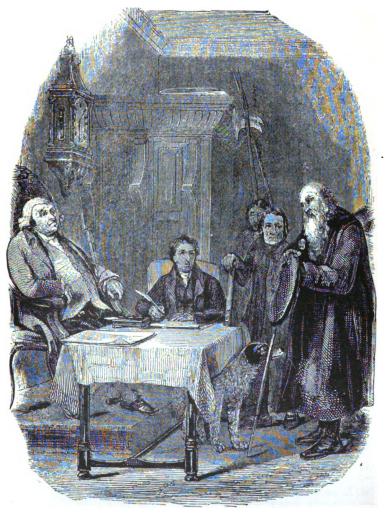
At this moment the Antiquary and Captain M'Intyre entered the apartment.—"Good-morning to you, gentlemen," said the magistrate; "you find me toiling in my usual vocation—looking after the iniquities of the people—laboring for the respublica, Mr. Oldbuck—serving the King our master, Captain M'Intyre,—for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword?"

"It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless," answered the Antiquary;—"but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Bailie, especially as you have them ready

in the warehouse."

"Very good, Monkbarns—excellent! But I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier—indeed I should rather say the musket and bayonet—there they stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet—a slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra; I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M'Intyre, if he follows the regulations correctly—he brings us but awkwardly to the present." And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.





BEFORE THE JUSTICE

"I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Bailie," replied Mr. Oldbuck; "and I dare say Hector will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress in this new calling. Why, you rival the Hecaté of the ancients, my good sir—a merchant on the Mart, a magistrate in the Townhouse, a soldier on the Links—quid non pro patria? But my business is with the justice; so let commerce and war go slumber."

"Well, my good sir," said the Bailie, "and what commands

have you for me?"

"Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your myrmidons have mewed up in jail on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Dousterswivel, of whose accusation I do not believe one word."

The magistrate here assumed a very grave countenance. "You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery, as well as assault—a very serious matter indeed; it is

not often such criminals come under my cognizance."

"And," replied Oldbuck, "you are tenacious of the opportunity of making the very most of such as occur. But is this

poor old man's case really so very bad?"

"It is rather out of rule," said the Bailie—"but as you are in the commission, Monkbarns, I have no hesitation to show you Dousterswivel's declaration, and the rest of the precognition." And he put the papers into the Antiquary's hands, who assumed his spectacles, and sat down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers, in the mean time, had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so, M'Intyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie, and to slip a

guinea into his hand.

"Lord bless your honor!" said the old man; "it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wi' an auld ane. I'se no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for if they steek me up here, my friends are like eneugh to forget me—out o' sight out o' mind, is a true proverb; and it wadna be creditable for me, that am the king's bedesman, and entitled to beg by word of mouth, to be fishing for bawbees out at the jail window wi' the fit o' a stocking and a string." As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr. Dousterswivel's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained, and also of his

loss.

"But what I should have liked to have asked him," said Monkbarns, "would have been his purpose in frequenting the

ruins of St. Ruth, so lonely a place, at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Ochiltree. There is no road lies that way, and I do not conceive a mere passion for the picturesque would carry the German thither in such a night of storm and wind. Depend upon it, he has been about some roguery, and in all probability hath been caught in a trap of his own setting

-Nec lex justitior ulla."

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not pressing Dousterswivel, as his declaration was voluntarily emitted. But for the support of the main charge, he showed the declaration of the Aikwoods concerning the state in which Dousterswivel was found, and establishing the important fact that the mendicant had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations, that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Ruth as the funeral approached, and who, it was supposed, might have been pillaging some of the ornaments prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavorable for riding, but had at length fairly lodged them both in Mucklebackit's cottage. And one of the men added, that "he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse, and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Gown and young Steenie Mucklebackit, with others, eating and drinking in the inside, and also observed the said Steenie Mucklebackit show a pocket-book to the others; -and declarant has no doubt that Ochiltree and Steenie Mucklebackit were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned." And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares, "he had no warrant so to do; and that as Mucklebackit and his family were understood to be rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs, Causa scientia patet. which he declares to be truth," etc.

"What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?" said the magistrate, when he had observed the Anti-

quary had turned the last leaf.

"Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own I should say it looked, prima facie, a little ugly; but I cannot allow anybody to be in the wrong for beating Dousterswivel—Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your warlike genius, Bailie, I should have done it myself long ago.

He is nebulo nebulonum, an impudent, fraudulent, mendacious quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery, and my neighbor Sir Arthur, God knows how much. And besides, Bailie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to Government."

"Indeed?" said Bailie Littlejohn; "if I thought that, it

would alter the question considerably."

"Right—for, in beating him," observed Oldbuck, "the bedesman must have shown his gratitude to the king by thumping his enemy; and robbing him, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this interview in the ruins of St. Ruth had relation to politics,—and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth, was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a seditious club?"

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the idea, "you hit my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of sifting such a matter to the bottom!—Don't you think we had better call out the volun-

teers, and put them on duty?"

"Not just yet, while *podagra* deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me examine Ochiltree?"

"Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an honester man than he is."

"Well, but, Bailie," continued Oldbuck, "you have no ob-

jection to let me try him?"

"None in the world, Monkbarns. I hear the sergeant below—I'll rehearse the manual in the meanwhile. Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below—it makes less noise there when we ground arms." And so exit the martial magistrate, with his maid behind him bearing his weapons.

"A good squire that wench for a gouty champion," observed Oldbuck.—" Hector, my lad, hook on, hook on—Go with him, boy—keep him employed, man, for half-an hour or so—butter him with some warlike terms—praise his dress and address."

Captain M'Intyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those citizen soldiers who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing that he should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn; and that to see an old gouty shop-keeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

"It may be so, Hector," said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down—"it may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the suitors in a small-debt court, where parties plead in person, for lack of cash to retain the professed heroes of the bar. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the acuteness and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other, we may manage to make shift with our hearts and muskets, though we shall lack some of the discipline of you martinets."

"I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if they will but allow me to be

quiet," said Hector, rising with dogged reluctance.

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed," said his uncle, "whose ardor for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a

poor phoca sleeping upon the beach!"

But Hector, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusions to the foil he had sustained from the fish, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage, Gransing I knew all that you charge me with. What though the tomb hath borne a second birth, And given the wealth to one that knew not on't, Yet fair exchange was never robbery, Far less pure bounty—

OLD PLAY.

THE Antiquary, in order to avail himself of the permission given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Ochiltree was detained, than to make the examination appear formal by bringing him again into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect, large tears found their way, as if unconsciously, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his whole posture and mien indicated patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and roused him out of his musing by saying kindly, "I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter."

The mendicant started, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his gown, and endeavoring to recover his usual tone of indifference and jocularity, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, "I might weel hae judged, Monkbarns, it was you, or the like o' you, was coming in to disturb me—for it's ae great advantage o' prisons and courts o' justice, that ye may greet your een out an ye like, and nane o' the folk that's concerned about them will ever ask you what it's for."

"Well, Edie," replied Oldbuck, "I hope your present

cause of distress is not so bad but it may be removed."

"And I had hoped, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant, in a tone of reproach, "that ye had ken'd me better than to think that this bit trifling trouble o' my ain wad bring tears into my auld een, that hae seen far different kind o' distress.—Na, na!—But here's been the puir lass, Caxon's daughter, seeking comfort, and has gotten unco little—there's been nae speerings o' Taffril's gunbrig since the last gale; and folk report on the key that a king's ship had struck on the Reef of Rattray, and a' hands lost—God forbid! for as sure as you live, Monkbarns, the puir lad Lovel, that ye liked sae weel, must have perished."

"God forbid indeed!" echoed the Antiquary, turning pale—"I would rather Monkbarns House were on fire. My poor dear friend and coadjutor! I will down to the quay instantly."

"I'm sure ye'll learn naething mair than I hae tauld ye, sir," said Ochiltree, "for the officer-folk here were very civil (that is, for the like o' them), and lookit up a' their letters and authorities, and could throw nae light on't either ae way of another."

"It can't be true! it shall not be true!" said the Antiquary, "And I won't believe it if it were!—Taffril's an excellent seaman, and Lovel (my poor Lovel!) has all the qualities of a safe and pleasant companion by land or by sea—one, Edie, whom, from the ingenuousness of his disposition, I would choose, did I ever go a sea-voyage (which I never do, unless across the ferry), fragilem mecum solvere phaselum, to be the companion of my risk, as one against whom the elements could nourish no vengeance. No, Edie, it is not, and cannot be true—it is a fiction of the idle jade Rumor, whom I wish hanged with her trumpet about her neck, that serves only with its screech-owl tones to fright honest folks out of their senses.—Let me know how you got into this scrape of your own."

"Are ye axing me as a magistrate, Monkbarns, or is it just

for your ain satisfaction?"

"For my own satisfaction solely," replied the Antiquary.

"Put up your pocket-book and your keelyvine pen then, for I down a speak out an ye hae writing materials in your hands—they're a scaur to unlearned folk like me—Od, ane o' the clerks in the neist room will clink down, in black and white, as muckle as wad hang a man, before ane kens what he's saving."

Monkbarns complied with the old man's humor, and put up

his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Dousterswivel and his patron in the ruins of St. Ruth, and frankly confessing that he could not resist the opportunity of decoying the adept once more to visit the tomb of Misticot, with the purpose of taking a comic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Steenie, who was a bold thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been inadvertently carried a great deal farther than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off: and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Steenie had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary pondered a moment, and then said, "Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties. But I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me, about this matter of the treasure trove—I suspect you have acted the part of the Lar Familiaris in Plautus— sort of Brownie, Edie, to speak to your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures.—I do bethink me you were the first person we met when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Misticot's grave, and also that when the laborers began to flag, you, Edie, were again the first to leap into the trench, and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me use you as ill as Euclio does Staphyla in the Aulularia."

"Lordsake, sir," replied the mendicant, "what do I ken about your Howlowlaria?—it's mair like a dog's language than

a man's."

"You knew, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued Oldbuck.

"Dear sir," answered Edie, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, "what likelihood is there o' that? d'ye think sae puir an auld creature as me wad hae kend o' sic a like thing without getting some gude out o't?—and ye wot weel I sought nane and gat nane, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I hae wi't?"

"That's just what I want you to explain to me," said Old-

buck; "for I am positive you knew it was there."

"Your honor's a positive man, Monkbarns—and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're often in the right."

"You allow, then, Edie, that my belief is well founded?"

Edie nodded acquiescence.

"Then please to explain to me the whole affair from begin-

ning to end," said the Antiquary.

"If it were a secret o' mine, Monkbarns," replied the beggar, "ye suldna ask twice; for I hae aye said ahint your back, that, for a' the nonsense maggots that ye whiles take into your head, ye are the maist wise and discreet o' a' our country gentles. But I'se een be open-hearted wi' you, and tell you that this is a friend's secret, and that they suld draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me asunder, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but muckle gude, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where ither folk's siller is, if we didna pit hand till't oursell?"

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavoring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious—but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the

prisoner.

"This story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second Œdipus to solve it—who Œdipus was, I will tell you some other time if you remind me—However, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the maggots with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather that you have not made any of those obtestations of the superior powers, which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks." (Here Edie could not suppress a smile.) "If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavor to procure your liberation."

"If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edie, with the

eaution of a canny Scotchman, "I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

"It is simply," said the Antiquary, "Did Dousterswivel know anything about the concealment of the chest of bullion?"

"He, the ill-fa'ard loon!" answered Edie, with much frankness of manner—"there wad hae been little speerings o't had. Dustansnivel ken'd it was there—it wad hae been butter in the black dog's hause."

"I thought as much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day, and appear to clear me of the bail-bond, for these are not times for prudent men to incur forfeitures, unless you can point out another Aulum auri

plenam quadrilibrem-another Search, No. I."

"Ah!" said the beggar, shaking his head, "I doubt the bird's flown that laid that golden eggs—for I winna ca' her goose, though that's the gait it stands in the story-buick—But I'll keep my day, Monkbarns; ye'se no loss a penny by me—And troth I wad fain be out again, now the weather's fine—and then I hat the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends."

"Well, Edie, as the bouncing and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Bailie Littlejohn has dismissed his military preceptor, and has retired from the labors of Mars to-those of Themis—I will have some conversation with him—But. I cannot and will not believe any of those wretched news you

were telling me."

"God send your honor may be right!" said the mendicant,

as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, exhausted with the fatigues of the drill, reposing in his gouty chair, humming the air, "How merrily we live that soldiers be!" and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbuck, who declined it, observing, that, not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meal—"Soldiers like you, Bailie, must snatch their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear ill news of young Taffril's brig."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the bailie, "he was a credit to the

town-much distinguished on the first of June."

"But," said Oldbuck, "I am shocked to hear you talk of

him in the preterite tense."

"Troth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monkberns;—and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to

have happened in the Rattray reef of rocks, about twenty miles to the northward, near Dirtenalan Bay—I have sent to inquire about it—and your nephew ran out himself as if he had been flying to get the Gazette of a victory."

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, "I believe it's all a damned lie—I can't find the least authority for it, but

general rumor."

"And pray," Mr. Hector," said his uncle, "if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovel was on board?"

"Not mine, I am sure," answered Hector; "it would have

been only my misfortune."

"Indeed!" said his uncle, "I should not have thought of that."

"Why, sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong," replied the young soldier, "I suppose you will own my intention was not to blame in this case. I did my best to hit Lovel, and if I had been successful, 'tis clear my scrape would have been his, and his scrape would have been mine."

"And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are lugging with you that leathern magazine there, marked Gun-

powder?"

"I must be prepared for Lord Glenallan's moors on the twelfth, sir," said M'Intyre.

"Ah, Hector! thy great chasse, as the French call it, would take place best—

Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos Visere montes———

Could you meet but with a martial phoca, instead of an unwar-like heath-bird."

"The devil take the seal, sir, or phoca, if you choose to call it so! It's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little

piece of folly like that."

"Well, well," said Oldbuck, "I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it—as I detest the whole race of Nimrods, I wish them all as well matched. Nay, never start off at a jest, man—I have done with the *phoca*—though, I dare say, the Bailie could tell us the value of seal-skins just now."

"They are up," said the magistrate, "they are well up—the

fishing has been unsuccessful lately."

"We can bear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hank this incident had given him over the young sportsman: One word more, Hector, and

We'll hang a scal-skin on thy recreant limbs.

Aha, my boy! Come, never mind it; I must go to business.—Bailie, a word with you: you must take bail—moderate bail, you understand—for old Ochiltree's appearance."

"You don't consider what you ask," said the Bailie; "the

offence is assault and robbery."

"Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary. "I gave you a hint before—I will possess you more fully hereafter—I promise you, there is a secret."

"But, Mr. Oldbuck, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted,

and until I am-"

- "Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose,—"you shall have the full credit, the entire management, whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the clew to Dousterswivel's devices."
 - "Aha! so we must tip that fellow the alien act, I suppose?"

"To say truth, I wish you would."

"Say no more," said the magistrate; "it shall forthwith be done—he shall be removed tanquam suspect—I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkbarns?"

"It is classical, Bailie—you improve."

"Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much, that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. I have had two several correspondences with the Under Secretary of State—one on the proposed tax on Riga hemp-seed, and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

"I will, instantly, when I am master of it," replied Oldbuck—"I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself. Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state—I only say I hope to discover, by this man's means, a

foul plot."

"If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least," said the Bailie—"Will you bail him for four

hundred merks?"

"Four hundred merks for an old Blue-gown! Think on the act 1701 regulating bail-bonds!—Strike off a cipher from

the sum—I am content to bail him for forty merks."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, everybody in Fairport is always willing to oblige you—and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty, as four

hundred merks. So I will accept your bail, meo periculo—what say you to that law phrase again? I had it from a learned counsel. I will youch it, my lord, he said, meo periculo."

"And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree, meo periculo, in like manner." said Oldbuck. "So let your clerk draw out the bail-

bond, and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkbarns House, to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

Full of wise saws and modern instances. As You Like 17.

"I wish to Heaven, Hector," said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, "you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that arquebuss of yours."

"Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said his nephew, still handling his fowling-piece;—"but it's a capital

gun—it's a Joe Manton, that cost forty guineas."

"A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew—there is a Joe Miller for your Joe Manton," answered the Antiquary; "I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

"Everyone has their fancy, uncle, - you are fond of

books."

"Ay, Hector," said the uncle, "and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the gunsmith, the horse-market, the dog-breaker,—Coemptos undique nobiles libros—mutare loricis Iberis."

"I could not use your books, my dear uncle," said the young soldier, "that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands. But don't let the faults of my head fall on my heart—I would not part with a Cordery that belonged to an old friend, to get a set of horses like Lord Glenallan's."

"I don't think you would, lad—I don't think you would," said his softening relative. "I love to tease you a little some-

times; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination—You will pass your time happily here, having me to command you, instead of Captain, or Colonel, or 'Knight in Arms,' as Milton has it; and instead of the French," he continued, relapsing into his ironical humor, "you have the Gens humida ponti—for, as Virgil says,

Sternunt se somno diversæ in littore phoce,

which might be rendered,

Here phoce slumber on the beach, Within our Highland Hector's reach.

Nay, if you grow angry, I have done. Besides, I see old Edie in the court-yard, with whom I have business. Good-by, Hector—Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, et se jactu dedit æquor in altum?"

M'Intyre,—waiting, however, till the door was shut,—then

gave way to the natural impatience of his temper.

"My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed phoca, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on

his return, before he entered the parlor.

"Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance?—has Juno done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle; but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal—I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish;—it's very silly of him, to be sure; but then you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule——"

"Well, my dear," answered Oldbuck, propitiated by the compliment, "I will rein in my satire, and, if possible, speak no more of the phoca—I will not even speak of sealing a letter, but say umph, and give a nod to you when I want the wax-light—I am not monitoribus asper, but, Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, niece, and nephew, guide just as best pleases them."

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr. Oldbuck entered the parlor, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Mussel-crag. "I have some questions to ask of a woman at Mucklebackit's cottage," he observed, "and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me—so, for fault of a better, Heo

tor, I must be contented with you."

"There is old Edie, sir, or Caxon—could not they do better than me?" answered M'Intyre, feeling somewhat alarmed,

at the prospect of a long tete-a-tete with his uncle,

"Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness," replied Mr. Oldbuck. "No, sir, I intend the old Blue-Gown shall go with me—not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Bailie Littlejohn says (blessings on his learning!) tanquam suspectus, and you are suspicione major, as our law has it,"

"I wish I were a major, sir," said Hector, catching onlythe last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence,—" but, without money or interest, there is little

chance of getting the step."

"Well, well, most doughty son of Priam," said the Antiquary, "be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what, may happen—Come away with me, and you shall see what may, be useful to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, sir."

"I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. "But here's a new cane for you."

"Much obliged, much obliged."

"I bought it from our drum-major," added M'Intyre, "who came into our regiment from the Bengal army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you."

"Upon my word, 'tis a fine ratan, and well replaces that

which the ph—Bah! what was I going to say?"

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel-crag—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information. and the others, under a sense of former obligation, and some hope for future favors, decently attentive to receive it. uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. (Petrie, in his Essay on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description.) Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his learning, like a lordly man of war, and every now and then yawing to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

"And so it is your opinion," said he to the mendicant,

"that this windfall—this area auri, as Plautus has it, will not

greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?"

"Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, "and that I am sair doubtful of;—I heard Puggie Orrock, and the tother thief of a sheriff-officer, or messenger, speaking about it—and things are ill aff when the like o' them can speak crousely about ony gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur will be in stane wa's for debt, unless there's swift help and certain."

"You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary. "Nephew, it is a remarkable thing, that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

"Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre; "I never knew that before

-that part of our law would suit some of our mess well."

"And if they arena confined for debt," said Ochiltree, "what is't that tempts sae mony puir creatures to bide in the tolbooth o' Fairport yonder?—they a' say they were put there by their creditors—Od! they maun like it better than I do, if

they're there o' free will."

"A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your betters would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another——Ahem!" (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) "And you, Edie, it may be useful to you rerum cognoscere causas. The nature and origin of warrant for caption is a thing haud alienum a Scavola studiis.—You must know then, once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt."

"I haena muckle concern wi' that, Monkbarns," said the old man, "for naebody wad trust a bodle to a gaberlunzie."

"I pr'ythee, peace, man——As a compulsitor, therefore, of payment, that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own,—we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interesting himself, as a monarch should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more strict enjoinment and more hard compulsion——What do you see extraordinary about that bird, Hector?—it's but a seamaw."

"It's a pictarnie, sir," said Edie.

"Well, what an if it were—what does that signify at present?
—But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence.—You sup-

pose, now, a man's committed to prison, because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise: the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him justice within a certain time—fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists and disobeys; what follows? Why, that he be lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and that by three blasts of a horn at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned, not on account of any civil debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate. What say you to that, Hector?—there's something you never knew before."*

"No, uncle; but, I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some, than to declare

me a rebel for not doing what I could not do."

"Your education has not led you to consider these things," replied his uncle; "you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it reconciles that duress, which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to extend towards refractory debtors, with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject."

"I don't know, sir," answered the unenlightened Hector; but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say this command of the king's gives a license of so many days—Now, egad, were I in the scrape, I would beat a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among

themselves before they came to extremities."

"So wad I," said Edie; "I wad gie them leg-bail to a

certainty."

"True," replied Monkbarns: "but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal visit, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and more unceremonious call, as dealing with persons on whom patience and favor would be utterly thrown away."

"Ay," said Ochiltree, "that will be what they ca' the fugie-warrants—I hae some skeel in them. There's Border-warrants too in the south country, unco rash uncanny things;—I was taen up on ane at Saint James's Fair, and keepit in the auld

^{*}The doctrine of Monkbarns on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to, and admitted to be correct, by the Bench of the Supreme Scottish Court, on the 5th December, 1828, in the case of Thom v. Black. In fact, the Scottish law is in this particular more jealous of the personal liberty of the subject than any other code in Europe.

kirk at Kelso the haill day and night; and a cauld goustie place it was, I'se assure ye.—But whatna wife's this, wi' her creel on her back? It's puir Maggie hersell, I'm thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the inevitable necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family; and her salutation of Oldbuck was made in an odd mixture between the usual language of solicitation with which she plied her custom-

ers, and the tone of lamentation for recent calamity.

"How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbarns? I havena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honor for the credit ye did puir Steenie, wi' laying his head in a rath grave, puir fallow."—Here she whimpered and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron—"But the fishing comes on no that ill, though the gudeman hasna had the heart to gang to sea himsell—Atweel I would fain tell him it wad do him gude to put hand to wark—but I'm maist fear'd to speak to him—and it's an unco thing to hear ane o' us speak that gate o' a man—However, I hae some dainty caller haddies, and they sall be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae pith to drive a bargain e'nnow, and maun just tak what ony Christian body will gie, wi' few words and nae flyting."

"What shall we do, Hector?" said Oldbuck, pausing; "I got into disgrace with my womankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime animals, Hector, are unlucky

to our family."

"Pooh, sir, what would you do?—give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Monkbarns."

And he held out the mony to her; but Maggie drew back. her hand. "Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young and ower free o' your siller—ye should never tak a fish-wife's first bode; and troth I think maybe a flyte wi' the auld housekeeper at Monkbarns, or Miss Grizel, would do me some gude—And I want to see what that hellicate quean Jenny Rintherout's doing—folk said she wasna weel—She'll be vexing hersell about Steenie, the silly tawpie, as if he wad ever hae lookit over his shouther at the like o' her!—Weel, Monkbarns, they're braw caller haddies, and they'll bid me unco little indeed at the house if ye want crappit-heads the day."

And so on she paced with her burden,—grief, gratitude for the sympathy of her betters, and the habitual love of traffic and

of gain, chasing each other through her thoughts.

"And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Ochiltree, "I wad fain ken, Monkbarns, what has gard ye

plague yoursell wi' me a' this length? I tell ye sincerely I hae nae pleasure in ganging in there. I downa bide to think how the young hae fa'en on a' sides o' me, and left me an useless auld stump wi' hardly a green leaf on't."

"This old woman," said Oldbuck, "sent you on a message to

the Earl of Glenallan, did she not?"

"Ay!" said the surprised mendicant; "how ken ye that sae weel?"

"Lord Glenallan told me himself," answered the Antiquary; "so there is no delation—no breach of trust on your part; and as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between dotage and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and appearance may awaken trains of recollections which I should otherwise have no means of exciting. The human mind—what are you about, Hector?"

"I was only whistling for the dog, sir," replied the Captain; she always roves too wide—I knew I should be troublesome

to you."

"Not at all, not at all," said Oldbuck, resuming the subject of his disquisition—"the human mind is to be treated like a skein of ravelled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

"I ken naething about that," said the gaberlunzie; "but an my auld acquaintance be hersell, or onything like hersell, she may come to wind us a pirn. It's fearsome baith to see and hear her when she wampishes about her arms, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a prent book, let a-be an auld. fisher's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was muckle taen out afore she married an unco bit beneath hersell. She's aulder than me by half a score years—but I mind weel enough they made as muckle wark about her making a half-merk marriage wi' Simon Mucklebackit, this Saunders's father, as if she had been ane o' the gentry. But she got into favor again, and then she lost it again, as I hae heard her son say, when he was a muckle chield; and then they got muckle siller, and left the Countess's land, and settled here. But things never throve wi' Howsomever, she's a weel-educate woman, and an she win to her English, as I hae heard her do at an orra time, she may come to fickle us a'"

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmarked and sileut, As the slow neap-tide leaves you stranded galley.—
Late she rocked merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

OLD PLAY.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative.

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind."

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—"Oh ay, hinnies, whisht! whisht! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

"Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle, And listen, great and sma', And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie, And doun the Don and a', And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be For the sair field of Harlaw.——

I dinna mind the neist verse weel—my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts comes ower me—God keep us frae temptation!"

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

"It's a historical ballad," said Oldbuck, eagerly, "a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would admire its simplicity—Ritson could not impugn its authenticity."

"Ay, but it's a sad thing," said Ochiltree, "to see human nature sae far owertaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers."

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary—" she has gotten the thread of the story again."—And as he spoke, she sung—

"They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back."——

"Chafron!" exclaimed the Antiquary,—"equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*;—the word's worth a dollar,"—and down it went in his red book.

"They hadna ridden a mile, a mile, A mile, but barely ten, When Donald came branking down the brae Wi' twenty thousand men.

"Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
Their pibrochs rung frae side to side
Would deafen ye to hear.

"The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see:
Now here a knight that's stous and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"' What wouldst thou do, my squire
so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame, To fight were wondrous peril, What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne, Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forbear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en, for he blamed himsell for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus."

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor—

"' Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide, And ye were Roland Cheyne, The spur should be in my horse's side, And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades, And we twice ten times ten, Yet they hae but their tartan plaids, And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude, As through the moorland fern, Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'" "Do you hear that, nephew?" said Oldbuck ;-- "you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high reputs

formerly by the Lowland warriors."

"I hear," said Hector, "a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pedler's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honor of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel."—And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, "come in, sirs, come in—

good-will never halted at the door-stane."

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting "ghastly on the hearth," like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl, " wrinkled, tattered, vile.

dim-eyed, discolored, torpid."

"They're a' out," she said, as they entered; "but an ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye hae business wi' my gude-daughter, or my son, they'll be in belyve,—I never speak on business mysell. Bairns, gie them seats—the bairns are a' gane out, I trow,"—looking around her;—"I was crooning to keep them quiet a wee while since; but they hae cruppen out some gate. Sit down, sirs, they'll be in belyve;" and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

"I wish," said Oldbuck, "she would resume that canticle, or legendary fragment. I always suspected there was a skimmish

of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw." ‡

"If your honor pleases," said Edie, "had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'se engage

to get ye the sang ony time."

"I believe you are right, Edie—Do manus—I submit. But how shall we manage? She sits there, the very image of dotage Speak to her, Edie—try if you can make her recollect having sent you to Glenallan House."

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. "I'm fain to see ye looking sae

See Mrs. Grant on the Highland Superstitions, vol. ii. p. 260, for this fine translation from the Gaelic.
 † Note H. Battle of Harlaw.

weel, cummer; the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye

since I was aneath your roof-tree."

"Ay," said Elspeth; but rather from a general idea of misfortune, than any exact recollection of what had happened,
—"there has been distress amang us of late—I wonder how
younger folk bide it—I bide it ill. I canna hear the wind
whistle, and the sea roar, but I think I see the coble whombled
keel up, and some o' them struggling in the waves!—Eh, sirs;
sic weary dreams as folk has between sleeping and waking,
before they win to the lang sleep and the sound! I could amaist
think whiles my son, or else Steenie, my oe, was dead, and that
I had seen the burial. Isna that a queer dream for a daft auld
carline? What for should ony o' them dee before me?—it's
out o' the course o' nature, ye ken."

"I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman," said Hector,—who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay—"I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's

wasting our time to sit here and listen to her dotage."

"Hector," said the Antiquary, indignantly, "if you do not respect her misfortunes, respect at least her old age and gray hairs: this is the last stage of existence, so finely treated by the Latin poet—

Membrorum damno major dementia, que nec Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici, Cum quo preterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos Quos genuit, quos eduxit."

"That's Latin!" said Elspeth, rousing herself as if she attended to the lines, which the Antiquary recited with great pomp of diction—"that's Latin!" and she cast a wild glance around her—"Has there a priest fund me out at last?"

"You see, nephew, her comprehension is almost equal to wour own of that fine passage."

"I hope you think, sir, that I knew it to be Latin as well as the did?"

"Why, as to that—But stay, she is about to speak."

"I will have no priest—none," said the beldam, with impotent vehemence; "as I have lived I will die—none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul!"

"That bespoke a foul conscience," said the mendicant;—
"I wuss she wad mak a clean breast, and it were but for her ain sake;" and he again assailed her.

"Weel, gudewife, I did your errand to the Yerl."

"To what Earl? I ken nae Earl;—I ken'd a Countess ance —I wish to Heaven I had never ken'd her! for by that acquaintance, neighbor, there cam," and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke—"first Pride, then Malice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murder tirl'd at the door-pin, if he camna ben. And werena thae pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in ae woman's heart? I trow there was routh o' company."

"But, cummer," continued the beggar, "it wasna the Countess of Glenallan I meant, but her son, him that was Lord

Geraldin."

"I mind it now," she said; "I saw him no that langsyne, and we had a heavy speech thegither. Eh, sirs! the comely young lord is turned as auld and frail as I am: its muckle that sorrow and heartbreak, and crossing of true love, will do wi' young blood. But suldna his mither hae lookit to that hersell?—we were but to do her bidding, ye ken. I am sure there's naebody can blame me—he wasna my son, and she was my mistress. Ye ken how the rhyme says—I hae maist forgotten how to sing or else the tune's left my auld head—

"He turn'd him right and round again, Said, Scorn na at my mither; Light loves I may get mony a ane, But minnie ne'er anither.

Then he was but of the half blude, ye ken, and her's was the right Glenallan after a'. Na, na, I maun never maen doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin—never will I maen for that."

Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her in-

terrupted occupation.

"I hae heard," said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of the family history—"I hae heard, cummer, that some ill tongue suld hae come between the Earl,

that's Lord Geraldin, and his young bride."

"Ill tongue?" she said in hasty alarm; "and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue?—she was gude and fair eneugh—at least a' body said sae. But had she keepit her ain tongue aff ither folk, she might hae been living like a leddy for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But I hae heard say, gudewife," continued Ochiltree, "there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were

ower sibb when they married."

"Wha durst speak o' that?" said the old woman hastily;

*wha durst say they were married?—wha ken'd o' that?—Not the Countess—not I. If they wedded in secret, they were severed in secret—They drank of the fountains of their ain deceit."

"No, wretched beldam!" exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, "they drank the poison that you and

your wicked mistress prepared for them."

"Ha, ha!" she replied, "I aye thought it would come to this. It's but sitting silent when they examine me—there's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them rend me!—It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats."

"Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary; "she knows

your voice, and answers to it most readily.'

"We shall mak naething mair out o' her," said Ochiltree.

"When she has clinkit hersell down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'se try her ance mair to satisfy your honor.

—So ye canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?"

"Removed!" she exclaimed; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her; "then we maun a' follow;—a' maun ride when she is in the saddle. Tell them to let Lord Geraldin ken we're on before them. Bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my

hair in this fashion?"

She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded, in a hurried and interrupted manner,—"Call Miss Neville—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville, not Lady Geraldin—there's no Lady Geraldin; tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. Bairn! what should she do wi' a bairn?—maidens hae nane, I trow.—Teresa—Teresa—my lady calls us!—Bring a candle;—the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight—We are coming, my lady!"—With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.*

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, "It's a' ower—she has passed away even with

the last word."

"Impossible," said Oldbuck, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with

the last hurried word that left her lips; and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined

to all the distresses of age and poverty.

"God grant that she be gane to a better place!" said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen mony a ane dee, baith in the field o' battle, and a fair-strae death at hame; but I wad rather see them a' ower again, as sic a fearfu' flitting as hers!"

"We must call in the neighbors," said Oldbuck, when he had somewhat recovered his horror and astonishment, "and give warning of this additional calamity. I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that metrical

'fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

They left the hut accordingly, and gave the alarm in the hamlet, whose matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their settlement. Oldbuck promised his assist-

ance for the funeral.

"Your honor," said Alison Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, "suld send doun something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lykewake, for a' Saunders's gin, puir man, was drucken out at the burial o' Steenie, and we'll no get mony to sit dry-lipped aside the corpse. Elspeth was unco clever in her young days, as I can mind right weel, but there was aye a word o' her no being that chancy. Ane suldna speak ill o' the dead—mair by token, o' ane's cummer and neighbor—but there was queer things said about a leddy and a bairn or she left the Craigburnfoot. And sae, in gude troth, it will be a puir lykewake, unless your honor sends us something to keep us cracking."

"You shall have some whiskey," answered Oldbuck, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead.—You observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic! from the Gothic *Leichnam*, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called *Late-wake*, though Brand favors that

modern corruption and derivation."

"I believe," said Hector to himself, "my uncle would give away Monkbarns to any one who would come to ask it in genuine Teutonic! Not a drop of whiskey would the old creatures have got, had their president asked it for the use of the Late-wake."

While Oldbuck was giving some farther directions, and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sands, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. "There had something," he said, "very particular happened at the Castle"—(he could not, or would not, explain what)—"and Miss Wardour had sent him off express to Monkbarns, to beg that Mr. Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay."

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "his course also is draw-

ing to a close. What can I do?"

"Do, sir?" exclaimed Hector, with his characteristic impatience,—" get on the horse, and turn his head homeward—you will be at Knockwinnock Castle in ten minutes."

"He is quite a free goer," said the servant, dismounting to adjust the girths and stirrups,—"he only pulls a little if he feels

a dead weight on him."

"I should soon be a dead weight off him, my friend," said the Antiquary.—" What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a Bucephalus as that? No, no, my friend, if I am to be at Knockwinnock to-day, it must be by walking quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain M'Intyre may ride that animal himself, if he pleases."

"I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to show sympathy at least—so I will ride on before, and announce to them that you are coming.—I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend."

"You will scarce need them, sir," said the man, taking them off at the same time, and buckling them upon Captain M'In-

tyre's heels, " he's very frank to the road."

Oldbuck stood astonished at this last act of temerity. "Are you mad, Hector?" he cried, "or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar,—Nobilis equus umbra quidem virgæ regitur; ignavus ne calcari quidem excitari potest; which plainly shows that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most."

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius or of the Antiquary, upon such a topic, only answered with a heedless "Never fear—never fear, sir."

With that he gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of the poor jade, Up to the rowel-head; and starting so, He seemed in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

"There they go, well matched," said Oldbuck, looking after them as they started—"a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unruly creatures in Christendom! and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir Arthur's griefs are beyond the cure of our light horseman. It must be the villany of Dousterswivel, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing, that, with some natures, Tacitus's maxim holdeth good: Beneficia eo usque lato, sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevence, pro gratia odium redditur,—from which a wise man might take a caution, not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be requited, lest he should make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude."

Murmuring to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary paced the sands towards Knockwinnock; but it is necessary we should outstrip him, for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretched, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
see gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream,
wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.
THE LOVES OF THE SEA-WEEDS.

From the time that Sir Arthur Wardour had become possessor of the treasure found in Misticot's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying contiguous estates, that would have led him from one side of the island to the other, as if he were determined to brook no neighbor save the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence, upon a plan of renovating the castle of his forefathers on

a style of extended magnificence that might have rivalled that of Windsor, and laying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of liveried menials were already, in fancy, marshalled in his halls, and—for what may not unbounced wealth authorize its possessor to aspire to?—the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glittering before his imagination. His daughter—to what matches might she not look forward? Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. His son was already a general—and he himself whatever ambition could dream of in its wildest visions.

In this mood, if anyone endeavored to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein

of Ancient Pistol-

A fico for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys!

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Wardour, when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the addresses of Lovel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Oldbuck, upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination heated with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Dousterswivel was sent for to the Castle, and was closeted with her father—his mishap condoled with—his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened, by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretexts, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Wardour could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from pressing creditors. In the meanwhile, the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds, which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adept, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully authorized by his full-blown

hopes,—and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such claimants as, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon, that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced but too plainly that it was all expended within two or three days after its discovery; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now taxed Dousterswivel anew with breach of those promises through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served; and as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him, with assurances that he would return to Knockwinnock the next morning, with such information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

"For, since I have consulted in such matters, I ave never," said Mr. Herman Dousterswivel, "approached so near de arcanum, what you call de great mystery,—de Panchresta—de Polychresta—I do know as much of it as Pe'aso de Taranta, or Basilius—and either I will bring you in two and tree days de No. III. of Mr. Mishdigoat, or you shall call me one knave myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all."

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosopher, with the hard words Panchresta, Basilius, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon, to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired for the evening into his library, in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice, and without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he rests gradually parting from the rest of the crag, and about to give way with him.

The visions of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of opulence,—the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children,—foresaw the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendor which time bad made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings, his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed

hope, became peevish and fretful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Wardour extremely. We have seen, on a former occasion, that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects, he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been hitherto, in general, good-humored and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded no such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Dousterswivel's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humor of her father, who had wrought himself into a violent passion, because the toast was over-browned.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject,—"my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I am the scoundrels' master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am ready to leave your honor's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, "as soon

as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. "What money have you got, Miss Wardour?" he said, in a tone of affected calmness, but which concealed violent agitation.

Miss Wardour give him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum, he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying, in a stern voice, "Pay the rascal, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agita-

tion and vehemence of his manner.

"I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrang, I wadna hae made ony answer when Sir Arthur challenged me. I hae been lang in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wad like ill ye should think I wad start for a hasty word. I am sure it was very wrang o' me to speak about wages to his honor, when maybe he has something to vex him. I had nae thoughts o' leaving the family in this way."

"Go down stairs, Robert," said his mistress-"something

has happened to fret my father—go down stairs, and let Alick answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. "What's the meaning of this?" he said hastily, as he observed the notes lying still on the table—"Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?"

"He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir,-

I thought there was not such instant haste."

"There is haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her;—"What I do henceforth in the house of my fore-

fathers, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sate down, and took up with a trembling hand the basin of tea prepared for him, protracting the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and spring upon him.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged, "you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig has got safe into Leith Roads—I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety—I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted."

"And what is Taffril and his gun-brig to me?"

"Sir," said Miss Wardour in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind took a fidgety sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

"I say," he repeated in a higher and still more impatient key, "what I do care who is saved or lost?" It's nothing to

me, I suppose?"

"I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr. Taffril is a brave man, and from our own country, you

would be happy to hear-"

"Oh, I am happy—as happy as possible—and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter. "It does not signify which I open first—they are all to the same tune."

He broke the seal hastily, ran the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter. "Ay—I could not have lighted more

happily !-- this places the copestone."

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. "Read it—read it aloud!" said her father; "it cannot be read too often; it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Dear Sir."

"He dears me too, you see, this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who, a twelvemonth since, was not fit company for my second table—I suppose I shall be 'dear Knight' with him by and by."

"Dear Sir," resumed Miss Wardour; but, interrupting herself, "I see the contents are unpleasant, sir—it will only vex

vou my reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on—I presume, if it were unnecessary,

I should not ask you to take the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into copartnery," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, "by Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent and man of business, Girnigo Greenhorn, Esq., writer to the signet, whose business I conducted as parliament-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson (which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters), and having had of late favors of yours, directed to my aforesaid partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton races, have the honor to reply to your said favors."

"You see, my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the causes which have procured me so modest and

elegant a correspondent. Go on—I can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to disobey, Miss Wardour continued to read—" I am for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the sums you mention, or applying for a suspension in the case of Goldiebirds' bond, which would be more inconsistent, as we have been employed to act as the said Goldiebirds' procurators and attorney, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of horning against you, as you must be aware by the schedule left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence one-fourth of a penny sterling, which, with annual-rent and expenses effeiring, we presume will be settled during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Same time, I am under the necessity to observe our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement would be agreeable; but as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in hypothec, shall have no •bjection to give reasonable time—say till the next money term.

I am. for myself and partner, concerned to add, that Messrs. Goldiebirds' instructions to us are to proceed peremptorie and sine mora, of which I have the pleasure to advise you, to prevent future mistakes, reserving to ourselves otherwise to age as accords. I am, for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and Grinderson."

"Ungrateful villain!" said Miss Wardour.

"Why no—it's in the usual rule, I suppose; the blow could not have been perfect if dealt by another hand—it's all just as it should be," answered the poor Baronet, his affected composure sorely belied by his quivering lip and rolling eye—" But here's a postscript I did not notice—come, finish the epistle."

"I have to add (not for self but partner) that Mr. Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of plate, or the bay horses, if sound in wind and limb, at a fair apprecia-

tion, in part payment of your accompt."

"G—d confound him!" said Sir Arthur, losing all command of himself at this condescending propasal: "his grandfather shod my father's horses, and this descendant of a scoundrelly blacksmith proposes to swindle me out of mine! But I will

write him a proper answer."

And he sate down and began to write with great vehemence then stopped and read aloud:—"Mr Gilbert Greenhorn,—in answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Grinderson, and designing himself as your partner. When I address anyone, I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy—I think I have been useful to your father, and friendly and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised—And yet," said he, stopping short, "why should I be surprised at that or anything else? or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel?—I shan't be always kept in prison, I suppose; and to break that puppy's bones when I get out shall be my first employment."

"In prison, sir?" said Miss Wardour, faintly.

"Ay, in prison to be sure. Do you make any question about that? Why, Mr. what's his name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrown away on you, or else you have got four thousand so many hundred pounds, with the due proportion of shillings, pence, and half-pence, to pay that aforesaid demand, as he calls it."

"I, sir? O if I had the means!—But where's my brother?—why does he not come, and so long in Scotland? He might do something to assist us."

"Who, Reginald 1-I suppose he's gone with Mr. Gilbert

Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lamberton races—I have expected him this week past; but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life."

And kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the

affection of a child.

Miss Wardour took the advantage of this revulsion of feeling, to endeavor to soothe her father's mind to composure. She reminded him that he had many friends.

"I kad many once," said Sir Arthur; "but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects; others are unable to assist me—others are unwilling. It is all over with me. I only hope Reginald will take example by my folly."

"Should I not send to Monkbarns, sir?" said his daughter.

"To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of misanthropy and quaint ends of Latin."

"But he is shrewd and sensible, and was bred to business,

and, I am sure, always loved this family."

"Yes, I believe he did. It is a fine pass we are come to, when the affection of an Oldbuck is of consequence to a Wardour! But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will—it may be as well to send for him. And now go take your walk, my dear—my mind is more composed than when I had this cursed disclosure to make. You know the worst, and may daily or hourly expect it. Go take your walk—I would willingly be alone for a little while."

When Miss Wardour left the apartment, her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by despatching to Monkbarns the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the

sea-beach.

Little recking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the Briery Bank, as it was called. A brook, which in former days had supplied the castle-moat with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Wardour's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered neat and easy of ascent, without the air of being formerly made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little glen, which was overhung with

thickets and underwood, chiefly of larch and hazel, intermixed with the usual varieties of the thorn and brier. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Wardour and Lovell which was overheard by old Edie Ochiltree. With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Wardour now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confessing to herself, it was no small subject of pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising, to bury himself in a disagreeable place like Fairport, and brood over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the person who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or ascertained a clear and undisputed claim to the rank in society he was well qualified to adorn, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father during his misfortunes, an asylum in an establishment of These thoughts, so favorable to the absent lover, crowded in, one after the other, with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions, as plainly intimated that his former repulse had been dictated rather by duty than incli-Isabella was musing alternately upon this subject, and upon that of her father's misfortunes, when, as the path winded round a little hillock covered with brushwood, the old Blue-Gown suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate, he doffed his bonnet, and assumed the cautious step and voice of one who would not willingly be overheard. "I hae been wishing muckle to meet wi' your leddyship—for ye ken I darena come to the house for Dousterswivel."

"I heard indeed," said Miss Wardour, dropping an alms into the bonnet—"I heard that you had done a very foolish, if

not a very bad thing, Edie—and I was sorry to hear it."

"Hout, my bonny leddy—fulish? A' the warld's fules—and how should auld Edie Ochiltree be aye wise?—And for the evil—let them wha deal wi' Dousterswivel tell whether he gat a grain mair than his deserts."

"That may be true Edie, and yet," said Miss Wardour,

"you may have been very wrong."

"Weel, we'se no dispute that e'nnow—it's about yoursell I'm gaun to speak. Div ye ken what's hanging ower the house of Knockwinnock?" "Great distress, I fear, Edie," answered Miss Wardour;

but I am surprised it is already so public."

"Public!—Sweepclean, the messenger, will be there the day wi' a' his tackle. I ken it frae ane o' his concurrents, as they ca' them, that's warned to meet him; and they'll be about there wark belyve; whare they clip, there needs nae kame—they shear close enough."

"Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is so very near?—come,

I know, it will."

"It's e'en as I tell you, leddy. But dinna be cast downthere's a heaven ower your head here, as weel as in that fearful night atween the Ballyburghness and the Halket-head. D'ye think He, wha rebuked the waters, canna protect you against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?"

"It is indeed all we have to trust to."

"Ye dinna ken-ye dinna ken: when the night's darkest, the dawn's nearest. If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet. I trusted to hae gotten a cast wi' the Royal Charlotte, but she's coupit yonder, it's like, at Kittlebrig. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he behaved to drive; and Tam Sang, that suld hae mair sense, he behuved to let him, and the daft callant .couldna tak the turn at the corner o' the brig; and od! he took the curbstane, and he's whomled her as I wad whomle a -toom bicker-it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o' her. Sae I come down atween hope and despair, to see if ye wad send me on."

"And, Edie—where would ye go?" said the young lady.
"To Tannonburgh, my leddy," (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Knockwinnock,) " and that without delay—it's a' on your ain business."

"Our business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your

good meaning; but---"

"There's nae buts about it, my leddy, for gang I maun," said the persevering Blue-Gown.

"But what is it that you would do at Tannonburgh?—or

how can your going there benefit my father's affairs?"

"Indeed, my sweet leddy," said the gaberlunzie, "ye maun just trust that bit secrit to auld Edie's gray pow, and ask nae questions about it. Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you you night, I can hae nae reason to play an ill pliskie t've in the day o' your distress."

"Well, Edie, follow me then," said Miss Wardour, "and I

will try to get you sent to Tannonburgh."

"Mak haste then, my bonny leddy—mak haste, for the love o' goodness!"—and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the Castle.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

Let those go see who will—I like it not— For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp, And all the nothings he is now divorced from By the hard doom of stern necessity: Yet it is sad to mark his altered brow, Where Vanity adjusts her filmsy veil O'er the deep wrinkles of repeatant anguish.

OLD PLAY.

WHEN Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the Castle, she was apprised by the first glance that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or poinding, as it is called in the law of Scotland. Captain M'Intyre flew to her, as, struck dumb with the melancholy conviction of her father's ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the gateway.

"Dear Miss Wardour," he said, "do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will

find some way to clear the house of these rascals."

"Alas! Captain M'Intyre, I fear it will be too late."

"No," answered Edie, impatiently—"could I but get to Tannonburgh. In the name of Heaven, Captain, contrive some way to get me on, and ye'll do this poor ruined family the best day's doing that has been done them since Redhand's days—for as sure as e'en an auld saw came true, Knockwinnock house and land will be lost and won this day."

"Why, what good can you do, old man?" said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward and said to his mistress, "If you please, ma'am, this auld man, Ochiltree, is very skeely and auld-farrant about mony things, has the diseases of cows and horse, and sic like, and I am sure he disna want to be at Tannonburgh the day for naething.

since he insists on't this gate; and, if your leddyship pleases, I'll drive him there in the taxed-cart in an hour's time. I wad fain be of some use—I could bite my very tongue out when I think on this morning."

"I am obliged to you, Robert," said Miss Wardour; "and if you really think it has the least chance of being useful—"

"In the name of God," said the old man, "yoke the cart, Robie, and if I am no o' some use, less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me ower Kittlebrig as ye come back again. But,

O man, haste ye, for time's precious this day."

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage; for, though an old beggar was the personage least likely to render effectual assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie's circle, a general idea of his prudence and sagacity, which authorized Robert's conclusion that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the taxed-cart, an officer touched him on the shoulder—" My friend, you must let that beast alone—he's down in the schedule."

"What!" said Robert, "am I not to take my master's

horse to go my young leddy's errand?"

"You must remove nothing here," said the man of office,

"or you will be liable for all consequences."

"What the devil, sir," said Hector, who having followed to examine Ochiltree more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to bristle like one of the terriers of his own native mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, "have you the impudence to prevent

the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?"

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation; and which, if it promised finally the advantages of a process of battery and deforcement, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy bludgeon which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having a movable ring upon it—"Captain M'Intyre,—Sir, I have no quarrel with you,—but if you inter-

rupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare

myself deforced."

"And who the devil cares," said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, "whether you declare yourself divorced or married? And as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress's orders."

"I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, that I showed him my blazon, and explained my character. He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," —and he slid his enigmatical ring from one end of the baton to the other, being the appropriate symbol of his having been forcibly interrupted in the

discharge of his duty.

Honest Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical ceremony with great indifference; and with like unconcern beheld the messenger sit down to write out an execution of deforcement. But at this moment, to prevent the well-meaning hot-headed Highlander from running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arrived puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief crammed under his hat, and his wig upon the end of his stick.

"What the deuce is the matter here?" he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his head-gear; "I have been following you in fear of finding your idle loggerhead knocked against one rock or other, and here I find you parted with your Bucephalus, and quarrelling with Sweepclean. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a phoca, whether it be the phoca barbata, or the phoca vitu-

lina of your late conflict."

"D—n the phoca, sir," said Hector, "whether it be the one or the other—I say d—n them both particularly! I think you would not have me stand quietly by and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, forsooth—(I hope the king has many better for his meanest errands)—insult a young lady of family and fashion like Miss Wardour?"

"Rightly argued, Hector," said the Antiquary; "but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, in your ear, must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William the Lion, in which capite quarto versu quinto, this crime of deforcement is termed despectus Domini Regis—a contempt, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal diligence issues,—could you not have inferred, from the information I took so

^{• [}Anglice, " A wilful man must have his way."]

mucn pains to give you to-day, that those who interrupt officers who come to execute letters of caption, are tanquam participes criminis rebellionis? seeing that he who aids a rebel, is himself, quodammodo, an accessory to rebellion—But I'll bring you out of this scrape."

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had laid aside all thoughts of making a good by-job out of the deforcement, and accepted Mr. Oldbuck's assurances that the horse and taxed-cart should be safely returned in the course of two or three hours.

"Very well, sir," said the Antiquary, "since you are disposed to be civil, you shall have another job in your own best way—a little cast of state politics—a crime punishable per Legem Juliam, Mr. Sweepclean—Hark thee hither."

And after a whisper of five minutes, he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which, the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his assistants, rode away pretty sharply. The fellow who remained seemed to delay his operations purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overlooked by a skilful and severe inspector.

In the mean time, Oldbuck, taking his nephew by the arm, led him into the house, and they were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, who, in a flutter between wounded pride, agonized apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Oldbuck—always happy to see my friends in fair weather or foul," said the poor Baronet, struggling not for composure, but for gayety—an affectation which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanor—"I am happy to see you. You are riding, I see—I hope in this confusion your horses are taken good care of—I always like to have my friend's horses looked after—Egad! they will have all my care now, for you see they are like to leave me none of my own—he! he! he! eh, Mr. Oldbuck?"

This attempt at a jest was attended by a hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

"You know I never ride, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary.

"I beg your pardon; but sure I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was as handsome a gray charger as I have seen." Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, "My nephew came on your own gray horse, Sir Arthur."

"Mine!" said the poor Baronet; "mine was it? then the sun has been in my eyes. Well, I'm not worthy having a horse

any longer, since I don't know my own when I see him."

"Good Heaven!" thought Oldbuck, "how is this man altered from the formal stolidity of his usual manner!—he grows wanton under adversity—Sed percunti mille figura."—He then proceeded aloud—"Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business."

"To be sure," said Sir Arthur; "but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years—

ha! ha! ha!"

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "don't let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better seasons for jesting—desipere in loco is the maxim of Horace. I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villany of Dousterswivel."

"Don't mention his name, sir!" said Sir Arthur; and his manner entirely changed from a fluttered affectation of gayety to all the agitation of fury; his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his hands were clenched—"don't mention his name, sir," he vociferated, "unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable dolt—such an infatuated idiot—such a beast endowed with thrice a beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spur-galled by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences!—Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it."

"I only meant to say," answered the Antiquary, "that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you. He has certainly had some unlawful correspondence on

the other side of the water."

"Has he?—has he?—has he indeed?—then d—n the household goods, horses, and so forth—I will go to prison a happy man, Mr. Oldbuck. I hope in heaven there's a reason-

able chance of his being hanged?"

"Why, pretty fair," said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed like to overset the poor man's understanding; "honester men have stretched a rope, or the law has been sadly cheated—But this unhappy business of yours—can nothing be done? Let me see the charge."

He took the papers; and, as he read them, his countenance

grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks, easily perceived, from the change in his eye, and the dropping of his nether-jaw, how little was to be hoped.

"We are then irremediably ruined, Mr. Oldbuck?" said

the young lady.

"Irremediably?—I hope not—but the instant demand is

very large, and others will, doubtless, pour in."

"Ay, never doubt that, Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur; "where the slaughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness—if you had not seen a single raven or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not lie on the heather ten minutes before half-a-dozen will be picking out his eyes (and he drew his hand over his own), and tearing at his heartstrings before the poor devil has time to die. But that d—d long-scented vulture that dogged me so long—you have got him fast, I hope?"

"Fast enough," said the Antiquary; "the gentleman wished to take the wings of the morning, and bolt in the what d'ye call it,—the coach and four there. But he would have found twigs limed for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overturned—as how could it go safe with such a Jonah?—he has had an infernal tumble, is carried into a cottage near Kittlebrig, and to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend Sweepclean to bring him back to Fairport in nomine regis, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kittlebrig, as is most fitting. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extrication;" and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them with her cloak on as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterized her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Returned?—What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?"

"No—I understand he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer."

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. "You an officer, sir, and these ragamuffins a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows—tell yourselves off by nire, and we shall know your effective strength."

The grumbling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted—"Come, come, sir, this won't do;—march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them

to the right about presently."

"The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff. Come, Mr. Sweepclean, you must give us a little time—I know you would

not wish to hurry Sir Arthur."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain M'Intyre's threats; "but your nephew, sir, holds very uncivil language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence." And he held out the caption, pointing with the awful truncheon, which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this gesture by shaking his clenched fist at

the messenger with a frown of Highland wrath.

"Foolish boy, be quiet," said Oldbuck, "and come with me into the room—the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him.—I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Fairport; there is no help for it in the first instance—I will accompany you, to consult what further can be done—My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarns, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

"I go with my father, Mr. Oldbuck," said Miss Wardour firmly—"I have prepared his clothes and my own—I suppose

we shall have the use of the carriage?"

"Anything in reason, madam," said the messenger; "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door—I will go on the box with the coachman—I have no desire to intrude—but two of the concurrents must attend on horseback."

"I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure

a horse for himself.

"We must go then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the Baronet, sighing involuntarily. "And what of that?" he resumed, in a tone affectedly cheerful—"it is only a house we can't get out of, after all—Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the same—Ay, ay, Monkbarns—we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d—d pain."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering accent marked how much this assumed gayety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Banians, who drive the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony.—They stepped slowly down the magnificent staircase—every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing-place, Sir Arthur made an agonized pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with assumed dignity—"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Richard Redhand and Gamelyn de Guardover, may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck; we were escorted from Highgate by a troop of life-guards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like that" (pointing to the messenger), "and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"At least," said Oldbuck, "you have now the company of a dutiful daughter, and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion. But I hear that choleric boy as loud as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new broil!—it was

an accursed chance that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden clamor, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector was again pre-eminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles, Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,— Lost in the mist one moment, and the next Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing, As if to court the aim.—Experience watches, And has ber on the wheel.——

OLD PLAY.

The shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, "Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with a whole budget of good news!" it became obvious that his present cause of clamor was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Wardour joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain M'Intyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier; "there's a guinea for the fright I have given you; and here comes an old forty-two man, who is

a fitter match for you than I am."

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too scornful to eat dirty puddings) caught in his hand the guinea which Hector chucked at his face; and abode warily and carefully the turn which matters were now to take. All voices meanwhile were loud in inquiries, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre?" said Sir Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector;—"I only know all's safe and

"What is all this, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

"Your leddyship maun ask Monkbarns, for he has gotten

the yepistolary correspondensh."

"God save the king!" exclaimed the Antiquary at the first glance at the contents of his packet, and, surprised, at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cockedhat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beaver, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming "Lordsake! he's gaun gyte!—mind Caxon's no here to repair the damage."

Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamoring to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he ad-

dressed the astonished audience as follows:—

"My good friends, favete linguis—To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and, therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers—Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the goodness to step into the parlor—Mr. Sweepclean, secule paulisper, or, in your own language, grant us a supersedere of diligence for five minutes—Hector, draw off your forces, and make your bear-garden flourish elsewhere—and, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be instanter."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected, that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his ecstasy, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own

mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., of Monkbarns, of the following purport:—

"DEAR SIR,—To you, as my father's proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must by this time be acquainted with the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings until their claim shall be legally discussed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would seem more natural to

address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined,—and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tannonburgh; but the old man Ochiltree, whom particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologize in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honor to be your very faithful servant,

"REGINALD GAMELYN WARDOUR."

"Edinburgh, 6th August, 179-."

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the enclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business—put the bills into his pocket-book, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be despatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters—and lastly, fraught with all the importance of disclosure, he descended to the parlor.

"Sweepclean," said he, as he entered, to the officer who stood respectfully at the door, "you must sweep yourself clean out of Knockwinnock Castle, with all your followers, tag-rag

and bobtail. See'st thou this paper, man?"

"A sist on a bill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look;—"I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sic a gentleman as Sir Arthur—Weel, sir, I'se go my ways with my party—And who's to pay my charges?"

"They who employed thee," replied Oldbuck, "as thou full well dost know.—But here comes another express: this is a day

of news, I think."

This was Mr. Mailsetter on his mare from Fairport, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which,

he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing that Greenhorn and Grinderson were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and staying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did then, in the phrase of Hector, who watched his departure as a jealous mastiff eyes the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evacuate Flanders.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in its way. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

"SIR—[Oh! I am dear sir no longer; folks are only dear to Messrs. Greenhorn and Grinderson when they are in adversity] -Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business [a bet on the sweepstakes, I suppose], that my partner had the impropriety, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Messrs. Goldiebirds in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr. Grinderson's—[come, I see he can write for himself and partner too]—and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [his family! curse him for a puppy!] have uniformly experienced from that of Knockwinnock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Wardour, that he is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason But, in order to remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains [pretty mistake, indeed! to clap his patron into jail], I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property; and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grinderson is of opinion that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldiebirds' present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side]; and that there is not the slightest hurry in settling the balance of your accompt with us; and that I am, for Mr. G. as well as myself, Dear Sir [O ay, he has written himself into an approach to familiarity], your much obliged and most humble servant, "GILBERT GREENHORN."

"Well said, Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn," said Monkbarns; "I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the man and woman in a

Dutch baby-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman partner to fawn like a spaniel; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog. Well, I thank God that my man of business still wears an equilateral cocked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the kirk of a Sunday, and, in respect he has no partner, hath only his own folly to apologize for."

"There are some writers very honest fellows," said Hector;
"I should like to hear anyone say that my cousin, Donald,
M'Intyre, Strathtudlem's seventh son (the other six are in the

army), is not as honest a fellow---"

"No doubt, no doubt, Hector, all the M'Intyres are so; they have it by patent, man—But I was going to say, that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily reposed, there is nothing surprising that fools should neglect it in their idleness, and tricksters abuse it in their knavery. But it is the more to the honor of those (and I will vouch for many) who unite integrity with skill and attention, and walk honorably upright where there are so many pitfalls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow-citizens may safely entrust the care of protecting their patrimonial rights, and their country the more sacred charge of her laws and privileges."

"They are best aff, however, that hae least to do with them," said Ochiltree, who had stretched his neck into the parlow door; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly regained their due limits, but were roaming

wildly through the house.

"Aha, old Truepenny, art thou there?" said the Antiquary.

"Sir Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though
he is but a lame one. You talked of the raven that scented out
the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue pigeon (somewhat of
the oldest and toughest, I grant) who smelled the good news
six or seven miles off, flew thither in the taxed-cart, and returned
with the olive branch."

"Ye owe it a' to puir Robie that drave me;—puir fallow," said the beggar, "he doubts he's in disgrace wi' my leddy and

Sir Arthur."

Robert's repentant and bashful face was seen over the

mendicant's shoulder.

"In disgrace with me?" said Sir Arthur—"how so?"—for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten. "O, I recollect—Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong;—go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

"Nor anyone else," said the Antiquary; "for a soft answer

turneth away wrath."

"And tell your mother, who is so ill with rheumatism, to come down to the housekeeper to-morrow," said Miss War-

dour, "and we will see what can be of service to her."

"God bless your leddyship," said poor Robert, "and his honor Sir Arthur, and the young laird, and the house of Knockwinnock in a' its branches, far and near!—it's been a kind and gude house to the puir this mony hundred years."

"There"—said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur—"we won't dispute—but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Redhand, or Hell-in-Harness. For me, I must say, Odi accipitrem qui semper vivit in armis—so let us eat and drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlor, where the party sat joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leathern chair, which was placed in some measure

behind a screen.

"I accede to this the more readily," said Sir Arthur, "because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Ailshie Gourlay, who, for aught I know, was the last privileged fool, or jester, maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland."

"Aweel, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, "mony a wise man sits in a fule's seat, and mony a fule in a wise man's, especially

in families o' distinction."

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech (however worthy of Ailshie Gourlay, or any other privileged jester) upon the nerves of her father, hastened to inquire whether ale and beef should not be distributed to the servants and people whom the news had assembled round the Castle.

"Surely, my love," said her father; "when was it ever other-

wise in our families when a siege had been raised?"

"Ay, a siege laid by Saunders Sweepclean the bailiff, and raised by Edie Ochiltree the gaberlunzie par nobil fratrum," said Oldbuck, "and well pitted against each other in respectability. But never mind, Six Arthur—these are such sieges and such reliefs as our time of day again to of—and our escape is not

less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine-

Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think."

"Were there anything better in the cellar," said Miss Wardour, "it would be all too little to regale you after your friendly exertions."

"Say you so?" said the Antiquary: "why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may you be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winnox!"

Miss Wardour blushed — Hector colored, and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, "My daughter is much obliged to you, Monkbarns; but unless you'll accept of her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek

for an alliance in these mercenary times."

"Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I! I will claim the privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to encounter my fair enemy myself, I will appear by my champion—But of this matter hereafter. What do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold your head down over them as if your nose were bleeding?"

"Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is

arrived there. I should like to see him."

"Major whom?" said his uncle.

"Major Neville, sir," answered the young sold

"And who the devil is Major Neville?" demanded the An-

tiquary.

"Ó, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers—a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. M'Intyre need not leave Monkbarns to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with him to Knockwinnock, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted,—unless, indeed, they are known to each other already."

"No, not personally," answered Hecter, "but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends—your son being one of them. But I must go to Edinburgh; for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and

I am afraid-"

"That you will grow tired of him?" interrupted Oldbuck,—
"I fear that's past praying for. But you have forgotten that

the ecstatic twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenallan's gamekeepers, God knows where, to persecute the peaceful feathered creation."

"True, true, uncle—I had forgot that," exclaimed the volatile Hector; "but you said something just now that put every-

thing out of my head."

"An it like your honors," said old Edie thrusting his white head from behind the screen, where he had been plentifully regaling himself with ale and cold meat—"an it like your honors, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wi' us amaist as weel as the pouting—Hear ye na the French are coming?"

"The French, you blockhead?" answered Oldbuck—" Bah!"

"I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week—indeed, I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesdays, except in pressing cases,—for I do everything by method; but from the glance I took from my letters, I observed some alarm was entertained."

"Alarm?" said Edie, "troth there's alarm, for the provost's gar'd the beacon light on the Halket-head be sorted up (that suld hae been sorted half a year syne) in an unco hurry, and the council hae named nae less a man than old Caxon himsell to watch the light. Some say it was out o' compliment to Lieutenant Taffril,—for it's neist to certain that he'll marry Jenny Caxon,—some say it's to please your honor and Monkbarns that wear wigs—and some say there's some auld story about a periwig that ane o' the bailies got and ne'er paid for—Onyway, there he is, sitting cockit up like a skart upon the tap o' the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes."

"On mine honor, a pretty warder," said Monkbarns; " and

what's my wig to do all the while?"

"I asked Caxon that very question," answered Ochiltree, "and he said he could look in ilka morning, and gie't a touch afore he gaed to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the day-time, and Caxon says he'll friz your honor's wig as weel sleeping as wauking."

This news gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national defence, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their walk homeward, after parting from Knockwinnock with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOURTH.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her a Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms? Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others? Not I, by Heaven—I hold my peace too dear, To let it, like the plume upon her cap, Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate. OLD PLAY.

"HECTOR." said his uncle to Captain M'Intyre, in the course of their walk homeward, "I am sometimes inclined to suspect that, in one respect, you are a fool."

"If you only think me so in one respect, sir, I am sure you

do me more grace than I expected or deserve."

"I mean in one particular par excellence," answered the Antiquary, "I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour."

"Well, sir," said M'Intyre, with much composure.
"Well, sir," echoed his uncle—"Deuce take the fellow! he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet."

"I presume to think, sir," said the young Highlander, "there would be no degradation on Miss Wardour's part in

point of family."

"O, Heaven forbid we should come on that topic!—No, no, equal both—both on the table-land of gentility, and qualified to look down on every roturier in Scotland."

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither of us have got any," continued Hector. "There may be an

error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption."

"But here lies the error, then, if you call it so," replied his uncle: "she won't have you, Hector."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It is very sure, Hector; and to make it doubly sure, I must inform you that she likes another man. She misunderstood some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time I was unable to account for her hesitation and blushing: but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal to your hopes and pretensions. So I advise you to beat your retreat and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it." "I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; "no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides

Miss Wardour, of as good family---"

"And better taste," said his uncle; "doubtless there are Hector; and though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensible girls I have seen, yet I doubt, much of her merit would be cast away on you. A showy figure, now, with two cross feathers above her noddle—one green, one blue; who would wear a riding-habit of the regimental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next review the regiment on the gray trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, hoc erat in votis;—these are the qualities that would subdue you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a phoca."

"It's a little hard, sir," said Hector, "I must have that cursed seal thrown into my face on all occasions—but I care little about it—and I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all

happiness."

"Magnanimously resolved, thou prop of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were despectable in laws with Miss Wordow?"

perately in love with Miss Wardour."

"Sir," answered the young man, "you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me?"

"Well, nephew," said the Antiquary, more seriously, "there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a great deal, some twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do."

"Anybody, I suppose, may think as they please on such

subjects," said Hector.

"Not according to the old school," said Oldbuck; "but, as I said before, the practice of the modern seems in this case the most prudential, though, I think, scarcely the most interesting. But tell me your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an invasion. The cry is still, They come."

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Wardour and the seal. When they reached Monkbarns, the communicating to the ladies the events which had taken place at the castle, with the counter-information.

tion of how long dinner had waited before the womankind had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted these

delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Caxon had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk of which the ex-peruquier was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made as necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar to such a deprivation, was alleviated by the appearance of old Ochiltree, sauntering beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late, that even Juno did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye. Our Antiquary stepped out in his night-gown, and instantly received and returned the greeting.

"They are coming now, in good earnest, Monkbarns. I just cam frae Fairport to bring ye the news, and then I'll step away back again. The Search has just come into the bay, and

they say she's been chased by a French fleet."

"The Search?" said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment. "Oho!"

"Ay, ay, Captain Taffril's gun-brig, the Search."

"What? any relation to Search, No. 11.1" said Oldbuck, catching at the light which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily.—
"The deil's in you, Monkbarns, for garring odds and evens meet. Wha thought ye wad hae laid that and that thegither?

Od, I am clean catch'd now."

"I see it all," said Oldbuck, "as plain as the legend on a medal of high preservation—the box in which the bullion was found belonged to the gun-brig, and the treasure to my phœnix?"—(Edie nodded assent),—" and was buried there that Sir

Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?"

"By me," said Edie, "and twa o' the brig's men—but they didna ken its contents, and thought it some bit smuggling concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand; and then, when that German deevil was glowering at the lid o' the kist (they liked mutton weel that licked where the yowe lay), I think some Scottish deevil put it into my head to play him yon ither cantrip. Now, ye see, if I had said mair or less to Bailie Littlejohn, I behoved till hae come out

wi' a' this story; and vexed would Mr. Lovel hae been to have it brought to light—sae I thought I would stand to onything rather than that."

"I must say he has chosen his confidant well," said Old-

buck, "though somewhat strangely."

"I'll say this for mysell, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant, "that I am the fittest man in the haill country to trust wi' siller, for I neither want it, nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the lad hadna muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country forever (I trust he's mistaen in that though); and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the brig stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye fand it."

"This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldbuck:

" why not trust me, or any other friend?"

"The blood o' your sister's son," replied Edie, "was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright—what time had he to take counsel?—or how could he ask it of you, by onybody?"

"You are right. But what if Dousterswivel had come before

you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur; he had gotten a sair gliff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and ling. He ken'd weel the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he expect a second? He just havered on about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how," said Oldbuck, "should Sir Arthur have come

there unless the German had brought him?"

"Umph!" answered Edie dryly. "I had a story about Misticot wad hae brought him forty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand the first siller in—he ken'd na the secret o' that job. In short, the siller being in this shape, Sir Arthur in utter difficulties, and Lovel determined he should never ken the hand that helped him,—for that was what he insisted maist upon,—we couldna think o' a better way to fling the gear in his gate, though we simmered it and wintered it e'er sae lang. And if by ony queer mischance Doustercivil had got his claws on't, I was instantly to hae informed you or the Sheriff o' the haill story."

"Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think

your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lovel by such a mass

of silver ingots?"

"That's just what I canna tell ye—But they were put on board wi' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into ane o' the ammunition boxes o' the brig, baith for conceal-

ment and convenience of carriage."

"Lord!" said Oldbuck, his recollection recurring to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Lovel; "and this young fellow, who was putting hundreds on so strange a hazard, I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay any person's bill again, that's certain.—And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lovel, I suppose?"

"I just gat ae bit scrape o' a pen frae him, to say there wad, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tannonburgh, wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockwinnock folk; for they jaloused the opening of our letters at Fairport—And that's as true; I hear Mrs. Mailsetter is to lose her office for looking after other

folk's business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect now, Edie, for being the adviser, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these

matters?"

"Deil haet do I expect—excepting that a' the gentles will come to the gaberlunzie's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head yoursell, as ye did puir Steenie Mucklebackit's-What trouble was't to me? I was ganging about at onyrate-Oh, but I was blythe when I got out of prison, though; for I thought, what if that weary letter should come when I am closed up here like an oyster, and a' should gang wrang for want o't? and whiles I thought I maun mak a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I couldna weel do that without contravening Mr. Lovel's positive orders; and I reckon he had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wussed to do for Sir Arthur and his family."

"Well, and to your public news, Edie—So they are still coming are they?"

"Troth they say sae, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith, to look at our means o' defence—I saw the Bailie's lass cleaning his belts and white breeks-I gae her a hand, for ye maun think she wasna ower clever at it, and sae I gat a' the news for my pains."

"And what think you, as an old soldier?"

"Troth I kenna—an they come so mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us. But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I mauna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate mysell—But we'se do our best."

"What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?

Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir?—isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside. and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town?—Deil!" he continued, grasping his pike-staff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will, and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the mendicant and Lovel in the ruins of St. Ruth; by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

"I would have given a guinea," he said, "to have seen the scoundrelly German under the agonies of those terrors, which it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others; and trembling alternately for the fury of his patron, and the apparition of some hobgoblin."

"Troth," said the beggar, "there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hell-in-Harness had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. But what

will come o' the land-louper?"

"I have had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquitted you of the charge he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended-So writes the Sheriff; and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to Government, in consideration of which, I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in **his** own country."

"And a' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the coves, and

sheughs, doun at Glenwithershins yonder, what's to come of them?" said Edie.

"I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of their gimcracks, as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the holes, Edie, I abandon them as rat-traps, for the benefit of the next wise men who may choose to drop the substance to snatch at a shadow."

"Hech, sirs! guide us a'! to burn the engines? thats' a great waste—Had ye na better try to get back part o' your hundred pounds wi' the sale o' the materials?" he continued,

with a tone of affected condolence.

"Not a farthing," said the Antiquary, peevishly, taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning, half-smiling at his own pettishness, he said, "Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel, never speak to me about a mine, nor to my nephew Hector about a phoca, that is a sealgh, as you call it."

"I maun be ganging my ways back to Fairport," said the wanderer; "I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion;—but I'll mind what your honor says, no to speak to you about a sealgh, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds

that you gied to Douster-"

"Confound thee !—I desired thee not to mention that to

me."

"Dear me!" said Edie, with affected surprise; "weel, I thought there was naething but what your honor could hae studden in the way o' agreeable conversation, unless it was about the Prætorian yonder, or the bodle that the packman sauld to ye for an auld coin."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said the Antiquary, turning from him

hastily, and retreating into the house.

The mendicant looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a magpie or parrot applauds a successful exploit of mischief, he resumed once more the road to Fairport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the pleasure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless jest to "hae a bit crack wi' Monkbarns."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH

Red glared the beacon on Pownell, On Skiddaw there were three; The bugle horn on moor and fell Was heard continually.

JAMES HOOS.

The watch who kept his watch on the hill, and looked towards Birnam, probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Even so old Caxon, as perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffril, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post with which his own corresponded, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross-staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, "with fear of change perplexing nations."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Caxon, "what's to be done now? But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that,

sae I'se e'en fire the beacon."

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the sea-fowl from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reddening billows of the sea. The brother warders of Caxon being equally diligent, caught, and repeated his signal. The lights glanced on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion.

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two

maid-servants.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed—"womankind in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all mad?"

"The beacon, uncle!" said Miss M'Intyre.

"The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss Griselda.

"The beacon! the beacon!—the French! the French!—

Note J. Alarm of Invasion.

murder! murder! and waur than murder!"—cried the two

handmaidens, like the chorus of an opera.

"The French?" said Oldbuck, starting up;—"get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on— And hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Whilk o' them, Monkbarns?" cried his sister, offering a Roman falchion of brass with the one hand, and with the other

an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

"The langest, the langest," cried Jenny Rintherout, drag-

ging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Womankind," said Oldbuck in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror—Are you sure they are come?"

"Sure, sure!" exclaimed Jenny—" ower sure!—a' the sea fencibles, and the land fencibles, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang—and auld Mucklebackit's gane wi' the lave—muckle gude he'll do!—Hech, sirs!—he'll be missed the morn wha wad hae served king and country weel!"

"Give me," said Oldbuck, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty five—it hath no belt or baldrick—but

we'll make shift."

So saying he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighboring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldbuck—
"where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of
your hand when there was no occasion for such vanities?"

"Pooh! pooh! sir," said Hector, "who ever took a fowling-piece on action? I have got my uniform on, you see—I hope I shall be of more use if they will give me a command than I could be with ten double-barrels. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector,—I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too. But here comes Sir Arthur Wardour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much

either one way or the other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And in spite of all the entreaties of the woman-



THE ANTIQUARY ARMING ON ALARM OF INVASION.

kind that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkbarns, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamored in the market-place. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drums and fifes of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voice of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbor were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the bustle, by landing men and guns destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffril with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Wardour. Oldbuck, and Hector, made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighboring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all

the deficiencies of inexperience.

The magistrates were beset by the quarter-masters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. "Let us," said Bailie Littlejohn, "take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlors—share our supper with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the

country.

Captain M'Intyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aide-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual insouciance and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment

from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence, that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of the ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected—the presence of the Glenallan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would entitle him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenallan yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's Lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependants called forth the admiration of Captain M'Intyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed, and obtained for himself and his followers, the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great alacrity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal acuteness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military councils of Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced, "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer;" and their post-chaise and four drove into the square amidst the huzzas of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of

all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware, that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace, and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognize his son, Captain Wardour, in Lovel's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present, that the courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

"The watchman at Halket-head," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithershins, just in the

line of the beacon with which his corresponded."

Oldbuck gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned

it with one equally sheepish, and a shrug of the shoulders.

"It must have been the machinery which we condemned to the flames in our wrath," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance—"The devil take Dousterswivel with all my heart!—I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of blunders and mischief, as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure. I wonder what cracker will go off next among our shins. But yonder comes the prudent Caxon.—Hold up your head, you ass—your betters must bear the blame for you—And here, take this what-d'ye-call it "—(giving him his sword)—"I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallan, who dragged him into a separate apartment. "For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like——"

"Like the unfortunate Eveline," interrupted Oldbuck. "I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your lordship has suggested the very cause."

"But who—who is he?" continued Lord Glenallan, hold-

ing the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

"Formerly I would have called him Lovel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

"Whom my brother brought up as his natural son—whom he made his heir—Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!"

"Hold, my lord—hold!" said Oldbuck, "do not give too hasty way to such a presumption;—what probability is there?"

"Probability? none! There is certainty! absolute certainty! The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story—I received it yesterday, not sooner. Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs."

"I will; but for your own sake and his, give him a few

moments for preparation."

And, determined to make still farther investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for dispersing the force which had been assembled.

"Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wardour and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled" (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table), "and grant me a moment's audience."

"You have a claim on me, Mr. Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, "for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarding your hospitality by

injuring your nephew."

"You served him as he deserved," said Oldbuck—"though, by the way, he showed as much good sense as spirit to-day—Egad! if he would rub up his learning, and read Cæsar and Polybius, and the Stratagemata Polyæni, I think he would rise in the army—and I will certainly lend him a lift."

"He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; "and I am glad you excuse me, which you may do the more frankly, when you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you knew me."

"Indeed! then, I trust, we shall find out one for you to

which you shall have a firm and legal title."

"Sir!—I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth

a fit subject——"

"By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him;—"I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself—and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldin Neville of Neville's-Burgh, in Yorkshire, and I presume, as his destined heir?"

"Pardon me—no such views were held out to me. I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into

effect."

"You say your supposed father?—What leads you to suppose

Mr. Geraldin Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will therefore tell you candidly, that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a convent, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English—She was a Spaniard—her name Teresa D'Acunha. In the process of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr. Geraldin Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy, and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity The religious orders were the particular by the republicans. objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned. and several nuns perished—among others Teresa; and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth: tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"Raro antecedentem scelestum, or, as I may here say, scelestam," said Oldbuck, "descruit pæna—even Epicureans admitted that,

And what did you do upon this?"

"I remonstrated with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose. I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the favors he had already conferred. I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure. I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you knew me. was at this time, when residing with a frie 1 in the north of England who favored my disguise, that I became acquainted with Miss Wardour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wavered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you were present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and conjured me, for my own sake, to inquire no farther into the nature of his connection with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it

to be such and so intimate, that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arthur."

"And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the

whole story?" said Oldbuck.

"Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From love and from poetry—Miss Wardour and the Cale-

doniad?"

" Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose,

with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wardour at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here—you see I know the whole story.

But how came you by the treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it."

"Well, Major Neville—or let me say, Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight—you must, I believe, exchange both of your alias's for the style and title of the Honorable William

Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melan-

choly circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more—perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay wild young man—But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquit him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential

steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring—a massy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand

Oldenbuck, Kunst macht gunst.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue gown, bowls away easily from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock, to which Caxon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighborhood of the three parochial wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a gey bein place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a corner to sit in in a bad day." It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously upon Mrs. Hadoway and upon the Mucklebackits. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the Gazette, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favor; and what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the phoca. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain

Wardour; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnock and Glenallan House, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-Harness. He regularly inquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the Caledoniad, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. En attendant, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of anyone who chooses to make them public without risk or expense to The Antiquary.

NOTES TO THE ANTIQUARY.

NOTE A, p. 12.-MOTTOES.

[" It was in correcting the proof-sheets of this novel that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. "Hang it, Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an approprite epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play" or "old ballad," to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."—J. G. Lockhart.

See also the Introduction to "Chronicles of the Cannongate," vol. xix.]

Note B, p. 18.—Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium,

[This well-known work, the "Itinerarium Septentrionale, or a Journey thro' most of the Counties of Scotland, and those in the North of England,' was published at London in 1727, folio. The author states, that in prosecuting his work he "made a London in 1727, folio. The author states, that in prosecuting his work he "made a pretty laborious progress through almost every part of Scotland for three years successively." Gordon was a native of Aberdeenshire, and had previously spent some years in travelling abroad, probably as a tutor. He became Secretary to the London Society of Antiquaries in 1736. This office he resigned in 1741, and soon after went out to South Carolina with Governor Glen, where he obtained a considerable grant of land. On his death, about the year 1753, he is said to have left "a handsome estate to his family."—See Literary Anecdotes of Bowyer, by John Nichols, vol. v., p. 329, etc.]

NOTE C, p. 44.—PRETORIUM.

It may be worth while to mention that the incident of the supposed Prætorium actually happened to an antiquary of great learning and acuteness, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the Barons of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, and a parliamentary commissioner for arrangement of the Union between England and Scotland. As many of his writings show, Sir John was much attached to the study of Scottish antiquities. He had a small property in Dumfriesshire, near the Roman station on the hill called Burrenswark. Here he received the distinguished English antiquarian Roger Gale, and of course conducted him to see this remarkable spot, where the lords of the world have left such decisive marks of their martial labors.

An aged shepherd whom they had used as a guide, or who had approached them from curiosity, listened with mouth agape to the dissertations on foss and vallum, ports destra, sinistra, and decumana, which Sir John Clerk delivered ex cathedra, and his learned visitor listened with the deference to the dignity of a connoisseur on his own ground. But when the cicerone proceeded to point out a small hillock near the smeter of the enclosure as the Praterium, Corydon's patience could hold no longer,

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and, like Edie Ochiltree, he forgot all reverence, and broke in with nearly the same words—" Pratorium here, Pratorium there, I made the bourock mysell with a faughter-spade." The effect of this undeniable evidence on the two lettered sages may be left to the reader's imagination.

The late excellent and venerable John Clerk of Eldin, the celebrated author of Naval Factics, used to tell this story with glee, and being a younger son of Sir John's

was perhaps present on the occasion.

NOTE D, p. 87 .- MR. RUTHERFURD'S DREAM.

The legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. Rutherfurd of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes). Mr. Rutherfurd was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose:—His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr Rutherfurd thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. Rutherfurd awakened in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. Rutherfurd carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the Purpose of saving Mr. Rutherfurd a certain number of hundred pounds. The sus-

thor's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. Rutherfurd had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. Rutherfurd; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.

NOTE E, p. 130.-NICK-STICKS.

A sort of tally generally used by bakers of the olden time in settling with their customers. Each family had its own nick-stick, and for each loaf as delivered a notch was made on the stick. Accounts in Exchequer, kept by the same kind of check, may have occasioned the Antiquary's partiality. In Prior's time the English bakers had the same sort of reckoning.

Have you not seen a baker's maid, Between two equal panniers sway'd? Her tallies useless lie and idle, If placed exactly in the middle.

NOTE F, p. 193.—WITCHCRAFT.

A great deal of stuff to the same purpose with that placed in the mouth of the German adept, may be found in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, Third Edition, folio, London, 1665. The Appendix is entitled, "An Excellent Discourse of the Nature and Substances of Devils and Spirits, in two Books; the first by the aforesaid author (Reginald Scott), the Second now added in this Third Edition as succedaneous to the former, and conducing to the completing of the whole work." This Second Book, though stated as succedaneous to the first, is, in fact, entirely at variance with it; for the work of Reginald Scott is a compilation of the absurd and superstitious ideas concerning witches so generally entertained at the time, and the pretended conclusion is a serious treatise on the various means of conjuring astral spirits.

[Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft was first published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, London, 1584.]

NOTE G, p. 238.—GYNEOCRACY.

In the fishing villages on the Firths of Forth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the government is gyneocracy, as described in the text. In the course of the late war, and during the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Firth of Forth under the convoy of some ships of war, which would reply to no signals. A general alarm was excited, in consequence of which, all the fishers, who were enrolled as sea-fencibles, got on board the gun-boats which they were to man as occa-sion should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed enemy. The foreigners proved to be Russians, with whom we were then at peace. The county gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-fencibles at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a silver punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisher-women, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was they who would have been sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their permission and injunctions that they embarked on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner which should distinguish the female patriotism which they had shown on the occasion. The gentlemen of the county willingly admitted the claim; and without diminishing the value of their compliment to the men, they made the females a present of a valuable brooch, to fasten the plaid of the queen of the fisher-women for the time.

It may be further remarked, that these Nereids are punctilious among themselves, and observe different ranks according to the commodities they deal in. One experienced dame was heard to characterize a younger damsel as "a puir silly thing, who had no ambition, and would never," she prophesied, "rise above the mussel-line of business."

NOTE H, p. 346.—BATTLE OF HARLAW.

The great battle of Harlaw, here and formerly referred to, might be said to determine whether the Gaelic or the Saxon race should be precominant in Scotland. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who had at that period the power of an independent sovereign, laid claim to the Earldom of Ross during the Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany. To enforce his supplosed right, he ravaged the north with a large army of Highlanders and Islesmen. He was encountered at Harlaw, in the Garioth, by Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Saxon and Norman descent. The battle was bloody and indecisive, but the invader was obliged to retire in consequence of the loss he sustained, and afterwards was compelled to make submission to the Regent, and renounce his pretensions to Ross, so that all the advantages of the field were gained by the Saxons. The battle of Harlaw was fought 34th July, 1411.

NOTE I, p. 349.—ELSPETH'S DEATH.

The concluding circumstance of Elspeth's death is taken from an incident said to have happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Roxburghe. All who were acquainted with that accomplished nobleman must remember that he was not more remarkable for creating and possessing a most curious and splendid library, than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures it contained. In arranging his books, fetching and replacing the volumes which he wanted, and carrying on all the necessary intercourse which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a livery servant, called Archie, whom habit had made so perfectly acquainted with the library, that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head-mark, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and afford all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of Archie, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's study.

His Grace died in Saint James's Square, London, in the year 1804; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to lie in state at his mansion of Fleurs, and to be

removed from thence to the family burial-place at Bowden.

At this time, Archie, who had been long attacked by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist in rendering the last honors to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor invalid was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Fleurs he was totally exhausted, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor which announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighborhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the well-known summons, rose up in his bed, and faltered, in broken accents, "Yes, my Lord Duke—yes—I will wait on your Grace instantly;" and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired.

Note J, p. 385.—Alarm of Invasion.

The story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the consequences, are taken from a small incident. Those who witnessed the state of Britain and of Scotland in particu-

lar, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803 to the battle of Trafalgar, must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was enrolled either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion, which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast, and all through the country, to give the signal for everyone to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons. During this agitating period, and on the evening of the 2d February, 1804, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signallight in that county with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English Border. If the beacon at Saint Abb's Head had been fired, the alarm would have run northward, and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered, that if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast and not from the interior of the country.

Through the Border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing war, was the summons to arms more readily obeyed. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire, the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and alacrity which, considering the distance individuals lived from each other, had something in it very surprising—they poured to the alarm-posts on the sea-coast in a state so well armed and so completely appointed, with baggage, provisions, etc., as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own country, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables. Another remarkable circumstance was the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Selkirkshire Yeomanry made a remarkable march, for although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied and in order in so short a period, that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm-post, about one o'clook on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good or ler, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. Two members of the corps chanced to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed business. mother of the other, sent the arms, uniforms, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companions at Dalkeith. The author was very much struck by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he paid her some compliment on the readiness which she showed in equipping her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a fair excuse for remaining absent. "Sir," she replied, with the spirit of a Roman matron, "none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth, than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in the defence of his king and country." The author mentions what was immediately under his own eye, and within his own knowledge; but the spirit was universal, wherever the alarm reached, both in Scotland and England.

The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country on this occasion, warned the hearts of Scottishmen in every corner of the world. It reached the ears of the well-known Dr. Leyden, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Teviotdale, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account which was read to him when on a sick-bed, stated (verv truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their alarm-pusts, announced themselves by their music playing the tunes peculiar to their own districts, many of which have been gathering-signals

for centuries. It was particularly remembered, that the Liddesdale men, before mentioned, entered Kelso playing the lively tune—

O wha dare meddle wi' me, And wha dare meddle wi' me! My name it is little Jock Elliot, And wha dare meddle wi' me!

The patient was so delighted with this display of ancient Border spirit, that he sprung up in his bed, and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice, that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of excitation, concluded that the fever had taken possession of his brain; and it was only the entry of another Borderer, Sir John Malcolm, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give that prevented them from resorting to means of medical coercion.

The circumstances of this false alarm and its consequences may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction; but, at the period when it happened, it was hailed by the country as a propitious omen, that the national force, to which much must naturally have been trusted, had the spirit to look in the face the danger which they had taken arms to repel; and everyone was convinced, that on whichever side God might bestow the victory, the invaders would meet with

the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.

GLOSSARY TO THE ANTIQUARY.

A', all, every.
ABUNE, above.
AB, one.
AGAIN-E'EN, by the evening.
AIELINS, perhaps.
AIK, oak.
AIRN, iron.
ATWEEL, well.
AULD-FARRANT, sagacious.
AVA', at all.
AWMOUS, alms.

BAIN OF BANE, a bone. BAIRN, a child. BAN, curse. BANNOCK-FLUKE, turbot. Barm, yeast. BARNS-BREAKING, frolic. BAUDRON, a cat. BAWBEE, a halfpenny. BEDRAL, beadle, grave-digg BEIN, comfortable. BELYVE, directly. BEN, in, within. BENNISON, blessing. BICKER, a wooden vessel. BIELD, shelter. BIGGING, building. BINK, beach. BINNA, be not. BIRSE, a bristle, the temper. BODLE, a small copper coin. Bole, window, aperture. BOUNTITH, a bounty. Bourd, a joke. BOUROCK, a mound, heap. Bows, body, bulk. Bowse, pull. BRAID, broad. BRAW, brave; BRAWS, fine clothes. Breeks, breeches. Brock, a badger. BROWNIE, a spirit or ghost. BUSK THE LAIRD'S FLEES, dress the soulre's flies (for fishing). BUTTER IN THE BLACK DOG'S HAUSE (throat), irrecoverable.

CA' or CALL, to handle or take care of. CA' THRO', an ado. CALLANT, a lad. CALLER, fresh. CANKERED, crabbed, peevish. CANNY, quiet. CANTRIP, a frolic, trick. CAR-CAKE, small cake baked with eggs, and eaten on Fastern's Even. CARFUFFLE, excitemente CARLE, a fellow CARLINE, a witch. CAST, lot, fate. CERTIE, an exclamation-faith! CHANCY, safe. CHIELD, fellow. CLAES, clothes. GLARTIER THE COSIER, the dirtier the warmer. CLASHES, gossip, scandal. CLEUGH, a rugged precipice. CLINK, to strike. CLOD, to dash. COBLE, a little boat. COCKPADDLE, a lump-firth COLLOPS. minced meat. CONDESCEND, legal, agree or specify. Cobbie, a crow CORONACH, Highland lament for the dead. COUPIT, upset. COUPLES, rafters. CRACK, to gossip, CRAFT or CROFT, grazing field. CRAIG, a crag, also the throat. CRAPPIT-HEADS, haddock-heads stuffed with oatmeal, onions, pepper, etc. CREEL, basket for the back. CROUSE, happy and confident. CUMMER, a gossip, midwife.

DAFT, crazy.
DAUNDER, saunter.
DEIL WENT O'ER JOCK WARSTER, everything went to the devil.
DEVVIL, a stroke with a pick.
DIR, a toy or gewgaw.
DING, bring down.
DIV, do.
DOITED, dotard.
DOOMS, confounded, deuced.
DONNARD, stupid.
DOUR, stubborn.
DOWR, be ond, bottom.
DOWRD, liked.
DOWNA, do not like.

CUTIKINS, a sort of gaiter.

Dressing a sair weigh, enduring a sore | Gyte, a crack-brained fellow. misfortune.

DROUKIT, drenched. DRUDGING-BOX, kitchen Sour-ben. DWAM, SWOOD.

EARDED, buried. EASEL, castward. EEN, eyes. E'EN, evening. EFFEIR, to belong EILDING, fuel. EITHLY, easily. EWKING, itching. Exize, hysterics.

FA'ARED, favored. FAIRSTRAR, a natural death FASH, trouble. FEAL, loyal. FEAL-DYKE, turf dike. FECK, a quantity or space. FECKLESS, feeble. FENDING, provision. FERE, sound, well. FRUAR, somewhat equivalent to a free holder in England. FICKLE, to puzzle. FISH-GUTS. See " GER OUR AM." France, to restle. FIT, foot. FLAUGHTER, flicker.

FLAUGHTER-SPADE, turi-spade. FLAW, a blast. FLIT, remove. FLISKMAHOY, silly flirt.
FLYTING, badgering, scolding. FORBEAR, ancestor. FORBYE, besides. FIRE-PLAUGHT, faci FORFAIRN, exhausted. FOUNDER, stun. FUGE, fugitive.

GABERLUNZIE, a beggar. GAR-DOUN, a rout or spres. GAIT OF GATE, way, manner, direction. GANGING, going. GAR, to make, oblige. GEAR, property. GECKED, jeered

GEY HARD, pretty hard. GIRING, giving. GIEN, given.

GIR OUR AIN FISH-GUTS TO OUR AIN SEA-MAWS (sea-gulls), don't put the water past

Gin, if. GLEG, sharp. GLIFF, a fright. GLOAMIN, twilight. GLOWER, gaze. GLUM, gloomy. GLUNCH, sour-looking. Gowk, goose, fool. GREET, Cry, weep.
GUDEWIFE, wife.
GUFFAW, a loud laugh.
GY, a guide. GYRS-CARLIN, SD OFFE.

HADDIE, a haddock. HABNA, has not HART, anything. HAIL whole.

HALP-MERK (OF CLANDESTINE) MARRIAGE. perhaps so called from the price.

HALLAN, the partition at the doorway. HALLENSHAKER, a beggar.

HANTLE, a number of. HARNS, brains.

HARRY, rob. HAUD, hold.

HAUSE OF HALS, the throat.

HEUGH, a dell. HINNY, honey! HIRPLE, hobble.

HOUST OF HOAST, cough.
HOODIB-CRAW, hooded Crow.

Hooky, softly. Hounes, midwife. Howk, dig. HowLit, an owl. Hussin, a jade.

ILKA, each-INGLE, the fire.

ALOUSED, suspected. JIMP, hardly. JOWING, rolling.

KAIM, a camp, a hillock. KALE-YARD, cabbage-garden.
KALE-supper o' Fire, a term applied to Fifeshire people, who were noted for the love of broth or kale. KERLYVINE, a pencil.
KEMPING, fighting and striving.
KILT, to tuck up.
KIMMER, a neighbor or friend. KIST, a chest. KITTLE, ticklish.

Knows, a knoll. LAIGH, low. ANDLOUPER, charlatan. LANDWARD TOWN, a country house or farm with adjoining cottages. LAPPER, curdled milk.
LAUCH, laugh, also law.
LAVE, the remainder.

LEE, a lie. LIFT, the sky. LIKET, liked

LIKEWAKE, a burial entertainment.

LIKE MUTTON WEEL, that lick w yowe (ewe) lies, a saying applicable to dogs too fond of mutton.

LILT, play, fun. LIMMER, jade. LOANING, meadow. Loz, love. LOOM, vessel, cass. LOUND, sheltered.

LOUNDER, a heavy stroke. LUCKIE, Goodie! addressed to a women Luc, the ear.

LUNZIE, the guilemot, see-bird.

MAEN, to complain.

MAILING, a farm.

MANSE, parsonage

MAUN, must

MAUNDER, palaver.

MERK, South silver coin, value 28. 24d.

MIDDEN, a dunghill.

MINNIE, mamma.

MIRK, dark.

MISCA', to abuse.

MOUL, the sod.

MOUL, the sod.

MOUKLE, much.

MUTCHKIN, about a pint measure.

NEB, nose. NEIST, next. N'ER BE LICKIT, not a vestigs. NIFFER, exchange.

Oz, grandchild. Orra, odd.

PARAFFLE, mummery. PARTAN, a crab. PAWKIE, cunning, selfish, PEER, poor. PRERY, a peg-top PICKLE, a very little. PICTARNIE, the great tern sea-bird. PIRN, a reel. PLAINSTANES, the pavement. PLISKIE, a trick. POIND, to distrain. POPPLE, trickle. Pose, a hoard. POUTING, shooting down birds. PRENT BUKE, a printed book. PROPINE, a gift.
Pound Scots, 18. 8d.

RAMPAUGING, roaring,
RANDY, a scold,
RATH, early.
RATTLIN, a rope ladder.
RRIST, to stop suddenly and stubbornly, as
applied to a horse.
RICKLE, a confused heap.
RUDAS, haggard.
RUGGING, driving, pulling, and tearing.
RUND, border of a web of cloth.

SACKLESS, innocent.
SAIN, bless.
SAMPLER, a piece of sewing.
SAULIE, a funeral mute.
SCAUR, a crag or bluff.
SCULL: a fish-basket for the back.
SCUNNER, disgust.
SEA-MAN, a sea-gull.
SEER, sure.
SEY, BACK-SEY, the sirloin.
SHANKS, legs; SHANKET, legged off.
SHAWR, a turnip-top.
SHEUGH, a ditch or furrow.
BHIRRA, sheriff.
SHOON, shoes.
SHULE, shovel.

SIB, related by blood. SIMMER AND WINTER, to ruminate over a literally to sing like a kettle over a slow fire; also to harp on the same string. Sic and siccan, such. SILLER, money. Sist, *legal*, to delay. SKART, a cormorant, sea-bird. SKEELY, skilful. SKIRL, scream. SKREIGH, shriek. SLAISTERING, making a mest. SNECK, to shut with a latch. SNEESHIN, snuff.
SNOOD, a fillet for binding up the hair. Sonsy, stout, comfortable. Sootheast, honest. Sough, sigh, whisper. SourLED, made supple. Sowder, solder. SPEEL, to scale. SPUNK, spark. STANG, a long pole. STERK, keep shut. STEER, stir. STEEVER, stiffer. STING AND LING, entirely. STIRRA, a stout lad; a young fellow. STOUP, a flagon or pitcher. STOUTH AND ROUTH, plenty. STRAE, straw. STREEK, stretch out for burial. Sweer, unwilling. SWITHER, hesitate.

TAE, the one. TALEPYET, a tell-tale. TAMMIE-NORIE, a puffin, sea-fowl. TANE, the one. TAWPIE, an awkward girl. TRINDS, tithes. TENT, care. THAE, these. THACK (thatch) AND RAPE (rope), a thorough covering. THREEP, threaten, accuse, persist. THROUGH-STANE, gravestone. THRUM, to tell, to prose over. TILL, to, also hard clay. TIRL, turn over, also to tap. TIRLIE-WIRLIE, twisting. TOCHER, a dowry. TOOM, empty. Touzled, disordered. Tow, a mpe. TRIPPLE, ill-made. TRIMMER, a vixen. TROKER, a small dealer, a meddler. TROTH, sure. TWAL, twelve.

UGSOME, noisome. ULVIE, oil. UNBRIZZED, unbroken. UNCO, particularly.

SYNE, since, ago.

Vol.E. quite out of hand at cards.

WADHA', would not.
WALE o' THE COUNTRY, the toast of the country-side.
WALLACE STRAIKS, strokes as powerful as Sir William Wallace's.
WAME, womb, hollow.
WAMPISH, throw about.

WAN, WOO.

WAR, tour, applied to oysters.
WARLE, strong.
WARLE, to spend.
WARLE, to spend.
WARLE, to spend.
WARLE, tourse; WAURED, worsted.

WHIE, direct, twist.
WHA'S AUGHT YE? whose are you?
WHERK, a few.
WHILK, which.
WHOMLE, turn over.
WILYARD, wayward, miminageable.
WIMA, will not.
WORRICOW, hobgobin.
WUSSIMO, wishing-

YALD, active. YESTREEN, yes

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